











THE NATIVITY

The Spring Hill Review



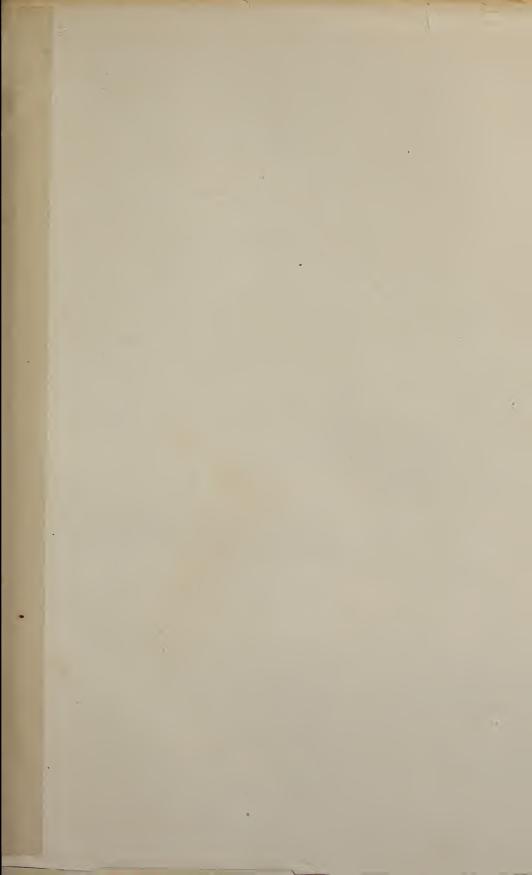
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THE THREE HUNGARIAN MARTYRS

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The Infant of Bethlehem



As calm as where, in pure unsullied white,

The snow-crown decks the brow of Everest,
Or where the eagle, on the mountain's crest,
Exalts his pinion'd dome above the night;
Or higher, where the stars in Heaven's height
Have lulled the firmament to peace and rest:
Thus calm, upon Thy Maiden-Mother's breast,
Illumining the world, O Light of Light,
The splendor of Thy Face!

Sweet countenance,
Smile on! Smile through our world of woe and
fears!

And as we raise to Thee our spirits' glance,

Ah! Let us see, like rainbow thro' our tears,

Thy smile, aglow in all its radiance—

A pledge of peace beyond the toilsome years!

APOLLO AND THE DELPHIC ORACLE.

N the southern part of the Aegean Sea, midway between Rhenea and Myconos, is a small, barren and rocky island. It is a rough and rugged mass of steep and precipitous granite shining and glittering in the noon-day sun. Shooting out from the ocean depths it towers above the waste of waters with terrible and forbidding aspect. Almost in its centre the steep and rocky peak of Mt. Cynthus rears itself heavenward, attaining a height of some 850 feet. Looking down from the summit of this peak the spectator commands a magnificent panoramic view of the deep blue waters of the Aegean Sea. It is the island of Delos. It is the centre of the shining Cyclades, a group of islands much feared by seamen. It is the smallest of the group, being about 12 square miles in extent.

Nature in fitting out this island had not been very lavish with her gifts. No tree broke the monotony of the scene, nor had it been made pleasant to the eye by the verdure of grass or shrub. Only here and there could be seen a patch of coarse and rank vegetation.

Mythology has it that the Olympian gods garlanded its brow with a wreath of undying fame which has lost nothing of its glitter and lustre in the flow of ages. According to the fable it had been struck from the bed of the ocean by a dint of Neptune's trident, floating about on the mighty billows for many days. By the command of Zeus it had

been finally moored on tremendous pillars firmly imbedded in the sands many fathoms below; the other islands had then formed a circle around it. Here, on this island, continues the legend, persecuted Latona found a haven against the wrath of resentful Hera. For this act of hospitality it was flooded with the birth-radiance of Apollo and Diana, the twin divinities of light. Ever after it was sacred to all the Greeks, but especially to the Athenians. So much so that they annually despatched a sacred ship and delegates to the island.

During the sixth century B. C. the glory of the Delian Apollo was at its height. However, during the Mithridatic war it was laid waste by the forces of the king of Pontus, and later was rebuilt by the Romans. The emperor Hadrian wished to found a new Athens on this spot, but his efforts did not materialize. Its magnificent ruins bear ample testimony to its former grandeur. The world-wide glory it enjoyed was due to its having been the birthplace of Apollo and his no less celebrated sister, Diana. This fact we do not gather from the pages of Homer and Hesiod; it is due to the later poets. The legend of his birth. according to Callimachus, runs thus: Hera, the beautiful queen of Zeus, placed Ares on Mt. Haemus to guard the island, and Iris, her messenger, was stationed on Mt. Mimas to watch the islands of the Aegean Every land refused hospital-

ity to the unfortunate Latona. But Peneus, the brave river god, would have received her into his palaces under the water, but was prevented by Ares, who threatened him with dire punishment for his intended courtesy. Ares was sorely enraged and quivered from head to foot with fury, so that all Thessaly trembled at the clanging of his armor. Peneus, nothing daunted, stood prepared to receive the onslaught of the wrathful god. A battle between the angry gods was imminent when Latona came forward to prevent the strife, and resumed her wanderings, saying: "My son must not be born amid the strife of war." Soon after she met Delos, then called Asteria, who was willing to brave the wrath of Juno rather than turn away a weary stranger, asking hospitality. Here, then, the god was born, and at his birth a choir of snow white swans singing some heavenly strain circled seven times around the island. The Delian nymphs caught up the refrain and the soul-stirring anthem rose on the swelling breeze. A second wonder filled the minds of men with amazement. As soon as the child was born, the island, formerly sobleak and barren of all vegetation, was bathed in the glory of the most gorgeous hues of nature. Beautiful golden flowers sprang as by magic from the earth and covered the whole extent of the island.

However, this is the legend usually accepted: Delos received the fair Latona and the goddesses of Olympus assembled to be present at the birth of Apollo. As soon as

he was born, Themis, the goddess of justice, gave him nectar and ambrosia, the immortal food and drink of the gods. Such were the powers of that immortal food and drink that the young god immediately sprang to his feet and firmly treading the flowering mead called for his lyre and bow, declaring that his would be the task to make known to men the will of Zeus. Thus did the halo of the birth-radiance of the god of light settle forevermore on the once desolate and inhospitable island of Delos.

Apollo is the god of manly beauty; he combines perfect manhood with perpetual youth. He is represented with long curling locks, at times hanging loose over his broad shoulders, and again with them held fast by headbands. He is also represented bearing his lyre or bow and his brow wreathed with the bay.

Homer treats him with extraordinary respect, bordering on revermaking him second to no other deity except Zeus. Homeric Apollo is a being of great purity, never degraded by low passions. In early Grecian literature he is the pure god, the swans being emblems of his chastity. He is, perhaps, among the gods the greatest friend of man, protecting those who do homage to him, and punishing the wicked and unjust. the god of light, it is but natural we should find him averse to gloom, always cheerful, and yet never undignified. He is the patron god of athletics, the promoter of innocent amusement.

We are sorry to learn that Ovid

has not treated him as generously as Homer and the earlier poets. How the bay became sacred to the god is thus related by the poet: Apollo, proud of his late victory over the huge serpent, Python, perceived Eros, the god of love, in the act of bending his bow to speed a shaft. Apollo mocked him, and the puny archer sent the golden arrow of love into the god's heart. out loss of time he shot a leaden arrow of aversion into the breast of the fair Daphne, who loved only the chase. Shortly after this when strolling through the forest, Apollo met Daphne, the beautiful daughter of Peneus, and smitten by her charms wished to woo her. unwilling maiden fled in great trepidation, and when nearly overtaken on the banks of the Peneus, her father, who had heard her cries for help, changed her into the bay-tree. Apollo, running to the spot with breathless speed, could only clasp the trunk to his heart. The disappointed god declared that henceforth the bay-tree would be sacred in his eves.

We may here speak of the legend of Hyacinthus, as it is too beautiful to be omitted. The handsome boy was the favorite of the god. One day the youth and Apollo were amusing themselves throwing the discus. Apollo made a great cast and the boy ran forward to see where it landed. The discus rebounded with terrific force, striking the youth on the head, killing him instantly. Overcome with grief, Apollo changed him into the beautiful flower bearing his name. Gre-

cian fancy has traced on its petals the words "ai, ai," which are notes of pain and anguish.

Students of mythology know well that when Jupiter was vexed he made the gods feel the weight of his anger, not unfrequently banishing them from heaven, especially when they had been guilty of some infraction of obedience toward him. Apollo himself was no exception to this rule, having been twice banished from heaven. Pluto, the god of the shades, was the cause of the first banishment. According to the fable, Aesculapius, the learned son of Apollo, often gave back life to the dead. Hades, the god of the underworld, complained to Jupiter, who slew Aesculapius with a thunderbolt. Apollo, in his resentment, slew the Cyclops who had forged thunderbolt. Jupiter, thoroughly furious at the boldness of Apollo, would have hurled him into Tartarus had not Latona interceded in his behalf. Yielding to her entreaties, Jupiter condemned him to tend the cattle of Admetus for one year. One day when Apollo was buried in a deep sleep, Mercury drove away some of the cattle and hid them in a thick grove. Apollo was so wroth with the youthful scapegrace that he proceeded to chastise him. But he was again the victim of a prank. as Mercury stole his arrows. Apollo was overcome and burst out laughing. Mercury appeased him with the present of a beautiful lyre.

The cause of his second banishment is unknown. He was made to serve Laomedon and help Neptune build the walls of Troy. Apollo,

as the patron of music and prophecy, very often conferred the latter gift on mortals. He communicated it to Cassandra and the Cumean sibyl. His skill in music was unrivalled except by his gifted son Orpheus. In works of art he was represented with a lyre, the gift of Mercury. He was held to be the god of the sun. In connection with this idea, there was a beautiful myth about him. At the end of fall he was fabled to depart for the hyperborean regions, drawn thither by his spotless swans, where he was supposed to tarry during the winter months and whence he returned with the spring. The greening fields, the blush and scent of fragrant flowers, the rippling songs of the sweet-throated musicians of the woodlands welcomed the god from the ice-bound regions of the north.

Many shrines were dedicated to him; none were invested with the glory of the Delphian temple. How he chose the spot for this magnificent temple was not devoid of poetic beauty. According to the myth he descended from Mt. Olympus into Pieria; Thessaly, Attica and Tilphussa were also visited by him. T'Iphussa, situated near Lake Copais, in Beoetia, was so beautiful that the god determined to build his temple there. The nymph who abode there dissuaded him from his intention, alleging there was too much noise there, caused by the many animals which came to the lake to drink. The real motive was that she feared his glory would outshine her own. She referred him to Crissa at the foot of Mt. Parnassus, enthusiastically praising the beauty of its sequestered glen; there were no sounds there to disturb the holy silence which his shrine demanded. He was charmed with the situation and immediately chose it as the site of his future temple.

The place was situated in Phocis, six miles inland from the Corinthian Gulf, a rugged and romantic glen, shut in by steep walls like the undercliffs of Mt. Parnassus. They were called the Shining Rocks. On the east and west it was enclosed by some minor spurs, and on the south by the irregular peaks of Mt. Cirphis. The river Pleistus flowed through it from east to west, and the town nestling on the opposite banks of the stream drank of the waters of the Castalian fount, fabled to have sprung where the hoof of Pegasus had first touched the earth. Numerous workmen constructed the grand edifice. It was Doric without and Ionic within. Its front was of pure Parian marble. The gods most prominent in this grand structure were Latona, Diana and Apollo. In honor of these gods the Athenians sent gilded shields taken from the spoils of Marathon. For a like reason the Aetolians sent spoils taken from the fierce Gauls. the adytum were the sacred tripods and the subterranean chamber whence the vapors of prophecy arose. The legend further on tells of the slaying of the serpent Python, quoting the words of the victorious Apollo: "Now rot on the man-feeding earth."

Not less interesting was the fable

of how he procured priests for his temple. A Cretan vessel was on its way to Pylos when a tremendous dolphin sprang on board. Amazement, fear and consternation followed this wonder, and the west wind drove both sailors and boat into the bay of Crissa. When the shore was reached a blazing star shot into the heavens from the ship and descended into the temple. The sailors, thoroughly frightened, made their way to the temple where Apollo met them as a handsome He told them what he wished them to become, and at the head of a procession, playing the lyre, he led them to the temple. On account of the shape he took when he sprang on board the ship he was called Delphinus, and hence the place was called Delphic.

From this time on, the temple

and oracle became famous in Grecian history, as well as in song and story. Its importance cannot beoverestimated, as nothing of moment was done without first consulting the god. Its after history was sad. Sulla placed it under contribution in order to pay his soldiers, and later on Nero removed some-500 brazen statues from it. Afterwards, Constantine the Great enriched his new city with the sacred tripods, statues of the Heliconian. Muses, Apollo, and especially with the great statue of Pan, dedicated by the Grecian cities after the war with the Medes. Julian, the Apostate, determined to rebuild it, but on consulting the oracle he was. answered with a wail and a moan over its glory which had departed forever.

JOSEPH NORVILLE, '07.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Not a word, not a word to disturb her sleep, The sleep of our darling dead! Let her rest on the hill where the willows weep And sigh o'er her mossy bed!

How they sigh, softly sigh, with a muffled moan, As the gentle zephyrs sound With a sorrowful, saddening, gruesome groan— And guard our fond mother's mound.

'Tis a prayer, whispered prayer, o'er the stillness wells,
As they sadly, sadly wave,
And that mystical whispering ever tells
Their watch o'er her lonely grave.

May she rest in the peace that our Christ doth give
To the faithful, loving soul,
And sleep on with the hope that at last she'll live
In Heaven's eternal goal!

-OBSERVER.

OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO THE GREEKS.

MHETHER we wish or not we must acknowledge that our literature is much indebted to that of the ancients. Our indebtedness is especially great to the Greeks. If not entirely, at least for the most part, we have been influenced in the just appreciation of the beautiful by these masters of the ancient world.

In the economic dispensation of Divine Providence, it was allotted to the Greek nation to take the principal share in the upbuilding of the less noble part of man's spiritual being in order that when the great day of spiritual regeneration would dawn, and the Son of God, clad in human flesh, would restore to man the inheritance he had lost by sin, the less noble work of intellectual perfection would have been already achieved. This perfection of his mental culture would have taken away all bar to further interference to the divine plan in the lifting up of the creature who had suffered so great an eclipse of his intellectual and moral faculties in Eden on that woful afternoon of the fall.

The mantle of choice for the accomplishment of this mighty work had fallen on the shoulders of the Greek, and well did he acquit himself of the burden imposed. Intellectually and physically did God prepare him for his mission. His surroundings, climatic and physical, were ideal for such a work. Long since he has passed away, and his

ashes have been gathered to his fathers, but his glories will live in song and story, and that sun-bathed soil on which he trod with so firm and free a foot, Greece, immortal Greece, clime of the untorgotten brave, though living Greece no longer, is still with us. Her skies are as clear, her mountains as blue as then, and the halo of her immortality encircles her for evermore. Looking into the depths, fathoms deep, of the years that are no more, we behold stalking forth from the mystic gloom of the past the matchless teachers of poetic thought and unconquerable patriotism.

And who are these mighty spirits, returning from the land of shades, whose deathless words have shaped our minds and souls to every intellectual perfection? The names of these peerless dead are as familiar to you as to me, and the simple utterance of them tells you of "the monument they have erected, more enduring than brass and loftier than the stately pyramid" of the pathless desert.

The intellectual world of to-day acknowledges its indebtedness to the Greek for its loftiest and most aesthetic conceptions. The stream of ennobling ideals takes its source in the far off hills of heroic times, gradually widening in the flow of years until it reaches us as the majestic Mississippi of intellectual perfection.

Our literary inheritance is priceless, but it is not all pure gold.

Permit me a quotation from an elegant writer of to-day whose poetic illustration of this thought is very much to my purpose. He says: "Two streams come from the same source, but their current is not the same. If we look upon the map of Turkey in Asia we shall see that the melted snows on the summit of the mountain range near Mt. Ararat, supply the waters of those two mighty streams, the Tigris and the Euphrates. But how different the course of these two rivers? Tigris, as travelers tell us, flows almost directly south in a clear, deep stream, while the Euphrates takes a northern, western, and finally a southern course, but in a zigzag bed, frequently shallow bursting its banks, and bringing ruin to life and property by its destructive floods. Such are the two lines of Greek thought, both come from the snowy regions of the past; one keeps its pure refinement, the other is sullied by its own extravagance.

In Homer we find the thought yet unsullied by modern dregs, though pagan in its morality, but when we come to such men as Swinburne, Rossetti and their nameless school, it is the Greek sensualist that appears and not the noble type of Homer, or of Sophocles in his Philoctetes or Antigone."

It would be to little purpose for me to give a long list of those who have taught us to know the beautiful and to love it; to be manly, and brave, and patriotic; still I should be almost inclined to think it a literary sacrilege not to mention the names of Homer, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle and Pindar, These we must reckon among the greatest of the great Greek teachers and the priceless lessons they taught us we shall find in the pages of their mighty Christian successors, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Racine and Calderon.

He who reads will find.
HINTON TOUART, '07.

DESTINY.

IN the republic of letters no more beautiful and lasting monument has challenged the admiration of the world of culture than that reared by Grecian genius. It has withstood the tooth of time as well as that of envy. A feeling of disappointment, not unmingled with sadness, takes hold of the modern student, when he hears trembling and quivering almost throughout the whole of this magnificent triumph of the human mind a wail of anguish, much akin to despair. It is a blemish marring the almost faultless work of a wonderful people. I have specially noticed this cry of sorrow among the epic and dramatic writers. It was wrung from an aching heart. because of a gloomy cloud overshadowing the otherwise sunny life of the Greek. This sorrow entered with him the portals of life, and only when he passed into the great beyond it bade him farewell. name was Destiny.

The remarks I am about to make on this important factor in the political and social life of the Greek are almost as equally applicable to all the nations of antiquity; to those whose homes were in the land of ice and mist, and to those whose more fortunate lot it was to dwell beneath skies of spotless blue and to bask in the rays of a genial sun. With the Greek—for it is to him my words have reference—destiny was a matter of the utmost importance. Its action affected him in every walk of life.

What do we understand, then, by this idea of destiny which, like a thick and impenetrable pall, had settled on the life of the Greek? Whence did it originate? To what extent did it exercise an influence over him? Did it interfere with him in his practical life? And was there a solution for it?

The idea of destiny, inasmuch as it meant necessity, was an abstract idea; and inasmuch as it represented a being or beings, who wove the web of destiny, it was a concrete idea. At one time it was understood to mean a blind, resistless force in nature, to which the gods and men were subject, whether they wished it or not. At another, it was a god, seemingly without genealogy, having nothing certain or defined about him, who seemed to exist in an impenetrable cloud of mystery, but whose power was such that men on earth and the gods above and below were subject to his will, and whose decrees were pitiless, irrevocable and unavoid-The Moirai were his minisable. These had a definite exist-They were three spinster sisters, of not very prepossessing appearance, exercising a resistless influence over creation, neither god nor man passing beyond the sphere of their power. Aeschylus makes even Jove subject to them. styles them the daughters of necessity. In the Iliad, Hera is represented as saying of Achilles that the gods would protect him that day,

but that hereafter he will suffer what destiny has spun with her thread for him when his mother brought him forth. Virgil has many passages in which he tells us of the influence which Fate exercised over his characters.

How different is the idea which the Christian has of Divine Providence! For, mutatis mutandis, Divine Providence, in the New Dispensation, has taken the place of destiny in the life of the nations of old.

This idea of destiny was clearly the result of ignorance and superstition. Looking at the world about him, the Greek was conscicus of a twofold agent influencing the lives of men, the one internal, the other external. The former, his will, whereby man proclaimed himself the master of his actions; the latter, a force, to him unknown, having a predetermined end in view, from theinfluence of which he was powerless to escape, whether he willed it or not.

In the flow of ages, man had lost all knowledge of his great origin, of his heavenly destination, and of that merciful God who watched over him in his struggles. Wholly ignorant, then, that he was the child of a loving Father who had given him being that he might work out a happy eternity, he chafed under trial, was restive under the restraints of moral necessity, and despaired in his sufferings. There was no consoling hope to buoy him up under the overwhelming burden of human woes. Having lost the great primal truth of revelation, the value of patience and resignation under the chastening rod of suffering were unknown to him. The trials, sufferings, and disappointments of life, inherent to human nature, he was incapable of gauging at their just worth. The prosperity of the wicked as the misfortunes of the virtuous, were above his powers of comprehension. He could not bless, he could only curse a god who gave joy and sorrow indiscriminately to men.

The influence destiny exercised over him cannot be overestimated. In his private as in his public life, the Greek felt he was subject to the decrees of a pitiless, unfeeling god, and it occurred to him that if he could obtain a foreknowledge of his destiny, he might possibly escape the untoward accidents of life. For this reason, the oracle played an important part in his life. He seldom did or attempted anything of importance without a previous consultation of the oracle. In many cases, even for the trivial actions of life, the shrine of the god was vis-The very efforts the poor deluded victim of destiny made to escape his fate brought its accomplishment. Can we be astonished if he despaired sometimes? Heredotus relates that after Croesus had been despoiled of his freedom and crown, he bitterly reproached the Delphic oracle for having led him into his misfortune by its equivocal answer. Pythia replied: "The god himself cannot avoid the decrees of fate."

There is no more celebrated and pitiable example throughout all' antiquity of the inexorableness of

destiny than that of Oidipous. Destined by the blind god to be the slayer of his father and the husband of his mother, he generously devoted himself to banishment from friends and country, and yet his very efforts to escape his destiny were the means of its accomplishment.

The solution to this fearful prob-

lem was given by God Himself, when His Son became Man and walked among men, teaching them the consoling truths that they were the children of a loving Father who watched over them, that their sufferings and miseries were the steppingstones to the higher, purer, more perfect life for which He had created them.

NESTOR KEITH, '07.

ANTIGONE.

THE foregoing papers invite me to say a few words on the Greek tragedy, at present claiming our attention in the class-room—the Antigone of Sophocles. It is a work well worth the careful attention of the student, for it is a tragedy of deep significance, of strong and passionate expression, a magnificent monument of dramatic art.

Its story is as follows: The two brothers, Polyneices and Eteocles, sons of the unfortunate Oidipous, having quarrelled over the right of ruling over the city of Thebes, determined to settle their differences by an appeal to arms. At the head of a powerful Argive host, Polyneices, who had been driven into exile by his more powerful brother, invested the city. The assault was as fiercely repulsed as it had been fiercely made. The headstrong princes agreed to end the unholy struggle by a personal encounter In the fratricidal duel which ensued the two brothers were slain. Creon. heir uncle, succeeded to the throne. In his resentment toward Polyneices, he issued a decree, forbidding under pain of death to give burial to the body of Polyneices; it was to be left a prey to carrion-birds and prowling dogs.

Antigone, the eldest daughter of Oidipous, becoming aware of this savage edict, resolved to give her brother funeral rites, as his soul should be otherwise refused admittance into the realm of shades. overlook this conscientious obligation on her part, as nearest of kin, was a sacrilege in her eyes. Refused assistance by Ismene, her younger sister, in this hazardous enterprise, she determined to take the whole risk on herself, and accordingly sprinkled the corrupting body with dust. She was detected in the act by the guards and led a prisoner into the presence of the angry king, who condemned her to be entombed alive in a chamber cut in the living rock. The unfortunate princess put an end to her life by strangling herself with her veilHaemon, her betrothed and son of Creon, stabbed himself over her yet warm body. Eurydice, mother of the unhappy young prince, in her sorrow at the untimely death of her son, also took her own life.

The play is of absorbing interest; there is no vexing halt in the march of events; the interest never flags and the reader wishes to know the end.

The action of the drama is the burial of Polyneices by Antigone and the fearful ending consequent on her act; but the grand central theme so powerfully emphasized by the Greek poet is the conflict of the human with the divine law. Creon represents the duty of obedience to the laws of the state; Antigone embodies the duty of obedience to the laws of heaven and the voice of conscience. As is evident, there was the inculcation of a grand moral lesson to the Athenian commonwealth, in fact to all succeeding ages, to-wit: That the law of heaven is above that of the state and must be obeyed in preference to it. Discussing this question, Sir Richard Jebb, in his excellent edition of Antigone, remarks: "It is the only instance in which a Greek play has for its central theme a practical problem of conduct, involving issues. moral and political, which might be discussed on similar grounds in any age and in any country of the world." It was a thoroughly typical case of conscience, and, in the present instance, appealed strongly to every Greek, for every Greek held it a most sacred duty to give burial to his kinsfolk. It was a sacrilege to do otherwise, and its neglect would draw down on the delinquent the curse of the gods. We cannot wonder, then, that the play became a favorite on the Greek stage, though it was not the masterpiece of Sophocles, as every student knows. It appealed, however, to the Greek heart as no other play did. It would not take with the modern public, because we think differently on what constituted the motive power of Antigone's act. Her heroism, however, so unselfish, so noble, so grand will always appeal to every heart that throbs to noble ideals.

The salient features of our heroine's character which kindle the glow of admiration and the desire of a holy rivalry in our hearts, we may briefly sum up to be: (1) Her noble devotion to a conscientious duty; (2) Her generous refusal of assistance from her timid sister, and her steadfast denial of anything which could incriminate her; and (3) Her totally unselfish and at the same time her perfectly intelligent sacrifice of life and the bright hopes of earthly happiness her young heart had fondly cherished. The deeper we study this last thought the grander this young heroine becomes in our eyes, the purer and loftier the moral lesson she teaches us, and the more sublime the conception of the poet. Viewed from this standpoint, the Grecian maiden stands before us the ideal impersonation of a tragic and heroic character. Her doom is the result of a conscientious performance of a holy duty; she is free to act; if she will, she can forego the giving of burial to the corrupting corpse of her brother. But this would be giving a violent wrench to her conscience, so without hesitation, with her eyes wide open, she breaks the impious law of the tyrant, and pays the price of her heroism with her life. Her awful death is not directly the accomplishment of destiny, she rather invites it. Of all the ancient dramas this seems to be the only one in which destiny does not play so forbidding a role. Her disobedience to the law is purely voluntary. Her tragic character is given still greater prominence by her appalling isolation; the bitterness of her chalice is at no moment made pleasant by the sweets of human consolation; no human being is near her to give her hand the warm clasp of a loving friendship; the gods themselves have apparently forsaken her. The testimony of her conscience is her only stay. At this supreme moment she is eminently human, she weeps; and this passing weakness draws her near us, it is that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. She weeps because the fondly cherished bright dreams of earthly happiness are melting into the gloom of the death-cloud.

I conclude with the words of an eminent critic. He says: "Thus has Sophocles created a true heroine; no fanatic enamoured of martyrdom, no virago, but a true woman, most tender-hearted, most courageous and steadfast; whose sense of duty sustains her in doing a deed for which she knows that she must die;-when it has been done, and death is at hand, then, indeed, there is a brief cry of anguish from that brave and loving spirit; it is bitter to die thus: but human sympathy is denied to her, and even the gods seem to have hidden their faces. Nowhere else has the poetry of the ancient world embodied so lofty or so beautiful an ideal of woman's love and devotion."

NICHOLAS VICKERS, '07.



Over the ocean, the cloudless skies,

And near to its waters the pine groves rise;

If you lie on the sand and close your eyes,

You'll hear the song that the pine tree sighs.

Oh soft and low is the mellow sound

As it swells and falls in a voice profound,

And hovers and floats on the air around

Till the waves of the sea with its spell are bound.

Oft as their harps enchanting ring

Answers the breezes' questioning,

Forward and back their arms they swing

And this is the song that the pine trees sing:

SONG

Druids and prophets are we
And seers of the rolling sea;
Silvery mists of the dews that rise,
We swing in a censer to the skies
And over the flowery lea.

Song of the surging main
Chanting its loudest strain,
We answer with low murmurs, 'till
The angry roar of their voices shrill
Is calmed in our soft refrain.

Prophets and Druids are we
And tell what is to be,
Ere the storm King comes from his watery hall
We moan and beckon, we wave and call
To the spirits that roam the sea.

Scent of the lowly rose
Rising at daylight's close,
We offer up and waft afar
To the silver shrine of the evening star
Where the crimson sunset glows.

Over the mountains' crest

Where the forests are at rest

We watch the stars through the night that shone
Go marching onward one by one

To their home in the silent West.

Druids and Prophets are we
And seers of the rolling sea;
Silvery mists of the dews that rise,
We swing in a censer to the skies
And over the flowery lea.

XAVIER.

A TALE OF CHRISTMASTIDE.

A SEQUEL TO THE HIDDEN STILETTO.

I.

SAINT AND DEVIL.

THE reader of the June number of THE REVIEW will remember the dramatic events that led up to the death, so touchingly tragic, of the hero of our storiette. This is the second page of the life of Ramonio's family. It is entwined, too, with the incidents that surround the wanderings of Espira's son.

Many of us are perhaps ignorant of the daily dramas enacted within the smoky confines of a stuffed tenement house. Our smaller cities have not as yet felt the need of this addition to our modern progressive city life. Thank God! In my limited experience I have had the opportunity of stealing behind the bars of a gloomy prison where moral degradation is rife on every hand. The cloth of the minister of peace is not proof against sneer and scowl that meet you there. Deep, dark, gruesome silence reigns supreme, a satanic silence that bodes no good. Not long in the past, too, it was my good fortune to ramble through the wards of a city hospital. What sights to repel the most heroic soul! Physical ills of varied number—the miasmata of our social morassespermeate with nauseating odors, the heavy air, the disorders of an illspent life, the just punishments of an angry God, or mayhap the whispered warnings of a loving Father. But still in prison and hospital you meet some solace. Within the cell you find the hand of Justice that checks the angered criminal. There, too, the Robe Noir is daily welcomed by the repentant criminal who turns to his God in the last blessed hour of his misspent life. And in the hospital you see flitter from cot to cot with dove-like gentleness that sweet angel-one of our modern martyrs—the sister of charity. The sight of her modest face and love-lit, soothing smile, is a glimpse of heaven. But in the tenement house, reeking with the odors of unnumbered crimes of every varied hue, we find no law or order. It is in very sooth a hissing maelstrom of moral degeneracy. Your lewd and debauched woman, your wizen-faced drunkard, your highway robber and suspicious, nervous, dark-eved murderer meet here in satanic conviviality and fraternize in frenzied orgy. The minister of God is not needed here, and should he visit, perchance, a devout family that, like the fragrant, spotless lily we see betimes strive in filthy swamp or boggy moor, preserves its unsullied purity in this tainted atmosphere, he knows full well the diabolical scenes that move within its walls. But of this anon.

Espira, the murderer of the sainted Ramonio, died in the penitentiary. He left a wife as debauched as himself, and an only son. With

the name of his father the latter inherited his vices. When a boy the example of his drunken parents told on his young imagination, still in its plastic form, and shaped it accordingly. The curses that dinned in his ears, the hand-to-hand encounters between father and mother. and the blood that flowed from a ghastly wound, all bore their evil fruit. While yet a boy their son was the terror of the town. He was but fifteen years old when he was forced to flee from justice and seek a shelter in the densely populated tenement districts of Greater New York.

"Say, Vespucci," guffawed the lad, as he rubbed his filthy chin with the back of his hand, "ain't this luscious? And he took a second gulp of the poisoned alcohol.

It was an October night some ten years later when our trio had turned in to warm up before taking their night's rest.

"Scrumptious, Espira, my sonny," drawled out the former—a fat, stumpy, grizzly-looking monster—a genuine advertisement for the afternath of heavy drink.

"Chow! Chow! The drink of the gods!" chimed in Felippo, who lay yawning on the floor.

"Makes a man feel like somebody, don't it?" added Espira, who now drained his flask.

"You could swallow a hundred bottles and you'd be nobody, nohow," snarled Felippo, for the stuff was telling its tale.

"Who's nobody?" queried Espira, as he threw the flask at his

opponent and struck him a heavy blow between the eyes.

"You drunken cur," vociferated the latter, who had arisen and stumbled over towards his assailant.

The fight was on. Blow after blow was dealt. Both were evenly matched, and neither gave way until they fell from sheer exhaustion a bruised and bleeding mass. Their elder, half awake, urged them on with curse and jeer, until the brandy made them insensible to all pain, and a dull, heavy sleep claimed them for the night.

But sleep had not fallen on this house. There is no day or night for the boarder of one of these haunts. That distinction implies law and order. Light-not that opaque incandescence our various artificial contrivances produce, which pales before the blushing dawnbut those airy, fairy wavelets we see wafted from a heavenly, glowing focus, is a God-sent gift. It steals upon us to cheer us after that horrid darkness that smacks so much of the material. It creeps upon us to instil a sweet warmth into our benumbed bodies and enliven the routine of our day's toil and labor. And night infuses a heaviness into our weary selves while we seek in peaceful slumber a refuge from its harrowing grasp. Mayhap it is the harbinger of that tangible darkness-the morrow of the day of Justice-whence there will be no escape. In the crowded tenement house there is no light; aye, in the bleakest days of a hoary winter, mayhap, no warmth, no Surrounded on all sides by fire.

dark, sombre piles of bizarre, architectural designs, the very sun of the heavens is blotted out of the lives of its boarders, while a grotesque gargoyle sneers upon them in ugly disdain from the heights above. Day and night you hear the curse of the debauched and lewd and lascivious, the scream of fright, the false laugh of the votary of pleasure, the cry of hunger, the sob of pain, the faint whispering of anguish and despair. Physical wretchedness is ever rife there in its worst form. and moral degradation sweats from the battered walls, begrimed with the filth of accumulated years. Your tenement house presents the horrors of the most filthy prison. lacking withal the marks of order that follow in the train of blind Jus-It smothers you with odors the staunchest physician would avoid, and your hospital is a paradise in juxtaposition with its pestiferous atmosphere. Huddled there pell-mell you find an assortment of vices that even the ubiquitous reporter has overlooked in his ravenous searchings for the sensational and the novel. It is, in very sooth, a living cemetery. with beings morally and physically rotting before your eyes. We need not describe the abject misery that surrounds the outcast inmates—a roof open to the shifting fancies of the elements, walls that are frescoed with the frothings of unchecked vice, paneless windows, stuffed may hap with germ-laden rag to keep out the pelting rain or the biting blast, a rickety table, a broken chair, the remnants of a drunken

brawl, a smoky stove, cracked and rusted, a time-worn, moth-eaten blanket; yes, that is the elegance you meet on every side. When I see a poor creature who has tried to forget for the nonce the scenes he knows so well and staggers toward this jungle in merry but unconscious glee, I cannot but feel a pang of compassion for the poor creature. Yes, were it not for a Providential Mercy we would, perchance, stagger in his footsteps. We can dogmatize on vice. may, like a Seneca, pen a glowing tribute to Poverty and rapturously describe its inherent blessings, using the while a gold-covered desk to support our pad, but we cannot strike at the evil. Your modern model saloon proved a failure for this reason. If we can't draw near to the tenement house, why condemn what we completely ignore? The abstract is ever found in the concrete compound and theory is best exemplified in the hard lessons of a daily practice. The young Hero of Nazareth can testify to this. as a rapid survey of his daily duties so amply proves. But to our story:

Notwithstanding the pandemonium that reigned through the house our three drunkards slept heavily. It was a soothing slumber: the one dreaming he quaffed a heavenly nectar on the heights that commanded Sleepy Hollow,—the second enjoying a regal repast—for the while a Balthazaric banquet with no mysterious finger to drop a poison in glittering bowl of ruby wine, the third walking in lightsome glee through the bracing air—up and up

above the clouds. It was his Excelsior. He arrived at those dizzy heights we imagine in a dreamwhen lo! he falls-and with such speed to be dashed to pieces in the bottomless abyss yawning beneath; but he awakes, his bones sore and aching from the effects of the previous fight. With yawn and curse he straightens himself up. A maddening thirst burns him up with a caustic glow that quickens the very blood of his veins, 'Tis more drink he must have to quench this fire and therewith he prepares for the day's work. In a corner of the crazy garret are various implements used by these miscreants to earn an easy living. Be it art or science, philosophers must decide. At any rate numerous crutches, bandages, an old box of pigments, wigs and beards of every color, signs of various descriptions, are scattered pellmell round about. Espira ties his left arm securely around his body, then slips over his bedraggled coat a large piece of tin, with the following inscription:

"Deaf and dumb from birth.
Run over by automobile.
Left side paralyzed."

And with a last look at his two companions he seizes a crutch and saunters towards one of the ferry stations. His chums were to perform a similar duty at other points and meet again towards night to share their spoils.

He had been stationed there but a half hour or so, when he espied in the crowd a clerical figure hurrying on an errand of mercy. Hobbling on his crutch he managed to draw the clergyman's attention. The latter, while fumbling in his pocket for a few coins, was exhorting our poor wretch to bear up with his misfortunes, not noticing the sign he carried on his person. Espira had a fair chance to study the priest's features and was struck at their close resemblance to the man his own father had murdered.

"That's Silvio Ramonio! I'll bet my crutch on it! So he's in New York and in the Pope's service! Well, well! He may be sharp, but there are no flies on me! I must find out where he roosts. I may be in need of a bottle of brandy, and he's my man."

So it was agreed that night that Felippo, playing the blind man, was to beat his way to the Italian Rectory, a few olocks off, and inquire for Padre Silvio Ramonio.

"Have pity on a poor blind man, your reverence! Born blind? Yes! Just managed to pick out my way with good, faithful Carlo, my dear old dog. Isn't Padre Ramonio here? An old friend of our family over in Sicily."

"What's your name, my poor man?" queried the humble priest, as he emerged from his library.

"Felippo Rosetti! Born blind. No shelter in this wintry weather. Can't you heip me? A sou, your reverence?"

"Walk in, my dear friend," warmly suggested the deceived man of God; "the poor unfortunate are always welcome. Yes, I am Padre Silvio Ramonio. Maria! Make this poor fellow at home now! A warm

breakfast, and be sure to put away a good lunch for him. I will see you before you go, Felippo."

The latter came near committing himself, forgetting for a second that he had to play the blind man. He opened wide his eyes as he studied the emaciated countenance of Padre Silvio. The priest observed this and a touch of suspicion flashed through his mind.

"Sightless eyes, Padre. I can't recognize the face of my dear benefactor, but I bless you for your kindness."

"You are welcome, my son."

are garrulous. That quality or defect, as psychologists may define it, was handed down from that ever eventful, mournful day in Eden, when Mother Eve found to her bitter sorrow the danger that lies in many words. Felippo naturally obtained more information than he desired. Padre Silvio Ramonio was not only related to the elder Ramonio, but was the son of that martyred victim. was his sister and performed the household duties of his small rectory. Their mother had died just after Silvio's ordination to the priesthood a year before. He was the pastor of the Italian church.

Of course Felippo chimed in and agreed with everything she said, and could hardly express the admiration he felt for her devout brother. Padre Silvio slipped a five-dollar note into the hands of the *soi disant* beggar as he was about to depart, much to the latter's apparent confusion.

II.

THE BLACK HAND.

Amid darkness visible, in one of those alleys we find in the densely populated districts of our large cities, stood a small, two story variety pawn-shop, owned by one Guiseppo Censano. It was filled with the bric-a-brac one finds behind the gilded balls. The dust accumulated round about gave it the appearance of an exhumed dwelling, a silent witness to the last days of Pompeii, when the fatal tidal wave of molten lava poured down upon that doomed city from the angry jaws of the convulsed volcano. But a keen, detecting observer might have es pied over the door an ugly skull, surmounting a couple of bones No name or other crossed beneath. sign was visible. This was the rendezvous for a secret gang of lawless cut-throats, the offspring apparently, of the Mafia, known to our modern detective force as the Black Hand. On the upper story stretched a capacious room, damp, ill-smelling with no windows. The air was reeking with the fumes of midnight There met in secret the members of this society. A description of these ruffians would require the pen of a classic artist. Dirty, filthy creatures, murderers, many of them, thieves, vagabonds of every hue, composed this motley aggregation. Here they drank in frenzied mirth and swore death and destruction to any and every one not connected with their society. methods of initiation were satanic in the extreme. A poor Sicilian immigrant, whose only wealth was a banana or peanut stand, would receive a cordial invitation to join the Italian club. For the first few days drink in plenty would be at his disposal, and many a glass would be drained to the prosperity of the Italian colony. The unsuspecting outcast would naturally feel drawn to this den on a cold night after a penniless day's stand at a street corner through a biting winter's But of a sudden, a few days after his first visit, he would be seized, thrown on the floor and given an oath to take or die, while a flaming stiletto was held over his palpitating heart. It is useless to add, success generally followed such a course, and the oath once pronounced, fear would bind the poor fellow to this hideous gang.

So our Black Hand had gathered. Drinks went round and tongues loosened accordingly. A cold, damp sleet fell without; thus all fear of the "cops" was set aside.

"My treat," croaked Felippo, as he produced a few bottles of rancid brandy, while tears of drunken joy lit up their foul features at sight of such a bountiful supply.

"Whom did you rob, you rogue?" asked Guiseppo, with a twinkle of the eye as he filled the glass.

"An honest man is no robber," snarled Felippo, scowling. "Ibought the stuff with my day's wages."

And they swallowed the draught.

"Robber or no robber, my boy, you're a gem," added Espira. 'Pon my honor, that divine tonic's the stuff for me."

"But how did you get the cash?"

queried Boppo, as he licked the rim of his empty glass.

Felippo recounted the events of the day. "Oh! oh! So Silvio Ramonio is here, eh?" asked Maziano, a small, stout, ruby-visaged drunkard. "His father sent your daddy to the penitentiary," added he, eyeing Espira. "And you're going to let him roam around here?"

"What else can I do?" asked the lad. "He's not of our crowd!"

"Oh, well! An honest man like yourself ought to find a way of avenging an honest man's death," broke in Guiseppo.

"And what plan do you suggest?" asked Espira.

Various plans were advanced. Murder was out of the question, as Padre Silvio was quite a favorite among the immigrants that composed the Italian Colony. Besides, they might need a penny occasionally to swell their depleted fund, and he was their man.

"I have it," laughed Espira, slapping his forchead. "We'll kidnap his sister and send him a letter, demanding a good round sum, to be deposited in a certain place for her release."

"Bravo! Bravo!" echoed they all in frantic glee.

"Talk about your millionaires! Maybe we won't work his holiness, though!" chimed in Felippo.

"Let's cast lots to see who shall perform the heavenly task," suggested one of the mob.

One Venturo was the chosen hero, and after several plans had been discussed, it was settled he was to play the deaf and dumb and proceed to the rectory the following Wednesday at nine p.m. If Maria came to the door she was to be seized, gagged and rushed off to an old van standing at the corner of the block, where some of the brethren would be ready to finish the work.

Wednesday night a sermon, followed by Benediction of the most blessed Sacrament, was just ending and the strains of a sweet hymn, one of those soul-chirpings to the Madonna we have all learned to love, still echoed through the sacred pile. Listen: never was its meaning so tragically true.

Ave, ave, Maria:

We lisp our praise to Thee!

Ora Mater amata

Our guide o'er life's dark sea.

We praise Thee, Mother, our evening star,

And call upon Thine aid:

Diffuse Thy glittering beams afar,

Our Virgin Mother Maid.

Ora, Maria, ora!

Aid us through life's dark way:

Ora, Maria, ora!

Guide us to Heaven's bright day.

Ave, ave, Maria:

We nestle 'neath Thy care:

Ave intemerata,

Oh, hear our fervent prayer.

Snares ever menace us, dark and dread.

List to our loving sigh:

Perils around us are ever spread,

Oh, hear our prayerful cry!

Ave, ave, Maria:

Our refuge in our woe!

Ave, caeli Regina,

Behold us here below!

Pity, Maria, our troubled fears

With Thy maternal love:

And guide us through this vale of tears

To Thy bright throne above!

Ora, Maria, ora!

Aid us through life's dark way!

Ora, Maria, ora!

Guide us to Heaven's bright day!

The church was now closed and all was quiet in the neighborhood, for the theatres were still congested with the votaries of pleasure. Venturo hobbled up to the gate of the Rectory and much to his joy saw Maria descend the steps to answer the bell. She fell an easy prey to the perfidious beggar, was gagged and hurried off to their headquarters.

Kidnapping in one form or the other has been described in varied style of late years. But picture the fright of a pure maiden when she found herself in the den of these ruffians, the refuse of our modern social economy. Her maiden instincts were all aglow with queenly indignation, permeated the while with a dread fear of licentious outrage by some one of these desperadoes. Wrapt up in a firm trust in the Virgin Mother she had always loved, she gave her captors a piercing stare of haughty disdain. Come what may, she placed her trust in the Mother she had ever revered.

But the brethren did not intend to harm her just then. She was worth her weight in gold—and money they needed badly.

A letter was drawn up to be forwarded to Padre Ramonio. It ran as follows:

"Your sister is safe. No harm will be done her if your reverence is willing to defray the expenses we are forced to meet in supplying food and comfort for your delicate Maria. Ten thousand dollars will satisfy our demand, and you are to place this sum on the lowest step leading to your church before twelve p.m.,

Dec. 21st. Non-compliance with this request will mean trouble for your sister and yourself."

THE "BLACK HAND!"

Espira approached the maiden with the letter and asked her to add a postscript favoring the petition.

"What, you wretch!" shrieked the girl. "You are the blind hypocrite my brother helped so bountifully, and you ask me to further your vicious plans? I could curse you were I not asked to forgive you, as Christ forgave His Judas."

"Oh! oh! So Miss Ramonio has turned preacher too? Well, here! Perhaps you'll accept a gift from an old family friend," and Espira struck her a fearful blow in the mouth. The crimson blood oozed forth while the poor girl sank to the floor and swooned away.

III.

THE STILETTO.

Padre Silvio anxiously awaited the return of Maria on that eventful night. They were just indulging in a light supper ere they said their night prayers together,—the dear old prayers of childhood we all learnt at mother's knee,—when the bell called her to the gate. He rushed down the steps—but no sign of his missing sister. He guessed at the experience she was undergoing, and realizing the futility of pursuit, he sank on his priedieu and fell into tearful prayer.

I know of no purer love than the priest's love for those of his kith and kin. He loves them with the mpassioned ardor of a spiritualized

love and knows full well that a Melchisedeck in the family is a sign of redemption for all the inmates of that blessed circle. Happy they who have a son or brother a priest! The exterminating angel may flitter by their dwelling with unsheathed falchion—but the cross is imprinted there with the Blood of the Lamb. They are destined for the Promised Land.

Silvio wept and prayed far into the night. So his Galgotha was here at last! Yes, pray, my friend! Your noble sister needs your prayers. Her fragile innocence will meet with many a fiendish attack before she meets her God. But confidence, Silvio! Her good works are poised in the balance—and the day is won.

Of course the next day the disappearance of Maria was the talk of the Parish. She was such a favorite, especially among the poor, with her winning, open smile and gentle manners. Detectives were soon on the trail, but the "Black Hand" was ready to meet them. They had their detectives bound to the society by a solemn oath, and they easily toiled their plans. Guiseppo's shop was well searched, but nothing was found to implicate him. He and his wife wore that imperturbable smile the expert criminal conjures up as occasion demands. Maria had been hurried off to the tenement house and securely locked in a dark garret. The neighbors enjoyed her plight, while many a pang seized her innocent heart at the base remarks passed within her hearing.

A week or so after she had last seen her saintly brother, Espira rolled into the room, his eyes bloodshot, frothing at the mouth like a maddened beast, crazed with the effects of heavy drink. At sight of such an apparition the maiden shrunk into the darkest corner of this den. She was then a mere Fright and sorrow had shadow. undermined her delicate constitution and she appeared some forty years older. Dark lines encircling her once lustrious Italian eyes only accentuated the pallor of her pinched countenance. Her dishevelled hair lay in dotted clusters upon her graceful shoulders, while a dry, hacking cough shook her frail body and gave her the appearance of a troubled spectre from beyond the grave.

"And how is my pretty Italian queen?" hoarsely chuckled the sinner, as he searched the garret with his glazed eyes. "Not here, eh? Oh, yes, over there to keep away the cold! Come! A bottle of this precious stuff will take the chill out of your bones. But no! I'm getting cold myself. Here's to your health, my sweet lady!" And he emptied the flask.

This visit portended some evil. Maria convulsively fumbled her beads. "Pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death!"

Yes, your death, sweet, innocent maiden, is here; it is now at hand!

"Want to be my wife! How nice of you," and he approached his victim.

"One step," cried the poor girl, and I'll call on the God of Justice to strike you dead!" "Dead! Who's dead? Justice! I'll have justice," guffawed the crazy man.

But Maria had sprung on her assailant. Righteous indignation is a wonder fluid that permeates the human frame in moments upon which hang a person's destiny. If the child be father to the man, it is noticeably so in such a case when a delicate creature possesses for the nonce a superhuman strength that fits it for an otherwise uneven struggle.

Armed with the knowledge that she was defending her virtue, she hurled Espira from her and calmly awaited developments. They came in a trice. Drunken anger now set him beside himself. He seized a stiletto he had in his pocket and rushed upon the now defenceless girl. She fell on her knees and submitted to her fate. An ugly gash in the breast brought her to the floor where she lay in her innocent blood.

"May—God—forgive—!" Her last words ended in heaven.

Blood! Where is the murderer who can wash it from his sight! Cain fled to the very ends of the earth, but still the crimson dagger of an innocent brother's blood clogged his gaze and tracked him to his dying day. A villain may be a hardened thief and his trade will never bring a pang of remorse to to his guilty conscience. Other sins may cloud the intellect or deaden the will, but blood once spilled calls down upon the murderer's head the biting sting of an Omnipresent Justice.

Espira stood over his victim—a sobered man indeed, blanched and pale as a sculptured thing. A dizziness seized him. The wind sighing through the cracks of the battered wall were as whispered, warning threats from another world and sent a cold shiver through his quivering body. Rushing out into the cold, raw night, he walked rapidly towards the river. The lights of a passing cab seemed like gigantic searchlights piercing with their vivid brightness the very marrow of his bones. The lamps that dotted the thoroughfares looked like so many bulging eyes of some hideous monster following him with searching analysis, while the shadow of a sombre pile was as a yawning chasm with nothing beyond. the tortures of a guilty soul | And there lay the river, damp, slimy, dark, quivering like some ugly serpent, lapping the piles of the quay as if to draw the murderer into its whirling current. Crazed with fear would he end it all!

You have observed, no doubt, when idling away a quiet hour near a babbling streamlet, a little feathered creature blown into its playful How it struggled to regain eddies. its native elements! And may hap while drifting down with the meandering ripplets it chanced upon a tiny blade of shrivelled grass that proved a buoyant refuge. How it clung on in desperate hope! One would imagine it were shrieking in frantic tones calling for a helpful hand to succor it in its need-until at last a gurgling whirlpool drew it down to a watery grave. Yes, the created

being will cling to life with a divine pertinacity—and above all the guilty murderer. He will live to be tortured, 'tis true, but there lies the punishment of an angered Deity.

Day dawned with galling slowness and gradually pierced the smoky fogs that mantled the river's banks. But the wholesome brightness of the heavens failed to illumine the dark despair that rankled within Espira's soul.

IV.

THE ROAD TO DAMASCUS.

Pandemonium reigned throughout the tenement house when the officials of the law came to make their investigation. Many a drunkard was sobered at the appalling news and all the inmates of this den wore a frightened look on that ominous morning. A few arrests were made of course, but no clew to the real murderer was found, except a few drops of congealed blood on the stairway. Espira was safe for the present.

Padre Silvio learnt the news of his beloved sister's death in the morning newspaper. He was prepared for the blow: the priest of God always is. He received the mutilated body of his sweet Maria with tearless, silent sorrow: that sorrow the strong man feels when tears refuse to solace the pent-up emotions of a bursting heart. gauge the tortures his sister had undergone before that last blessed state brought her to her reward! Yes, she had died true to her God -this thought assuaged his grief. The pious parishioners

crowded to the last funeral rites: those consoling rites of the Catholic church that span our life to the great unknown. Many was the silent tear dropped in pitying condolence; many the fervent prayer echoed to the seat of Mercy.

"Grant her eternal rest: may she rest in peace!"

It is Christmas Eve a few days later. Padre Silvio had assiduously heard the confessions of his devout congregation. It was now eleven o'clock on the night of this strenuous day, and like a veteran warrior, he had been at his post since 2 o'clock that afternoon soothing troubled sorrow and regenerating with judicial absolution many a wayward soul. The sudden murder of his sister had proved a blessed lesson to his flock and struck one and all with the uncertainty of life and the omnipresence of death.

The saintly priest was about to bolt the massive door of the church preparatory to his vigil for the coming of the Babe-King, when a much bedraggled, rough-looking man, with clotted beard, pale, pinched countenance, approached him.

"Am I too late to go to confession, Padre?" queried he in a sad voice.

"Not at all, my son," and he led him to a pew near the confessional. "Prepare yourself at your ease," added he.

But the new-comer seemed anxious not to detain his confessor.

The secrets of the confessional are sacred—aye divine in their sacredness, and it is not within our power to lift the veil that screens

the holy of holies of our New Law. Be it sufficient to say that a minute or two later our penitent rushed from the confessional and dashed out of the church at topmost speed. You could have heard Padre Silvio tremblingly moan. Had you listened, the crannies of the gothic structure would have brought to your ear the echoes of a faint whisper arising from the confessional.

"Father, forgive him! He knows not what he has done!"

He emerged from the seat of secrets, holding a blood-covered stiletto in his hand, and as he tottered through the church two detectives, breathless with excitement, rushed through the door.

"A ruffian just came here. Where is he, sir? What is this!" and both eyed the minister of God holding the stiletto in his trembling hand. They seized the weapon, and on close scrutiny saw a scrap of paper rolled round the handle.

"What means this, sir?" queried the elder, a stern-looking officer of the law, as he read the scribble: "The murderer of Maria Ramonio!" "And we are just hunting him down. Come, a few words to clear yourself."

"I know nothing about this murder," calmly added the man of God.

"Whence came that stiletto, then?" harshly added the younger detective.

"I cannot tell. My secret is my own."

"Well, we must arrest you in the name of the law."

And as the towers of the church steeples re-echoed the tolling of that

midnight hour when Christ, some hundred years before, was given to mankind on Bethlehem's lonely, storm-swept heights, Padre Silvio Ramonio heard the key click in the prison door. Throwing himself on his knees, tears of joy welled up to his radiant eyes. Yes, it was there—e'en in the damp and dismal cell—the peace promised to men of good will.

"From every eye He wipes a tear, All sighs and sorrows cease, No more alternate hope and fear, But everlasting peace."

We can easily imagine the consternation of the congregation on that eventful Christmas morning when the curate announced the seizure of their beloved pastor. Audible sobs awakened the solemn silence of the divine sacrifice. He a murderer! Their devoted pastor, who never for a moment left their midst! And accused, too, of the murder of his own sister!

The morning papers seized upon this bit of spicy news with ravenous avidity, and the fact of Silvio's arrest was bruited broadcast in the early hours of that frosty Christmas day. Striking headlines, with his picture, were supplemented with copious "specials," and the public was acquainted with fact and fiction, thoroughly substantiating the motives for the crime. The prison was besieged by numerous friends. but no one except the curate was allowed admission. The latter always appeared happy after a visit, and to all enquiries would simply add: "Padre Silvio is very well."

The trial was set for the early days of the new year after the Christmas vacations were closed. Curiosity ran high in the meantime and on the day which was to seal Silvio's fate the court-room was packed by an eager crowd. It was composed of a motly aggregation: reporters, pricked by a curiosity that follows you to the very brink of the grave,—those modern vultures that prey upon the secrets that surround the family circle and tear them apart to scatter them before the gaze of a ravenous public; parishioners, eager to see their beloved pastor acquitted from all stain attached to his fair name; idle gossips, hungry for news to while away the long hours that galled upon their lazy faculties; newsmongers in plenty, the disciples of the "Itold-you-so" societies, who prove such divine prophets of the future when it has rolled into the distant pást.

Order was called. The jury was seated and Padre Silvio entered, somewhat pale from close confinement, but wearing withal a sweet smile. The two detectives marched on either side. A low murmur ran through the crowd, while many a friend of the poor priest wiped away a silent tear.

"Your name, please," asked the judge.

"Padre Silvio Ramonio."

"Place of residence?"

"The Italian Rectory, X street."

"Age?"

"Twenty-eight."

"Occupation?"

"A priest of the Roman Catholic

church and pastor of the Italian colony."

"And you are accused of the murder of one Marla Ramonio, apparently your sister?"

"My sister as the baptismal records, you have before you, already show," quietly answered the accused.

"Her murderer,"—a low growl rose from the friends in the hall.

"Order!" cried the judge, while the officers angrily eyed the offenders. "Proceed!"

"Her murderer-I am not!"

"But you possessed the stiletto and a slip of paper found with it brands you with the crime."

"I possessed the stiletto when arrested."

"How came you by it, if you claim to be innocent?"

"l cannot tell."

The jury left the hall while the audience expressed their pent up feelings: the feelings of one of our modern crowds, as dissimilar in character as the persons expressing them. Padre Silvio was seated in the meantime with arms folded and eyes closed, calmly awaiting the trend of events.

A half hour later the jury returned, turned in their unanimous verdict, and the judge slowly uttered the words:

"Silvio Ramonio has been found guilty of manslaughter in the first degree. The penalty inflicted is death."

A noise was heard; the crowd opened as a young man, pale, haggard, with bloodshot eyes, elbowed his way forward.

"Guilty—he! The first man who dares to touch a hair of his head will be a corpse!" And he played with a revolver.

The guards advanced to seize him.

"Back to your place," he scowlingly cried. "You may arrest me when my tale is told. In the meanwhile respect this holy man of God."

"Well, to your story, quick," angrily spoke the judge, "or you will be imprisoned for interfering with the law."

"Yes, it is a long one—but listen patiently, then the jury may form its verdict. I am guilty of Maria Ramonio's death. I murdered the sweet maiden and to save my life I thrust that stiletto into the hands of her brother here, telling him all about the crime, sealing his lips with the secret of an apparent confession. Despair soon seized me and I procured this weapon to end my life. But the sight of Padre Ramonio's heroism has converted me to better ways. Before I am executed allow me the happiness of spending a few hours in his sweet company: then death will have no fears for me."

He then related in full detail the various incidents leading up to the foul crime.

The jury, of course, turned in a verdict of guilty and the penalty of death was slowly uttered by the now mollified judge. We can be harsh in our dealings with the hardened ruffian, as a loving word or friendly deed falls on barren soil. But for the repentant, self-accusing

criminal, we relax in our rigor and give him the condoling sympathy of a soothing smile, or mayhap, a glistening tear. That is why 'tis said somewhere, if I mistake not, that even in Heaven there is more joy in the return of one sinner than over the perserverance of ninetynine just.

Padre Ramonio was a frequent not to say constant-visitor at the prison, during the following few weeks. In Espira he found a warm friend and willing disciple. Heaven and its joys was the theme of their causeries, and we may well imagine the girl-martyr looking down from above in loving wonder at this oftrepeated scene. The prisoner was baptised and received his God in eucharistic, mystic host, on the morning set for his execution. A moment before he was to end his earthly career, he knelt at Ramonio's feet and with tears of joy welling up from the very depth of his grateful heart, he kissed the priest's hands as our fervent fathers do in those far off Catholic countries of Europe. And so he died: a friend of the martyred, thorncrowned King of Golgotha.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

Strange indeed at times are the ways of that omnipresent Providence so divine and inscrutible! Its workings are too complex and entail too many ramifications for the fathoming of our poor human intellect so limitably small and puny. Hell, we have been told, is paved with good intentions, while many a converted sinner sits enthroned in heavenly glory. Contrasts sharp and striking meet one in the moral as well as in the physical order. Our life is made up of that material. It shapes our days and gives our earthly pilgrimage the substantial form we call daily vicissitudes. Christ even on his thorny deathbed brought the lesson home to us, for on that day of days-the good day of our Christian Calendar -- a hardened criminal became a canonized saint and preceded his Lord and God into the joys of Paradise. weary ascent up Calvary's heights proved to be his road to Damascus. How consoling for Espira to hear the same words that have been reechoed down through the ages, since first uttered on that blessed "Courage, my son, courage! This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."

OBSERVER.

THE VISION OF ST. STANISLAUS KOSTKA.

Dying he lay, great Kostka's heir, In boyhood's tender years. 'Mid strangers thrown—no soothing air, No friendly voice he hears,

No gentle hand to soothe his pains, No loving face to cheer, While his weak frame his soul enchains Ere to its God is near.

And yet he begs with feeble breath, With pleading, trembling voice, That his loved God, again, ere death, His parting soul rejoice.

Ah! Round him revel hearts of steel Who know not thoughts of love, Nor sympathy for Kostka feel, Nor his fond prayer approve.

Deep silence holds the quiet night And darkness spreads her gloom. No noise, no sound, no steps, alight Upon the dreary room.

But mark the sudden gleam that cheers
His weak and faded eye—
Saint Barbara now soothes his fears
And with his God draws nigh.

The saint was kind to all who sought With confidence her aid.
He had invoked her now—nor thought Her help could be delayed.

He scarce did end his childlike prayer
When light celestial filled
The room! Nought could with it compare:—
His soul with rapture thrilled.

But lo! His burning books reveal
The vision bright and clear:—
What fervor does the boy-saint feel
As Barbara draws near!

Behold she bears the Host Divine Within her hallowed hands, While round Him doth a halo shine From bright angelic bands!

What now are all those trials past And sufferings borne of yore! His God, his God has come at last, His greatest pains are o'er.

And in his youthful heart and pure
His Jesus gladly rests,
Bestows on him both strength and cure
Reward of his behests.

Then to complete his boundless bliss His Queen from Heaven descends: For Kostka—what a moment this As o'er his couch she bends.

And with a sweet maternal voice Soft accents doth she speak, And then directs his future choice His Jesus e'er to seek.

He leaves the couch whereon he lay
Thus called aback from death,
To God his gratitude to pay
And vow his every breath.

One only impulse moves his heart For God his life to give, To take and choose the better part For Him alone to live.

OBSERVER.

THE NECESSITY OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

ADDRESS BY HON. CLARENCE S. HEBERT, OF NEW ORLEANS.

THERE is no subject so interesting to the people of this country today as the question of education. With the conclusion of the Spanish-American war, which established our government firmly as a world power among nations, the people turned their minds from the arts of war to the arts of peace. We look forward to a long and uninterrupted enjoyment of the nation's wellearned position, and remembering that "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," the people seem to have turned their attention to the greatest of all the achievements of peace-education. From the humble to the mighty, the citizens seem to be imbued with the desire to educate the children of today; men of wealth are donating to the cause of education as they have never heretofore done; states are apparently trying to outstrip one another in their efforts to develop their educational systems. At such time, and on such an occasion, a consideration of such a necessity as Christian education is peculiarly appropriate.

This question is a most delicate one, particularly in our country, where there is such a difference of religious beliefs, where there is no national religion, and where the idea of religious freedom pervades the whole spirit of the government. The duty to provide for education was looked upon by the fathers as an incidental, or implied, power of

government, and as rather belonging to the domain of the states, hence you will search the constitution of the United States in vain for any provision in regard to it. while nothing is said in the organic law upon the subject, the provision that there must be complete separation of church and state appears to have always been looked upon as applying to schools fostered by the state. And it is behind this very spirit that affairs of church and state must not be confounded, that the advocates of the system of godless schools lodge themselves for the combat with those of us who believe that religion and secular education must go hand-in-hand.

We, who love our country and believe in its constitution, cannot admire the wisdom which prompted the adoption of a provision guaranteeing religious free-On the other hand, we can not but believe that it is an ill application of that provision to withhold from the child his religious and moral training because of it. matter of course, the teaching of religion as an abstract proposition is impossible, and it must assume denominational form; but, inasmuch as all children, even under the system of godless schools, are instructed in the religion of their parents, if at all, before they arrive at an age to select for themselves, it seems to me that the spirit of the law would be preserved



HON, CLARENCE HEBERT, '94



if the state gave its support to denominational schools and the parents were left free to make the child's selection.

The matter becomes more important with every stride made by the godless schools, whose weakness is the weakness of the system of teaching, which regards morals and religion as intuitive; which treats man as a creature of time instead of a work of eternity; which fails to point out the work of God in earth and ocean, in air and light, in in sun and moon and star, in the realms of science, in lessons of history, in the truths of philosophy.

The line of battle is clearly drawn between the advocates of religious education and the advocates of education without religion. There is no mistaking the issue. Approximately four hundred years ago, Ignatius Loyola, a brilliant Spanish knight, founded the Society of Jesus, an organization devoted chiefly to religious education. The strength of that society today is wonderful, and its influence for good incalcula-Their fame as orators and preachers and writers has spread to every country and to every clime. But it is as teachers and advocates of religious education that they have left their impress upon time, and their system is worthy to become the model for all religious education, and the criterion for any comparison that may be necessary.

Coming from one of their humble alumni, the world at large will not be willing to accept this estimate of these great and good and unselfish men. Let me tell you what

Lord Bacon said: "In regard to the education of youth the simplest thing to say is to consult the school of the Jesuits, for you cannot do better than to adopt their practice . . . Never has anything more perfect been invented."

D'Alembert and Cardinal Richelieu, two of their bitterest enemies, have added their testimony to the success of the Jesuits in every branch of learning.

The Encyclopedia Brittanica pauses in the midst of a tirade against the order to pay a tribute to their educational system and point out their love, devotion and self-sacrifice.

To these might be added, among others, the favorable testimony of Descartes, Douglas Campbell and Chateaubriand.

What is this system of the Jesuits, which should be taken as the model for all denominational education in contradistinction to the godless system? Its basis is the teaching of Christian doctrine that man is placed in this world to know, to love and to serve God here and to be happy with Him forever hereafter; its guiding star is the word of the Master Himself: "What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul?" The worst curse to which humanity is heir is ignorance. Man can only acquire knowledge of his destiny by knowledge of human affairs. Says the poet: "The proper study of mankind is man." Therefore it is that morality, which springs from religion, is inseparably linked with secular education in this system.

Douglas Campbell says of the Jesuits: "Reversing the old traditions, under which teachers and scholars were natural enemies, they won the love and confidence of their pupils—binding them by chains of affection which no time could weak-But, in order to do this, the Jesuits maintain that the strongest convictions of the teacher are manifested in his religious beliefs and that his teaching power is sorely impaired when he is forced to repress them. By precept and by practice, they teach the pupil to do his duty towards God, his fellowmen and his country. The head and the heart are both trained, and he is fitted for a future existence that embraces the fleeting years of time and also the endless ages of eternity.

What the godless schools lack in religious training, the denominational schools lack in authority and financial assistance from the state. If the state extended its authority and fostering care to all denominational schools, of what a magnificent roll of students, of what a grand corps of teachers and educators it could boast. Not only its schools, but its system of teaching, would be such as to equal, if not surpass, anything of the kind ever invented by the ingenuity of man.

The legality of such a course was discussed at the outset. Its justice becomes apparent when it is considered that the patrons of denominational schools contribute as do all other citizens to the school fund. But it is not upon the legality, nor upon the justice of the proposition,

that the government ought to aid and foster religious education, but rather upon its necessity, that I desire particularly to dwell—its necessity from a business and commercial standpoint and from a national standpoint.

Experience is most eloquent in teaching the value of religious education in the business and commercial world. We have ceased to be appalled by the long and sorrowful recital of crimes in the newspapers because of their frequency. Among criminals in our jails and penitentiaries a large percentage are found to be without religion, and consequently, without moral restraint.

In this age of commercialism, of large business transactions, of immense fortunes that must be handled by others than their owners. honesty is absolutely required. It has frequently been said that the criminal laws were enacted for petty offenders. Nothing is more false in meaning and true in fact. unfortunate and depraved petty criminal is apprehended because suspected, while the criminal in large affairs frequently escapes because suspicion cannot attach to But the religious training is more potent than the law of the land and the fear of mere temporal punishment. The man who has been properly instructed in the great truths of eternity and who fully understands the sanction provided in the life beyond the grave for offenses against God's moral laws, needs no courts, no statutes and no iails.

There is another great reason

why moral training is so necessary in the life of the individual. conscience of the nation is the conscience of its citizens; the virtue of the nation is the virtue of its citizens; the morality of the nation is the morality of its citizens. To refuse the child religious education is to banish morality from the school house. Recently, in the city of Boston, there assembled a convention of 35,000 experienced teachers, of the National Educational Association, who deliberately told the American people that the neglect of the formation of character at school. or, in other words, the lack of moral training, was a fatal defect.

The Greeks gloried in their wonderful deeds and the Romans in their famed forum, yet both nations perished and disappeared from the face of the earth because of their blindness to the fact that morality must be linked with intellectual progress. It was this experience of governments of ancient times that caused the great Disraeli to say: "I am not disposed to believe that there is any existing government that can long prevail founded on the neglect to supply or regulate religious instruction."

This same experience moved the greatest of modern English statesmen, Gladstone, to declare: "Every system which places religious education in the background in pernicious."

Voltaire, the great infidel and religious iconoclast, said: "If a god did not exist, we should have to invent one for the public good."

The eminent Protestant historian,

Guizot, expresses himself upon the same subject, as follows: "In order to make popular education truly good and socially useful, it must be fundamentally religious. I do not simply mean by this that religious instruction should hold its place in popular education, and that the practice of religion should into it; for a nation is not religiously educated by such petty and mechanical devices. It is necessary that a national education should be given and received in the midst of a religious atmosphere, and that religious impressions and religious observances should penetrate into its Religion is not a study or an exercise, to be restricted to a certain place and a certain hour; it is a faith and a law which ought to be felt everywhere, and which, after this matter alone, can exercise all its beneficial influence upon our minds and our lives."

Need we the testimony of Victor Hugo, Lord Russell and many others to what has already been cited, or ought we not be content to admit the question settled upon the authority of Washington, the Father of His Country, who said in his memorable and beautiful Farewell Address: "Reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail where religious principles are excluded."

Now let it be understood that what has been said was not meant in depreciation of the present standard of morality in our country. Who is there among us who does not glory in the three greatest instances of national virtue and morstances of national virtue and morstances.

ality of recent times, all furnished by our own country? We saw the congress of the United States unanimously declare war on Spain on purely humanitarian and unselfih grounds; we saw our government take a prominent part in establishing The Hague Tribunal, then set an example to other nations by being first to refer to that court of international arbitration; and lastly, but not least, we saw the government at Washington open the way for peace between Russia and Japan.

Our hope is that upon the greatness of the past we may build a more enduring standard for the future; that we may profit by our mistakes, and by the mistakes of other nations, who builded upon the same foundations that we have employed and lived to correct their error or perished in its acknowledgment.

It is to be expected that reforms of this character can only be accomplished with the lapse of many years. But this fact should not deter the friends of Christian edu-

cation from the prosecution of the work. Time is nothing. While I speak it is gone. The hours of today will soon belong to the past, and so will the days of the year, and the years of your life and mine. But in the life of the nation all things are possible. Not only the map of the world may be changed, but likewise its ideas. It is not too much to expect that the people of this enlightened country will soon see what the great men whose opinions I have cited saw before us. They will realize that it is the spirit of man that dominates this universe in all things not moved by the Creator; that regulates the hearth of domestic affections; the love of family; the hearts of nations and the principles and policies of governments. The Christian education intends that these human functions shall be discharged in accordance with natural laws in order that there may be complete harmony and unity of purpose between the Creator and His creatures.

IN MEMORIAM.

LOUIS EDWARD GREEN, S. J.

THE year 1905 will pass into history as a year of triumph for the city of New Orleans. For the first time a wide-spread epidemic, which threatened to repeat the disastrous record of '78 or even of '53, has been arrested. Yellow

fever has been completely stamped out by medical science without the welcome aid of winter's frost. New Orleans may then well number 1905 amongst her glorious years. Yet, for not a few of us, 1905 will be remembered as a year of sorrow

and of bereavement. Whilst the battle was being fought and won, precious lives had to be given to the enemy; and though rejoicing in the final victory, many will long regret the loss of their dearest friends.

Of the young and precious lives claimed by the yellow fever of 1905, that of Louis E. Green, S. J., is one which will be mourned by hundreds for years to come. When it became known that he was stricken with the fever, many prayers and sacrifices were offered to obtain the safety of that precious life. When on Sunday, September 10th, the news of his death was announced, there was sadness in many a heart. A sanctuary filled with priests. where Dominican and Lazarist, and Redemptorist mingled with the secular clergy, showed what place Fr. Green had gained for himself in the hearts of his fellow priests. Church of the Immaculate Conception crowded with sorrowing friends proved how he had won for himself the love of those to whom he ministered. His life had been but a short one, entirely wanting in what men of the world would call brilliant achievements.

Fr. Green was born in Blackburn, England, November 22d, 1866. A few years after his birth, his parents moved to Preston, and it was in the parochial schools attached to the Jesuit church of St. Walburge's, Preston, that Fr. Green received his first education. After passing the various grades of the parochial school, he commenced his classical studies at the Catholic Grammar School, conducted in Preston by the

Jesuit Fathers. It was here that Fr. Green's character began to show itself. Though not possessed of brilliant talents, by steady work he always managed to be amongst the leaders of his class; and the end of his grammar course saw him proclaimed "first" boy in the Grammar School. It was during these years that the call of God made itself heard to his heart; and in October, 1882, he gave up home and country and sailed for the United States, where on November 10th, 1882 he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Mo. The next twenty years of his life were chiefly spent in that thorough training of mind and heart which St. Ignatius exacts of all the members of his Society. four years at Florissant, Fr. Green was sent for his philosopic studies to the Jesuit house of studies at Woodstock, Md. The six years, from 1889 to 1895, were spent in the colleges of Spring Hill and New Orleans; and Fr. Green will be remembered by many of his old pupils for the care and energy with which he devoted himself to his duties in the class room. In 1895 Fr. Green went to Montreal, Canada for his theological studies preparatory to the priesthood. On July 3d, 1898 he was ordained priest by the Most Rev. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal. On account of failing health he was recalled south; and spent the next few years at Macon, Ga., teaching literature to the young scholastics. After finishing theological studies, he went to Florissant for the last year of the Jesuit's training, the third year of probation. In 1902 he came to New Orleans, to commence what promised to be a life of most fruitful activity in the service of God. prefect of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, and director of St. Philip's school, his zeal showed itself in many ways. Ever gentle and patient; with poor as with rich, in the parlor and in the confessional he began to win the affection of all with whom he came in contact. dint of much hard work and study he had developed himself into a very direct and forceful preacher; and in the pulpit he was well known for his fervent exhortations. The sermon which he preached on the occasion of the golden jubilee of the Immaculate Conception will be remembered by all who heard it, as a model of accurate theology joined with the most tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin. The crowning work of Fr. Green's short life was to be his work as director of the league of the Sacred Heart. this he gave himself heart and soul. Fervently, yet quietly, by example and exhortation he devoted himself to the spread of the kingdom of the Sacred Heart amongst his associates of the league. The weekly devotion of the Holy Hour enabled him to give a series of instructions on the Sacraments, in which teaching was united with unaffected piety and devotion. At the time that yellow fever declared itself in New Orleans, Fr. Green was giving what was to be his last retreat to the religious of the Sacred Heart, Convent, La. After this retreat he returned to the city, and devoted

himself to his ordinary Sunday, September 3d, the first Sunday of the month, he held his last meeting of the promoters of the With unaffected joy he league. placed before them the plans he had made for the work of the coming year. In the church he addressed the associates of the league on the intention of the month. was his last public act. The following day he was found to be suffering from a severe attack of yellow fever. He was taken to the Hotel Dieu. where everything was done that science and skilled nurses could suggest. But Fr. Green's work for the glory of God was done. Sunday, September 10th, symptoms showed themselves, and in a short time all hope had to be abandoned. A little before four in the afternoon the call of the Master whom Fr. Green had served so well was heard; and Fr. Louis E. Green, S. J., went to his eternal reward.

If I were asked to give the chief characteristic of Fr. Green's short life, I should choose his unwavering fidelity to whatever duty asked of him. His was not a character to shirk the unpleasant task for more congenial occupations. In the novitiate and as a student, in the class room or as a priest in the sacred ministry, Fr. Green always tried at least, to do, to the best of his power, the duty which obedience had assigned him. To him we may in truth apply the words of Our Divine Lord: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, because thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will place thee over many; Enter into the joy of thy Lord."

R. I. P.

THE DEJECTED BASEBALL.

A TRUE STORY.

ITTING in study-hall I was hard at work as usual at my exercise. I had finished my Vergil after a hard hour's tussle and had taken up my Antigone for another intellectual wrestle. I had gotten along very well for a dozen lines or so and was slyly chuckling to myself over my unusual success, for Sophocles has always been my stumbling block, when with a sudden and rude bump I struck a snag in a passage that was truly Greek to me. Try as I might I could make neither head nor tail of it; it was all a senseless conglomeration of Greek words with absolutely no sense in Some of these passages do seem at times, at least to me, devoid of sense! This was the case in the present instance. Finally despairing I was compelled to give it up with a groan. To my astonishment I heard another groan in answer to mine, and looked around sincerely hoping to find one of my neighbors in the same fix as myself, for "misery loves company." But I was disappointed, for the study-hall was a model of diligence and silence, save for one of my friends, a remarkable character, who was at his usual occupation of arranging his hair, and even he was diligently taken up with his glossy auburn locks.

As I had little time to waste, I returned to my Greek with renewed determination to conquer that pas-

sage if it could be done. But the passage remained as intricate as ever, and although I tried every means in my power I could not master it. A groan escaped my lips as I muttered something forcible (some of my classmates style it emphatic language) about the "cussedness" of Greek and the advantage we get from studying it. Again was there an answer to my groan, this time more distinct and apparently coming from the corner near my desk. I examined the corner carefully, but there was nothing there except an old ragged baseball, and I must confess I had never heard of a baseball groaning. However, I picked the ball up and examined it more closely, and found that it was an old ball that some boy had probably thrown away as useless, it was so battered and ragged, its seams so rent and badly in need of sewing. While I was eying it critically the ball seemed to be muttering something to itself, interspersed with not a few groans. Not to attract the attention of our ever watchful prefect, I placed the ball to my ear that I might hear more distinctly what it As I listened this is what I gathered of its tale of woe: "I am not a Springhillian, and will always curse the ill-wind that blew me I am a baseball of high degree; I belonged to the bon ton of baseballdom; I was destined for great doings; no baseball was ever

prouder than I when I left the factory in my bright coat of tin-foil; I was soon shipped south and magna pars fui (this Latin almost took my breath away) in a game of the Southern League. Here I was batted out for several pretty drives by the home team, and finally after eleven innings of hard play, I set the bleachers a-howling by a beautiful home run, winning the game. Then, indeed, had I reached the pinacle of my glory! You little dream of the thrilling bliss, the unutterable ecstasy of a baseball when shooting upward from the bat; it speeds into the clear ether, to human eye scraping the spotless blue vault of the heavens. Oh, the bliss, the ecstasy! But, alas, for my pride! After that game came my fall. I was thought unfit for further professional use. How I came into the possession of my present owner, it were better left unsaid. Let it suffice that I came to Spring Hill with one of the boys. My new owner used me frequently and I was batted about the field unmercifully. This usage was too violent, the strain became more than I could bear, and so I began to burst my seams. Becoming useless to my owner, I was thrown into this corner a complete wreck and a disgrace to baseballs."

I consoled the poor baseball as best I could, telling it not to worry over its condition, and promised that I would restore it to its former appearance and use it in some important games. This seemed to have the desired effect, for, as I placed it on my desk, its largest seam beamed upon me a grateful smile.

L. E. HARTY, '07.

A GOOD LESSON.

DURING one of my many visits to the mountains of Tennessee I was taking a quiet walk through the fields when my attention was attracted by the shouts of some village boys. On approaching I found that they had a large rattlesnake tied to a broomstick, by means of a string about a yard in length. The enraged reptile writhed and hissed, and repeatedly struck at them, but they managed to keep well out of the way of its fangs, This I discovered was the source of their merriment.

Seeing the danger they were in, I snatched a stick from the hands of one of the group and killed the snake. Imagine, if you can, my surprise when one of the youngsters, a lad of about twelve years, and with that hearty look which all country urchins possess, demanded in angry tones what right I had to molest them in their sport. I grew indignant, and explained to them that playing with rattlesnakes was too dangerous to be considered an amusement, for their bite is always fatal. My words, however, did not

soothe their ruffled spirits, and as I walked off to resume my ramble, they still insisted: "Anyhow, it ain't none of your business if we do die."

Not many days after this little incident I was walking out to catch a breath of pure morning air, when I came across them in the same spot that was the scene of our previous encounter. My appearance at once caused consternation in the camp, for they at once scampered off. From the guilty way they looked at me and the great haste with which they scampered off, I judged there must be some mischief afoot, and determined to see the end of it all.

From the direction the little band took in their flight I judged they were making for their favorite swimming hole in the creek nearby. I took a short cut and in five minutes was soon standing behind a large bush, not many yards from the spot which the youngsters had made their rendezvous.

The scene that now met my gaze was one worthy of the canvas of an artist. Two of the lads were holding open a common potato sack, from which a third youngster was endeavoring to draw out something that apparently offered stubborn resistance, and whose struggles afforded great amusement to three or four more who danced around in great glee. The sight of what was drawn from that sack made me shudder and, in my indignation, I felt like springing from my hiding place and thrashing every little rogue in the party—for it was another rattlesnake. Curiosity, however, got the better of me and I remained where I was.

They took the snake and tied it to a stick, which one of their number had previously fixed in the ground. Then they instituted a kind of war dance around their luckless captive and did everything in their power to annoy him. That they succeeded in tantalizing him I could plainly see, for he wriggled and jumped and tugged at the string with all his force.

This continued for a short while when suddenly the string broke and the snake was free. It at once made a leap for the youngster who had reprimanded me for not attending to my own affairs and struck at him viciously. He merely stepped aside and laughed—yes, after a rattler, three feet and a half in length, had jumped at him and missed biting him only by a hair's breadth, this strange lad merely laughed. Before the snake could come at him again he dashed at full speed in the direction of the bush which concealed me, the snake following close at his heels.

There was a small tree that grew beside the bush and shot a branch directly over it not six feet from the ground. The wiry youngster sprang into the air and caught the branch in his sinewy hands, and in a second swung himself up and straddled it. The snake meantime was coming on at full speed and just as the lad leaped for the tree it made a spring at him, but as he was already safely perched in the tree, it did not strike him, but went straight

into the bushes and fell a few inches from my feet.

Amid a chorus of jeers and much laughter at my expense, I broke from my hiding place and started on a dead run, with the infuriated snake in hot pursuit. I had not gone twenty yards when I struck my foot against the root of a tree and fell headlong. The horrible reptile sprang upon me and bit me several times on the hands and face. The thought of such a terrible death and under such circumstances came vividly before my mind. My head began to swin-and I swooned away.

Surprise at finding that I was still in the land of the living was the feeling that I experienced when I came to an hour or two later. How it all happened I could not tell, but one of the boys—the same that had resented my killing their pet and who had so cleverly escaped

from the infuriated snake—explained the whole thing to me.

The boys of that neighborhood, he told me, are accustomed to catch all kinds of snakes, take their fangs out, and use the harmless reptiles as playthings. It was while they were amusing themselves with one of these that I first came upon them and killed their pet snake. ally they were angry and they determined to avenge the wrong. When I came upon them on the second occasion they fled to the swimming hole thinking that I would follow. They saw me go behind the bush and resolved to set the snake upon me. How to bring this about they did not know, but chance solved the problem in the manner I have described.

And thus taught by experience I have learned a lesson in attending solely to my own affairs.

ANTHONY J. TOUART, '09.



THOUGHTS

ON

THE DEATH OF THE DEATHLESS DEAD!

They're dying fast, they're dying fast,
The men who wore the gray,
And with them dies a living past:
While drooping from its shattered mast
The bar and star will sink at last,
To grief a sorrowing prey.

Goodbye, loved friends, with tear-dimmed sight We sob our sorrowful sigh,
Defeated—still you stood for right;
Defeated—e'er defying might,
Defeated in a glorious fight!
Goodbye, loved friends, goodbye.

The cause was just—you know it well—
The cause of heroes brave.
And in our cause you nobly fell;
The cause no tyrant foe shall fell,
And sadly—oh! the funeral knell
Sighs softly o'er your grave.

They're dying fast—yes fast they fall Our heroes of the gray.

They answer now another call,
And on they're marching one and all

Triumphantly within the hall

Of Heaven's eternal day.

The funeral knell doth softly sing
O'er Freedom's lonely grave,
But down through time its praises ring,
While to that harrowing past we cling,
Sweet mem'ries of its bitter sting,
Through Sunny Southland wave.

Brave heroes all, how well you fought
To set our Southland free!
And with your blood you dearly bought
Immortal laurels as you caught
The hidden spell so madly taught
The look of gallant Lee.

They're dying fast—the last hour's nigh
Of those who donned the gray.
Yes! Hushed and still's the warrior's cry
That in our battles rent the sky,
While o'er the land a muffled sigh
Our grief doth e'er betray.

Farewell, loved friends; with grief and pain We deck your mossy grave.
But still it roams o'er sea and plain,
The cause that found you 'mid our slain,
Unconquered, free, without a stain—
The cause of heroes brave.

They're dying fast—'tis here at hand,
The last hour of the fray!
But where's the land with cause so grand,
And cause so grand with such a band,
And such a band to make the stand
Of those who wore the gray!

Goodbye, loved friends, goodbye, goodbye—
For heavenward you tread!
Go—sheathe the sword that flashed on high:
Go—furl the flag that lit our sky:
For hushed and still's the battle cry—
Our living past is dead!

OBSERVER.

THE THREE BLESSED HUNGARIAN MARTYRS

ON December 8th, 1905, His Holiness Pope Pius the Tenth, raised two Jesuit martyrs and one secular priest to the honors of the altar. These noble men suffered martyrdom at the hands of the enemies of the Faith, in a most horrible manner while laboring for God's glory in Hungary, at the time when Protestantism first began to spread throughout Europe. The history of their lives is told beautifully in the following brief of His Holiness Pope Pius the Tenth.

"Plus X., Pope, for a perpetual remembrance.

"When we would speak of the brave and holy martyrs there come before our mind these words which Paul and Timothy long ago addressed to their Philippine converts:

" 'Unto you it is given, for Christ's sake, not only to believe in Him, but also to suffer for His sake.' This privilege God conferred on three chosen souls, Mark Stephen Crisinus, Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Gran, and Stephen Pongracz and Melchior Grodecz of the Society of Jesus; the story of whose noble lives and martyrdom we propose to relate, to the end that Catholics, in these days so full of trouble for the Church, may find therein, for their imitation, if occasion arise, a noble example of faith and fortitude.'

"Mark Stephen Crisinus was born at Kreutz, in Croatia, of a family whose ancient nobility is yet further enobled by his virtues. From his early boyhood his whole deportment gave evidence of an admirable disposition of soul. It is related that when scarcely three years old he already displayed a marvelous love for his heavenly mother Mary, whom in the troubles of his after life and especially in the agony of his cruel death, he never failed to invoke with confidence. When admitted later to the college of Emperor Ferdinand, he showed by his modest behavior how virtuous a training he had received from his parents.

"His enrollment as a Sodalist enabled him to give new proof of his devotion to Mary. In his studies he was conspicuous and showed abilities of a high order, taking the degree of Master in Philosophy and Natural Science.

"But he soon felt that God was calling him to the priesthood, and after taking counsel with his director and having obtained the consent of his parents, he began his study of theology. In due time he was ordained priest and was selected to defend in public the whole of theology.

"The Archbishop of Gran and Primate of Hungary assigned him to the duty of combating the errors of Luther and Calvin, so widely diffused in Hungary. He was appointed a Canon of the Metropolitan Church and Archdeacon of Komaron, and subsequently was entrusted with the administration of the Abbey of Szeplatz, near Kassa.

This appointment was providential for it was here at Kassa that he was martyred with his two Jesuit companions, then laboring for the faith and the overthrow of heresy in those parts.

"Stephen Pongracz was born in 1582 of a Hungarian family of some distinction. He was brought up by pious parents, and even when quite young aspired to labor for God's Church in destroying the plague of Lutherism and Calvinism. Being called by God to the life of a religious, he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. In 1615, he was ordained priest and was sent to give a mission in Upper Hungary, where he labored with his fellow-martyrs.

"Melchior Grodecz was a Silesian. He had already filled various offices in the Society of Jesus, when he was called to Kassa through the Viceroy Andrew Doczy to attend the soldiers in garrison there.

"It was while the three champions of Christ were devoting themselves to their sacred ministry that the city of Kassa was taken at the request of the heretics in Bohemia and Hungary, who invaded the country with the object of withdrawing it from the Imperial authority. The three priests were taken by the soldiers, and at a meeting of the city council were condemned to death.

"Shortly after midnight of September 6, 1619, the executioners were despatched to their prison. Pongracz, who came to meet them, was prostrated by a blow from an iron bar; then all three were beaten,

kicked and wounded with every species of ignominy, while they repeated the names of Jesus and Mary. Crisinus received the offer of his life if he would renounce the faith. but constantly refused. They were stripped, hung up to rafters and burned with firebrands until their ribs were laid bare and their bowels protruded. At length, at daybreak, they were let down. Crisinus and Grodecz were beheaded. Pongracz, after receiving two scimitar strokes on the head, was cast into a sewer with the other two. He was still alive, and tortured by his wounds and the filth of the sewer for a whole day. He breathed his last on the Feast of Our Mother's Nativity. The bodies were recovered and placed near the sanctuary of the Church of the Ursulines, at Tirnava, where they were rendered glorious by many miracles.

"After a few years the Cardinal Archbishop of Gran instituted and forwarded to Pope Urban VIII a judicial inquiry. Owing, ever, to the troubles of the times the cause was interrupted until the middle of the last century, when a new inquiry was made by Apostolic authority. The report was sent to Rome, and our predecessor, Pope Leo XIII., instituted a special congregation to take cognizance of the martyrdom, the cause of the martyrdom and the miracles of the three heroic soldiers of Christ. proofs having been carefully considered, we, by a decree dated the 6th of January of this year, 1904, declared that the martyrdom and its cause and the miracles confirming it were fully established.

"It remained to inquire whether the honors of the blessed might safely be decreed for the aforesaid martyrs; and in a general meeting held by us on the 23d of February of the same year, the question having been proposed by our beloved son, Andrew Steinhuber, Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church and introducer of the cause, whether in view of the approbation of the martyrdom and cause of martyrdom, glorified and confirmed by miracles, it were safe to proceed to the solemn Beatification of the Venerable Servants of God, the Cardinals of the Congregation of Sacred Rites and all the Consultors who were present, unanimously replied it was safe. We, in consideration of the importance of the matter, deferred judgment to another day. On the first Sunday of Lent, that is, on the 21st day of February of this current year 1904, we decreed that it was

safe to proceed to the solemn Beatification of the Venerable Servants of God, Mark Crisinus, Stephen Pongracz and Melchior Grodecz.

"Wherefore, moved by the prayers of the whole Society of Jesus, we, by our Apostolical authority, do hereby grant permission that the Servants of God, Mark Crisinus, Stephen Pongracz and Melchior Grodecz be hereafter named by the title of Blessed, and that their bodies and relics be exposed for public veneration and their images adorned with rays.

"Lastly, we permit the solemn celebration of the Beatification of the aforesaid Servants of God within the year following Beatification.

"... Given at St. Peter's, Rome, under the seal of the Fisherman, the 1st day of November, 1904, the second year of our Pontificate."—"Pius X, Pope."

J. TOXEY WAGNER, '09.

HOW SANTA CLAUS SAVED A SOUL.

THE streets were crowded. All was hurry and bustle. Here and there men and women, boys and girls, loaded down with bundles, were surging along and nudging their way through the dense throng. For it was Christmas Eve, and a bitter cold and gloomy one at that. There was no doubt about it. For there was not a soul abroad, except the houseless poor, but was snugly wrapped in furs or overcoat to protect himself from the rude blasts of

the wintry wind that was on this evening rushing around corners, whistling up alleys, and rattling windows in the vain endeavor to gain admission to the cozy and well sheltered homes that lay along the thoroughfare. The atmosphere was murky, too, and through the falling mist the lights shone forth dim and blurred.

It was a late hour before the excitement and activity began to abate; and the great town clock pointed

towards eleven before the crowd had vanished and the streets had become deserted. The passerby then might have seen a lonely newsboy lingering near a shop-window, now counting over his earnings, meagre results of his day's sell in newspapers; now gazing wistfully at the different toys, mumbling all the while to himself. A doll in one corner particularly attracted his at. tention; but as he peeped at the price marked, his face fell, for it was beyond his resources. As he thus mused a tall man came down the street, who was struck by the sight of this little fellow so busy and attentive, gazing at the array of presents in the shop-window, and trying to select one for his sick little sister, whose only support he had become. The gentleman, unnoticed, stepped up behind and stood watching him awhile. A tear was seen to roll down the lad's cheek as he whispered to himself, with a sigh:

"I wish Santa Claus knew me. I ain't got no more than fifteen cents to buy sister a present."

The gentleman touched him on the back. The little fellow was startled to find that some one was behind him, and had possibly heard his words.

"Sonny, what is your name?"

"James, sir," came the timid reply.

"Where do you live?"

"Me and sister lives down the street over that bakery shop."

"What would you like for Christmas?"

"I don't want nothin' for my own self, sir, only a present for sister."

"Well," continued the kindly stranger, "I will see that Santa Claus does not forget you both."

And so saying he took the little waif by the hand and walked down the street to the baker shop, and with a few encouraging words, bade him good night. After James had closed the door, the unknown friend looked at the number of the house, wrote it down in a note-book, and walked away.

Jim slept soundly that night in spite of his disappointment, and awoke next morning to find a happy surprise awaiting him—a large basket of supplies, toys, and little necessities, and chief of all, a box containing the doll he so earnestly wished his dearly loved sister to have.

But the favorite gift turned out to be a small book with letters of gold, and bearing this inscript on: "The Key to Heaven." Every evening he would sit down with his sister and read it. One day, months later, he met the same tall gentleman. Pulling out his prayer book, he asked where he could see a priest, as he and his sister wanted to be baptized. The kind gentleman quickly answered; "My son, I am a priest; come, let us go to the church."

Every Sunday after that the man of God saw two youthful faces in the front row of his congregation.

I wonder if this good priest ever knew how he had saved two souls the night he played Santa Claus?

JOHN E. DEEGAN, COM., '08.





THE MISSIONARY TO FLORIDA



Hail to thy shore Forevermore, Fair Florida!

God's beauty gleams Through all thy streams, Fair Florida!

The birds sing psalms Amid the palms Of Florida.

Archangels bright From Heaven's height Light up the night Of Florida.

But oh! the tide On either side Of Florida! And oh! the shoals
That wreck the souls
Of Florida!

My work to save From out the wave Fair Florida.

I'll tread the sand
From strand to strand,
O Florida!

I'll bear the sun Till life be done, O Florida!

Would that my blood Might pour a flood Through Florida,

Upon the shoals, To save thy souls, O Florida!

A. C. M.

PERICLES AND HIS AGE.

"UR city is equally admirable in peace and war. For we are lovers of the beautiful, yet simple in our tastes, and we cultivate the mind without loss of manliness. I would have you day by day fix your eyes upon the greatness of Athens, until you become filled with love of her; and when

you are impressed by the spectacle of her glory, reflect that this empire has been acquired by men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it."—(Speech of Pericles.)

Within certain limitations the age of Pericles was the ideal literary

age of antiquity and he its ideal spirit. Taken either as philosopher, orator, statesman, or warrior he held the foremost position among the men of his time; alone of all Athenian statesmen, he enjoyed the unique distinction of having pleased during some forty years the fickle Athenian populace. You may perhaps wonder, kind reader, why I lay stress on this point; but if you be well read in the history of the Athenian people you will be aware that no man could remain long before that public and not experience the bitterness of its whims. One day he might be visited with all the honors of state and the next find himself driven out of his country; so changeable were the people in their likes and dislikes. And why was Pericles able to retain his position for such a length of time? It was due to the extraordinary powers of his majestic intellect, to his winning, persuasive eloquence, unrivalled tact with men, his remarkable insight into character, and exquisite taste in the fine arts. All of these qualities he possessed in an eminent degree above his fellow countrymen. His whole life was the exemplification of his ever memorable words: "We Athenians are lovers of the beautiful."

The exact date of his birth is unknown, but of this we are sure, that it took place between the years 490–494 B. C. In his youth he witnessed the heroic struggle of banded Greece against the giant power of the Asiatic tyrants. His mother was Aganiste, the niece of Clisthenes, and his father was Xan-

thippos, the conquerer at the battle of Mysak.

In person Pericles was tall and well proportioned. His features were manly, engaging, and remarkable for their regularity. Unfortunately this was somewhat marred by an unusually large head, for which reason we always see him represented helmeted. This was the standing joke of the comic poets, who always seized upon the shortcomings of the great men of their day, when they would hold them up to ridicule.

Pericles is the standing monument of what a careful and complete education can achieve when united to great mental abilities. Because of these extraordinary gifts and of his truly unrivalled eloquence, he was surnamed the Olympian Zeus by his contemporaries. As his parents had been careful to give him the best that their educated age could afford, he came on the political arena splendidly equipped to achieve mighty deeds. He reared for himself and his country an everlasting monument of fame.

His preceptors were Zeno, who taught him dialectics; Damon, music and the art of self-governing; and, lastly, Anaxagoras (surnamed the Mind on account of his skill to penetrate abstractions, or perhaps, because he was the first to teach the idea of a mind separated from the world of matter), who taught him the abstruse science of philosophy. The mind of Pericles was fully able to absorb the truths unfolded to him and his diligence was commensurate with his talents. He had a great de-

sire to learn, and the result was the perfection of what could be achieved.

Thus equipped. Pericles was well fitted to enter public life, ready to take the helm of the ship of state. and to guide it with steady and unerring eye through the stormy breakers of that epoch. It was under the careful training of Damon and Anaxagoras that he had received the necessary qualifications to pursue this way of life. He was early made to understand the necessity of holding every natural impulse under the firm control of reason; hence his reign, for his term of office was nothing else, was called the supremacy of good sense. As the outcome of great virtue he had made prudence the special object of all his efforts. Among all the great and learned men of antiquity he holds a distinguished place even among the first. prudence, which was of the highest order, ruled every action. This was so remarkable, and his mastery over himself was so complete, that not even the jealous Athenians could take him to task for an infraction of it. Plutarch is our authority for the assertion, "that he never ascended the bema without first offering a prayer to the gods that no word should escape his lips that was not useful in the matter under discussion."

Pericles, though a student in the full sense of the word, was not a dreamer. He could dive into the depths of abstruse subjects, but the practical problems of life were as familiar to him. His life's ambition was to be great among the great, to

be a leader of men, which noble ambition he realized in the course of his life. In order to achieve this desire he made a deep, earnest study of the Athenian people and its character. By this thorough knowledge of his fellow citizens he solved the difficult problem of how to rule long and wisely over a people jealous of its liberties, ever suspicious of its rulers, capricious in its whims, and exceedingly thoughtless in its resentments. His reason always guided him in everything. Nor was he lacking in time of need to be as courageous as he was discreet when reason, not passion, should hold sway. His oratory was of the highest order, which even his bitterest adversaries were forced toadmit. Aristophanes represented him as "launching like Zeus his thunder-bolts and lightnings which would overwhelm Greece." Sweeping bursts of passion and enthusiasm, so common to many orators, were not his characteristics; his soberness of reason had always the one object in view-truth. glowed, however, with the fire of patriotism when he would rouse the populace to noble and determined action. From the small number that have been left to us of his many speeches, it is evident grace was not lacking to his virile eloquence. In all his speeches his oratory partook of his great intellectual grandeur and artistic finish, which are the characteristics of the highest eloquence.

The range of his rhetoric was extraordinary and masterful, combining the most winning persua-

sion and overwhelming denuncia. tion. Cratinus said of him: "Pericles was the greatest of Grecian tongues, and persuasion sat on his lips." Notwithstanding all these perfections he would never deliver an oration without having carefully prepared it beforehand. He was no vulgar demagogue anxious to truckle to the vile passions of a frenzied mob. He never abused his power or sought to cower the multitude. And why did he rule so long? Simply because the people loved him, and they loved him be. cause they admired his great genius and noble qualities. All through his long reign he maintained a dignified retirement so as not to lose his hold on the people. He believed, and rightly, too, that to become too familiar with the people was to lose its esteem and respect. All of his wishes were transacted by his friends, as he appeared only on great and solemn occasions. Then he was fearless in his manner, commanding in his appearance, authoritative in speech, and stood before his countrymen invested with the power given him by them and his transcending genius.

His great speeches have passed away with him. Only three are recorded by Thucydides out of the many that he must have delivered. These passing through the hands of historians have lost their glow, and their cold, iron logic is hardly different from the other speeches recorded by Thucydides. To the glory of Pericles, it can justly be said that he never abused the ascendancy acquired by him over the

fickle Athenian populace, but that he always used it for the purest and wisest purpose. No other man in the history of Athens ever possessed the power with which he was invested. Yet he was able to say on his death-bed: "No Athenian ever put on black through me." At the end of the first year of the Peloponnesian war he was chosen to deliver the panegyric of the fallen heroes. He performed his task with an eloquence worthy of his high reputation. In a discourse equally remarkable for beauty of thought, loftiness of sentiment and noble simplicity of style, he admirably described the glory of the Athenian republic; and, by happily blending with it the glory and praise of the brave soldiers who had fought and died for its defense, kindled in his audience an ardent desire to become their imitators. He said: "The whole earth is the sepulchre of famous men. Not only are they commemorated by columns and inscriptions in their own country, but in foreign lands there dwells also an unwritten memorial of them, graven not on stones, but in the hearts of men."

The seal of his wisdom was stamped on the method of his life, which was simple, modest and frugal. He was never intoxicated by the sweets of victory, nor unduly depressed by failure, and best of all, he was above resenting a wrong. The following anecdote is related of him: A man, believing himself to have been wronged by Pericles, pursued him to his home, cursing him all the While. Pericles' only

revenge was to tell a servant to take a torch and light the man home. He always had a dislike for noisy pleasures, and was never seen at a banquet. The only time that he was seen on the streets was when he was on his way to an assembly of the people. No fault could be found with his conduct, which was above reproach, always noble and dignified. His friends were cultured and refined.

In this place we had better speak of the great, and at the same time, perhaps, only blot on his name. We sincerely wish it were not there, an everlasting blemish on his grand career. Our standard of morality is vastly different from that upheld by the ancients. What his contemporaries looked upon with indulgence we must condemn in the severest terms. When Pericles was at the height of his glory he committed the unpardonable crime of his life by divorcing his lawful wife in order to marry the beautiful and witty Aspasia of Miletus. Even according to the laws existing in Athens at that time he could not marry her legally. She was a woman of extraordinary accomplishments and a brilliant teacher of rhetoric. Pericles was devotedly attached to her. The real reason for divorcing his first wife was that he could not be happy with her, their tempers were not congenial.

As it is not the purpose of the present article to follow Pericles through the various events of his public career, we shall briefly state a few remaining facts. Throughout his public career he guided the helm

of the ship of state successfully and brilliantly; nor did it ever have cause to regret his administration. On the contrary it was always with pride that the Athenian people could look back upon his rule and remember with feeling of thankfulness the many benefits derived from it. This great and noble man died of the terrible pestilence, which raged so furiously in Athens and was no respecter of persons, in the year 428 B. C.

The next thought to claim our attention is the great renown Athens achieved under this wonderful man. Too much praise cannot be given to him on account of the manifold benefits he bestowed on the Athenians and which they were forced to acknowledge. Under his wise guidance Athens was raised to the pinnacle of fame. The grandeur of the works he erected bears out his memorable words: "We Athenians are lovers of the beautiful."

The age of Pericles will always rank as one of the most remarkable that ever was, and it undeniably was the most brilliant period of Athenian art-culture. Poetry, oratory, sculpture and architecture attained a degree of finish, sometimes equalled, never surpassed by succeeding ages.

Some of the stars that blazed in this firmament of glory were: among the dramatic poets, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides; among the historians, Herodotus, Thucydides and Xenophon; and among the orators Isocrates, and Lysias. Phidias, the personal friend of Pericles, was one of the greatest sculp-

tors and painters the world ever saw; and, if not his equals, at least closely treading on his heels, were Callicrates, Apollodorus, Zeuxis and Parrhasius. Philosophy was represented by Zeno and Anaxagoras, by the great Socrates and his still more illustrious disciple, Plato, surnamed by his admirers, the divine. cine could boast of Hippocrates, the ablest physician of antiquity. was he who came to the help of suffering Athens at the time of the plague, when Pericles himself was stricken. Lastly, was Pericles, around whom these lesser lights circled, a man in whom were so admirably blended the qualities of philosopher, orator, warrior and statesman. To this list of renowned and learned men we should also add the name of Cimon, the rival of Pericles.

There have been great periods in the history of letters; the age of Augustus, Leo the tenth, Louis the fourteenth, and Elizabeth; but we find that all these periods were always preceded and ushered in by men of talent and genius to act as guides and models. Not so with the age of Pericles. The Greeks stand pre-eminently alone; without previous examples, they achieved wonders, the excellence of whose productions is still the admiration of the cultured mind and will be to the great day of reckoning.

. The fame of Pericles is imperishable. Five hundred years after his ashes had been gathered to his fathers, Plutarch could write: "Rapidity of work seldom produces anything of lasting importance or ex-

quisite beauty. We have the more reason to wonder that the structures raised by Pericles should be built within so short a time, and yet built for ages. For as each of them, as soon as finished, had the venerable air of antiquity, so now that they are old, they have the freshness of a modern building. A bloom is diffused over them which preserves their aspect untarnished by time, as if they were animated with a spirit of perpetual youth and unfading elegance."

The enormous sums of money with which Pericles had been entrusted had been spent in the beautification of the city of Athens. Among the accusations brought against him later on was that he had spent large sums of money in the rearing of magnificent structures. But he quickly vindicated himself even to the satisfaction of the Athenians. In his speech. clearing himself of the charge of embezzling the public funds left to his care, he proved to them that he not appropriated a drachma for his own use. principal object of his whole public career had been to make Athens. the most illustrious city on earth, and the Athenians the most cultured of people. As a furtherance to this purpose he had been very careful to encourage letters, and very diligent to cultivate the friendship of scholars, gathering around himself the most intellectual minds which his age afforded. One of the means employed to cultivate the Athenian taste was sculpture and architecture. The magnificent temples and.

monuments of the Acropolis were the loud-voiced heralds of his generous munificence.

If Athens was so glorious at home, she was not less so abroad. She was as powerful abroad as she was beautiful at home. She was respected and feared by her foes, as she was loved and admired by her citizens and friends. As a result of the wise measures of Pericles,

the maritime cities of the Peloponnesus, of the Chersonesus, of Thrace, of the islands of the Aegean sea, and of the Asiatic coast, either acknowledged the laws or respected the power of this beautiful queen of the Grecian people.

Shall we be too strongly censured, then, if we style the age of Pericles the unrivalled age of antiquity?

R. K. ROUNDS, '07.

THE DANGER OF LEARNING TOO MANY THINGS.

WE learn some rather strange things in the course of our school-boy days. I lately studied much about metamorphosis, the transmigration of the soul, and I know not what else. Some mornings ago, during one of his delectable prelections, our teacher had occasion to speak of the wonderful story of Euphorbus. He told us how Pythagoras claimed that his soul had once been that of Euphorbus, a brave Trojan who had fallen beneath the swords of the Grecian heroes before the walls of Troy. Pythagoras made good his claim by going to the temple of Hera in Athens and taking down from the wall where it had been hanging for centuries the battle-dented shield of the Trojan hero.

This story of Euphorbus haunted me like a nightmare the whole of that day, and even night found it clinging to me like a leech, so that when the good angel of sleep closed my weary eyelids it was not until some rather horrid thoughts had coursed through my aching brain. What, if some morning I should awake after having undergone a complete change? This was my first thought; horrid enough, I grant. Still as I recalled the names of the many Grecian, Trojan and Roman heroes long since claimed by death, I somehow became reconciled to the thought of a change and did not care much if I should turn out to be an Achilles, a Hector, or a Cæsar. A cold shiver ran down my spine, my hair seemed to stand on end, my heart knocked against my ribs: what if I should turn out to be Tommy Tuff! Now Tommy was the Thersites of the yard. Though tall of stature and powerful of arm, he was bandy-legged, round of shoulders, and capped by a sugarloafed head, with a shag of the most fiery red hair we boys had ever No white mule would ever have liked to be near him. No clothes could fit him; his coat sleeves were always too short, and his trousers pulled up in case of high

water. We often compared him to a scarecrow playing truant from some neighboring corn-field. Above all, he had a dreadfully mean character and was disliked by everyone. Now every genteel boy can easily imagine why I, a well brought up and cultured youth, with a winning disposition, should have dreaded to exchange the pretty habitation of my soul for one so comical.

Next morning I was awakened as usual by the sound of the bell; but a strange feeling had possession of me. I looked around and discovered I was in Tom's bed. This bothered me little, as I thought it probable the boys, looking out for a bit of innocent fun, had changed our beds during the night. A sudden impulse bade me look at my hands; they were large, rough, red and freckled. Now I knew the boys couldn't change our hands, and just then, to my intense surprise, I saw myself jump out of my old bed. My heart began to thump dreadfully as I ran to a nearby looking glass to take a good look at myself and see whether I was under some hallucination or, perhaps, the subject of a practical joke. One glance was enough to tell me, I had been changed into our old friend, Tommy Our souls had swapped bodies during the night, and as the soul is the thinking agent and author of the actions of a man, my soul that day made me drink the cup of misery to its very dregs.

How I dressed will ever be a mystery to me; all I know is that when the boys went to the chapel I got into the ranks and went with

them. As our exchanged bodies were under the guidance of our souls, we naturally took our old places in the chapel, to the no small amusement of the boys in our immediate neighborhood, who began to grin, which caused our prefect to cast one of those angry glances at us, which every college boy can read.

Next came the study hall, and here the fun reached a climax. Tom's body, guided by my soul, went to my desk, and his soul guided my body to his desk, just as had happened in the chapel, an act to be repeated later on in the refectory. Our prefect, a strong believer in discipline, immediately took us to task. The boys, now thoroughly awake to the situation, thought it time to take a hand in the fun, as this was our second performance, and consequently they laughed long and loud, and did everything they could to make "the joke take."

By this time Father Williams had lost all patience and, coming down from his desk, which commanded a perfect view of the study hall, approached my desk, thinking all the time he was making for Tom. When he had come within a few steps of me, he thundered: "What does all this mean? Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Excuse me, Father, I am Will, and not Tom; our souls—"

"You are Will, and not Tom! Now, look here, Tom, go immediately to your desk, and lose no time about it."

A bomb was thrown into the study hall when Tom, who, up to

this time had been too much dazed to do anything, yelled at the top of his voice, in evident consternation: "Father Williams! Father Williams! I'm Tom, that fellow over yonder isn't me." The boys, already well dosed with laughing powders, fairly yelled. Here was confusion worse confounded. Father Williams looked at me, then at Tom, and I looked at both of them, trying my best to make some one understand that our souls had swapped bodies. In all this confusion the bell-ringer forgot to ring the bell, and we finally got to breakfast late enough to have the V. P. walking up and down the refectory in no very pleasing mood. No sooner had we been seated than he ran to Tom and wanted to know why we had changed places without his permission. Tom's incoherent explanations only made matters worse, so the V. P. came to me. I tried to make him understand what had happened, but my words only mystified him the more, and he concluded we were either crazy or drunk, when the President, who always mysteriously hears everything that happens, came in, confident he could mend matters. ever, the problem was above his powers to solve, so he left, letting us understand, however, that he would like to see us in private after breakfast.

The boys by this time were looking at us suspiciously; we had pushed the joke too far, they

seemed to think. I was now perfectly miserable. I waited anxiously for the end of breakfast, promising myself that as soon as I got out. I would make for the cars and take a ride home. The bell sounded and out I rushed. But alas! Tom caught me by the arm and said he would like to know who I was and what business I had to look like him. My explanations were to no purpose, so a physical one was the only alternative. The boys, ever eager for a fray, flocked around us and, thinking that this was a mere sham, began laughing at us; but when they saw we were in earnest, they egged us on to a fierce settlement. It was a rather strange fight, for every time I hit, I hit what I knew was my body, and Tom was hitting his likewise. I soon caught on and let him do all the pounding till I got tired, for his blows hurt, when I "soaked" him a vicious blow in the region of the stomach. It seemed to give me an awful jar. The next I knew, I felt a hand on my shoulder and I opened my eyes expecting to find the infirmarian administering to my wants, but instead the prefect was shaking me and bidding me get up at once.

I had been dreaming.

I don't think I ever got up with more thankfulness in my heart. It was a great happiness not to find myself metamorphosed into Tommy Tuff. JOSEPH O'LEARY, '07.

AD PATRONAM PHILOSOPHORUM

Annuas nostris, Catharina, votis, Qui tuum, festa redeunte luce, Nobilem optamus celebrare laeta Voce triumphum!

Ut gregem Christi tegeret recentem Regios Virgo stetit inter hostes Fortiter duram subiit, jubente Consule, pugnam.

Unde victoris tulit Illa palmam, Aegidem,telum,galeamque spernens? Ecce! Doctrinae superavit omnes Ense supernae.

Consul ardescit nimio furore,
"An deos," inquit, "renuis vereri?"
Thura si sacris modo des patellis
Luce frueris."

Diva sed vitam citius volamtem Nubibus spernit—resecat seeuris Mox caput. Sedes anima ut columba Scandit Olympi. Dux Domus Christi simul et paternae! Stirris effulgens muliebris astrum!

Stirpis effulgens muliebris astrum! Artium nobis pia sis, clemensque Usque patrona!

Attamen primo pietatis almae Pone radices animis tenaces, Mente doctrinae dein excolenda Semina sparge.

Supplices multa prece to rogamus, Ut tuis-adsis famulis, tuoque Callidas mundi Satanaeque fraudes Numine pellas.

Fulgur ut solis, nemorisve quercus, Dulce vel murmur properantis undae,

His tuum floret decus, et vigebit Semper iu aulis.

CLIENS, '03.

THE LEGEND OF THE LORELEI.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
And she combs her golden hair:
With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

-The Lorelei.

THOUGH the character of Heinrich Heine was far from lovable, his many defects making it

even repellent, all men are one as to the greatness of his mental powers. As a lyricist, he is classed among the greatest of German poets. His genius and success in this line were so remarkable that men have not been afraid to mention his name in the same breath with that of Goethe and Schiller. He paid the penalty of a vicious life on a bed of racking disease. Bitterness and spleen played such an

important part in his life that we constantly see fitful gleams of them in his writings. So musical and taking was the rhythm of his verse that he was styled "The mocking bird of the singing groves." The majestic beauty, artistic polish and wonderful simplicity of his lyrics immediately won their way into the hearts of his countrymen, to remain there forever. Many of his songs have been put to music by some of the ablest musicians of modern times. One of these is the Lorelei, so well known to the world of letters.

The Rhine, the pride of the German fatherland, so celebrated throughout the world for the beauty of its romantic scenery, is famous in song and story. All young students of the Roman wars in Germany are familiar with the legend of how it was haunted for several centuries by the ghost of the patriotic Armenius.

Not far from St. Goar the river attains the great depth of seventyfive feet. On its right bank rises a precipitous rock four hundred and thirty feet high, well known for its wonderful echo, capable of repeating a sound fifteen times. At its base there is a greedy whirlpool, celebrated for the number of its victims. Not far from it is a treacherous rapid, called the Rock, visible only at low water. With terrific and dizzy speed the mad waters rush by, a constant menace to navigation. It has been the witness of many a disastrous and heartrending shipwreck. To this wonderful echo and numerous accidents is due the

charming and romantic legend of the Lorelei, so firmly believed in by the simple folk of the country.

According to tradition it was the home of a siren, whose beauty was so transcending that language was incapable of adequately expressing it. The legend moreover tells us that she was possessed of as cruel and selfish a disposition as that which the old Grecian bard asserts had wrought the ruin of so many illustrious heroes. The exquisite sweetness, melody and pathos of her voice were second only to her ravishing beauty. It lured to his death many an unwary fisherman.

As usual many and interesting were the legends of this wicked daughter of old Father Rhine among the neighboring peasantry. nights, when brilliant stars were twinkling merrily in the heavens. and the milky way stretched its bright arch across the sky, or when the moon shed her silvery radiance on the sleeping earth below, she was wont to make her appearance on the pinnacle of the highest rock, in full view of the passing boatmen, and sing her wonderful melodies. So enchanting were these that not a few unwary fishermen, beguiled by the voice of the fair singer, and overeager to catch a glimpse of her fabled beauty, forgot all danger, and were hurled to their death on the jagged rocks, or swallowed up in the raging whirlpool.

A bold young fisherman from Oberwezel, having heard the reports of her marvellous beauty and wonderful singing, resolved to see her. One beautiful night, when the sickle of the moon hung in the cloudless sky, he abanded his nets and set out for the rock. His handsome face, great daring and manly pluck won the heart of the immortal river goddess. His visits to the rock were frequent and long, so eager was he to see her and listen to her wondrous songs. His success in fishing became so remarkable after this, that it was fabled she was wont to tell him where to cast his nets.

One stormy night amid heavy peals of thunder and frequent flashes of lightning, he went to visit her as usual. This was the last seen of him, for he never returned, The nymph was reported to have persuaded him to go with her to the coral palaces of her father to dwell there forevermore with her.

There is another version of the disappearance of the Lorelei. So many lives having been sacrificed to her cruelty, the authorities deemed it necessary to send an armed force to capture her. It was

late in the evening when they reached the spot. It was at this hour she was accustomed to make her appearance on the pinnacle of the rock. Seeing so many men gathered around her, she was startled for a moment, but quickly regained her presence of mind. Stripping herself of her wonderful ornaments of gold, she cast them into the river and burst forth into a ravishing melody of song. Charmed by her singing, the men stood like so many statues. The enchanting notes vibrated on the quivering air seemingly loath to die in the far away distance. The waters of the river rose, and from their depth sprang forth a sea-green chariot drawn by white-maned steeds. Gracefully she leaped into it, and the spirited coursers dashed away over the foaming waves bearing the water princess to her father's palace. The peasants aver that it was on account of this insult the Lorelei would never more haunt the rock.

WEBSTER WHIPPLE, '07.

THE ABUSE OF ATHLETICS.

THE heart of all true Catholic boys will no doubt be filled with joy when they hear that the present Pope, His Holiness Pius the Tenth, is a great lover of all athletic sports. This is shown by his institution of sports in the Vatican Gardens, and his invitation to athletes to participate in them. Notwithstanding the great press of

business which always engages the Pope, he insisted on being present at some of the games.

The Pope also takes a great interest in our National game. One day he had Cardinal Merry del Val, the Secretary of State, explain the rules of the games to him. What a picture it must have made, the remarkable pontiff and his Secreta-

ry, the former very attentive to the Cardinal's explanations!

In the course of his address to the assembled athletes our Holy Father explained the motives that prompted him so to act and pointed out the object that should be kept in view by every college student that does not engage in athletics for athletics' sake.

In the course of his address he spoke as follows: "I am greatly consoled to find myself among you boys and young men, for you represent the age of generous aspirations, and of brilliant, lusty and manly victories. I admire and bless all these noble and pleasant games of yours.

"Bodily exercises stimulate the mind and drive away that idleness which is the father of vices, and they draw us nearer to the practice of virtue. I do not wish at all to deny you these games in which you find your recreation; on the contrary, I wish to see you flourish in your youth, so that you may be able to gather in the autumn of life, the fruit of the seeds you have sown in your springtime."

How many are there among the thousands of college students that take this lofty view of athletics? The fact that few do so is attested by the abuses that have crept into sports, the general outcry against the spirit of commercialism that pervades them, and the demands for reform that come from all classes in every quarter of the country. How far the up-to-date college man of the strictly modern college is from the right understanding of

athletics, can easily be seen in the abuses which characterize their sports.

Athletics of the great universities of our country are tainted with commercialism. The athletes themremuneration selves accept their services. It was only the other day I read of a case of this kind. A well built young fellow came into the President's office of one of our large Eastern schools and gave his name. Because the President did not immediately show signs that he knew him by reputation he seemed slightly chagrined. The applicant went on to explain that he had not the necessary means to pay for his way through college, but that he was a fine football player, a good track man, and had a fine average both in fielding and hitting-which to him seemed to be all the necessary requirements both to be admitted and to pay his way through his college course. He was somewhat taken aback when told that that college required a few more things than those he had mentioned.

Now the fact that this athlete made such a request in such a confident manner shows that this mode of entering college is looked upon as quite honorable among his associates, and that many colleges are not above receiving such candidates. In fact many colleges are better known on account of their athletics than because of the high standard in studies that they maintain.

Another evil of the present system is that the student body, as

such, do not take an active part in athletics. Up to the age of fifteen or sixteen they play all the games; but as soon as it becomes plain to them that they will never develop into first class players or will never be fit to represent their Alma Mater, on the diamond, the gridiron or the track, their interest in athletics dies out and they join the army of frantic rooters.

Another evil equally deserving of condemnation is that athletic training is confined to one set. The boy who is backward in Latin and Greek or Mathematics needs coaching and all the special assistance that can be given him. The same holds good for those whose physical development is defective. They need the coaching, not the athlete. For instance, if the large sums of money which are spent annually on baseball, football, track and crew coaches were spent on physical directors and other things requisite for the development of the human frame, and these in turn were applied to the student body as a whole and not to the few individuals who make up the nine, eleven, track team and crew, what immense benefits would result!

Were the object of the college athlete to become another Hercules, such a method of developing a few out of the many might be considered. But as every one knows the prime object of a person attending college is to grow in wisdom. Some athletics are necessary along with study. For if a person were to do nothing but take mental exercise his brain would soon become fatigued and

give away under the strain. Therefore it is necessary for everyone to take some physical exercise along with his regular studies. Athletics in college are to help, not to hinder study.

In many cases, the student, especially if he has any advantage in physical development or excels in one of the branches of athletics, makes that proficiency the end and object of his stay in college.

In many of our institutions of learning the interest in athletics absorbs the students' interest in their studies. They will think nothing of taking from three to six days from their studies for the sake of athletics; but if you were to ask them to let athletics alone for awhile and to devote the time exclusively to study you would find that they would not agree to it very readily. Several cases are on record of football teams going to wateringplaces or some such resort for a couple of weeks at a time in order to recuperate for a coming game.

Commercialism has become so common in athletics that our Presdent has raised a cry against it. Victory at any cost! Fine principle! Fine moral training! It is this same principle carried into effect with regard to wealth that is responsible for the corruption that of late has been brought to light in every walk of life.

The excesses committed by athletes in the name of "sports" are evident in every line of athletics; but in the case of football the college athlete has gone to such lengths that one can scarcely believe

them. English Rugby football was introduced at Harvard and Yale thirty years ago, and the same principles of combination, concentration and economy of effort which have been shown in the wider fields of American business were immediately applied to the English game. From a game in which the ball was rarely in a scrimmage we have our present game of almost nothing but weight formations. The English game consisted mostly of passing or kicking the ball from one member of the team to another, and in this way it was carried down the field. Only when the ball was brought to a dead stop was a scrimmage necessary.

Some American genius saw that if a concentrated effort could be made in one direction the ball would be advanced further than before. From this thought sprung the present code of signals. it was seen that the team which had the greatest combination of weight to help carry the ball in the direction for which the signal called generally made the most gain. From this originated the 'beefiness' of the present line of a good football team. This last advance shut out all of the lighter men who wished to play and left it mostly to the heavier men. Thus was the greater class of college men excluded from a game in which all were anxious to participate. After this came the coaches, signal practice, training table, and everything else that goes to develop the present varsity eleven.

It was after all these changes that commercialism or professional-

ism began to creep in. If a man made a good reputation as a football player at one of the minor colleges, you were pretty sure of hearing of him attending one of the larger colleges next year, especially if he was near the end of his course. It is a pretty hard thing to prove a charge of professionalism against a man but still it has been done.

Now one of the chief abuses of football is this concentration of weight which necessarily endangers the players especially the one that is at the bottom of that mass of humanity. The mass plays which all the weight that can be brought to bear on a certain point is employed, places the man against whom it is directed in a perilous position. Think of one man withstanding eight hundred or nine hundred pounds hurled at him! This is not all, for if he yields at the first attack, the play is again directed against him and often he is rendered unconcious by the force of the shock he is required to sustain. Another abuse which frequently occurs in a big game is that of putting out a man by slugging or some other mean trick when the officials cannot see the offender.

What has been said of football is equally true of all departments of athletics, except for the element of personal danger.

The end and object of all true athletics and of the athlete himself is not the admiration of the multitude, but the good that can be received and transmitted to the mind and body.

The chief object of the athlete

and the one that should be kept in view by him is athletics for studies' sake.

The reason for athletics in college is to stimulate the mind and drive away idleness. A boy or young man should engage in sports

in order to develop himself both mentally and physically so that when he shall have reached a maturer age he will be thoroughly developed, enjoy good health, and a sound constitution.

R. KENNETH ROUNDS, '07.

ANTIOCHUS AND THE LAST OF THE MACHABEES.

[A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.]

Antiochus.—The youngest son must be won o'er, or else He shames me 'fore the Nations. With caress And smiles I'll probe him first, for threats and racks Were unavailing with the other six. Come pretty child; why shudderest when my arms Encircle thee? There's many a little Greek Of noble lineage who would pass through flames For such an honor. Ha! thy smock is threadbare. I'll give thee one with rich embroidery And golden fringe. Behold my goodly son, Antiochus, who will some day be king Of jewry; mark his jewel-studded fillet, How rubies flash from out the knotty gold: Thou canst have one that's second but to his, And well forsooth 'twould grace the light that plays With the golden bronze of thy curls, Now see I had a savory dish prepared for thee, Swine's flesh. Let me describe its qualities, For never having tasted

Last of the Machabees.—

Tempt me not!

The morsel is unclean.

Antiochus.-

Call not that flesh

Unclean, for scarcely had this suckling seen A moon. Oh! taste this crackling, what a relish! See how the juicy meat melts in the mouth.

Last of the Machabees — Away, thou Satan! may thy system suck From it all germs of sickness; may it end Thy days in throes; and cursed of God be all Swine-Swillers!

Antiochus -Rest thine eyes upon this purse Of golden coins for these and more are thine. Are they not handsome? Speak! what wouldst thou buy With them?

Last of the Machabees. -Away! I see a horrid man That's stamped upon the pieces.

Antiochus.— It is God: Yours title him Jehovah, him we call

The Phidian Jove. His palms uphold a Nike.

Which you would call an angel.

Last of the Machabees.—[Spitting on coin] 'To thyself Thou shalt not make a graven thing; 'tis writ. Upon the others face do I descry A Murderer. [Throws down coins and stamps on them]

Antiochus.-He dares insult great Zeus! Olympic gods! He stamps upon my image. Ho! executioners. (Enter executioners)

Why do ye stay? Last of the Machabees —

I will obey the law that Moses gave. We suffer for our sins, and though the Lord Is angry with our race a little while For our correction, yet he will again Become our helper. All our seven lives We offer up, and call on God, the Lord, For Judah's few, and pray that he may force With stripes and torments thee, O king, to own That He alone is God. We pass away, But at our death the wrath of God shall cease, Whilst thou shalt not escape the hand of God. For lo! I see thee stricken to the ground, From out thy vest there issue bristling swarms Of vermin, yet the body is alive, A tossing maniac howling to the skies, Not dead yet rotting, filled with worms. The sight Defiles my eyes.

Antiochus.—(howling with rage) He prophesies my doom! Confusion! Death and Hades! Jewish maggot, Thou'lt be the first to die and be devoured By worms, if fire will spare. Lay hold on him

And bear him to the heated tripod; haste! (The executioners bear the child behind some tapestry.)

Last of the Machabees.—(Chanting.) And in His servants will the Lord take pleasure.

Antiochus.—(watching.) So pain distorts his face; but straight again It groweth radiant. Haste, bondsman, mar Its beauty, for I yearn to hate the face I erst admired. Now crop the ears, and bore The eyes with augers.

Last of the Machabees.—

I perceive a light,

And comely faces hovering about, Above a crown of polished sapphire, brighter Than that the tyrant weareth. Brethren, soon Shall I be of your company. My soul Shall praise Jehovah even unto death.

Antiochus.—Slash ye his lips; pluck out his daring tongue; Tear off the bleeding mask. A hundred coins Of silver to the fellow that can wrench From him a groan. Use only instruments Whose points are blunt. Apply the torch, yet so As not to hasten death. The Pharoahs all, The gods of Nilus fled before my face, And dares this pigmy of a hated race To mock me. Basilisk, scarce from the shell Too weak to sting, he mocks at me, ye gods! His smoking body seems as if 'twould burst From out the tongs. Hold, gently there; less heat... O slaves ye've gone too far; he's motionless. The first that brings him back to life becomes A freedman. Staunch the blood; dash o'er his face Some water. Cordials!

Executioner.—

Most mighty lord,

That heart can ne'er beat again.

Antiochus.—

O gods!

Had I the power to raise the dead to life
That I might torture him again! The corpse
To the flames! Let not a clod of that damned stock
Remain. I waste my time with headstrong Jews.
Before their Temple, on the hills of Sion

Will I plant crosses, thick as forest trees, And each shall bear its victim; thus I'll shake Their constancy. The gods of barbarous tribes Must yield to me and Hellas' deities Whilst I acknowledge but myself as god Supreme, with arms and holds, his attributes. I'll thrust my front among the tempest clouds, I'll crown my brow with sunbeams, grip the bolts Of Heaven, and clutch the throne of God, For who is like unto Ephipanes?

THE NATURAL AND THE SUPERNATURAL IN THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

H AD we been in Bethlehem on the day when our Savior was born, and had we asked the dwellers of the town what had taken place, the story of the first Christmas would have been told us very briefly. "A poor carpenter arrived from Nazareth yesterday, was refused admittance to the inn, was compelled to seek shelter for the night in a barren cave outside the town and there his young wife gave birth to a child." Little more than this would we have learned about the Holy Family.

The inhabitants of Bethlehem could tell us nothing of that Divine Providence which was there and then working out the salvation of the world. The decree of the Emperor, the gathering of the people each in his own city, Mary and Joseph unnoticed, lost in the crowd: these things seemed all very natural and in them they could not discern the secret workings of God and the fulfilment of the prophecies. For

us, removed from that first Christmas by a stretch of many hundred years, and going back in spirit with devotion and love to the bleak hills of Galilee and Judea, and following the saintly Joseph and the Immaculate Virgin along the snow-covered roads leading from Nazareth to Bethlehem, for us, I say, that journey is full of deep and hidden meaning. Let us examine more closely the circumstances which led up to that journey and learn from them that the ways and plans of men are subservient to the designs of Almighty God in shaping the destinies of the world. Saint Luke's narrative is short and terse:

"And it came to pass that in those days there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that the whole world should be enrolled. This enrolling was first made by Cyrinus the governer of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of

the city of Nazareth into Judea to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David, to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife who was with child." (Luke C. II.)

The Angel of the Annunciation had delivered his message; had given her consent; the Word was made flesh. The days spent with Elisabeth were gone; Mary had sung her "Magnificat"; John the Baptist was born and his father Zachary had foretold of him that he should be called the Prophet of the Most High; that he would go before the face of the Lord to prepare His ways; that salvation was coming to Israel in holiness and justice unto the remission of their sins; through fear and terror as on Mount Sinai in the days of old, but through the bowels of the mercy of our God; that the Light about to rise would possess all the power of the sun in its noonday splendor, and shed withal the benign influence the morning dawn; that that Light would enlighten them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death: and would direct our feet into the way of peace.

Those were days of wonderful events, days full of mysteries; and we may well imagine how they must have stirred the simple country people living in and about the peaceful city of Nazareth; what echo they must have found in those pure and upright hearts, on whom alone, in all the sinful world, the pure eyes of God could complacently rest. For them and for us they were days of bliss and in those days there went

out the decree of Caesar Augustus that the whole world should be enrolled.

Augustus was then at the height of his power. Long before him Julius Cæsar and Mark Anthony had planned this important and difficult work. In the year 44 B. C. they commissioned three officers to prepare a complete cadastre of the Roman dominions. The work was begun at the same time by Xenodorus in the East, by Theodotus in the West and by Polycletus in Italy and the provinces of Africa. A number of men versed in mathematics were sent all over the empire for the purpose of preparing maps, of ascertaining the value of landed property and of drawing up official statements of the same. took them over thirty years to complete the task. The registers and the surveys made by them were all sent in to the Senate. Caesar did not live to see the taxes to be imposed. It is not true, as is often stated by spiritual writers, that the measures were dictated by the mere whim or by the caprice, or by the ambitious views of the Emperor. The vast extent of the Roman Empire, the immense sums of money required for its administration made it imperative on the ruler to portion off the territory in order to ascertain the resources for the army and navy and to regulate the collecting of taxes. Irksome as they must have unboubtedly been for many a poor family. they were nevertheless, humanly speaking at least, dictates emanating from a truly wise and prudent prince.

But what is the census to which Saint Luke makes reference in his Gospel? This interesting historical point, a vexing problem for scholars for many years, has now been determined beyond reasonable doubt. It is certain that during his entire reign the Emperor Augustus at three different times ordered such a census to be taken. The first one was made in the year 726, three years after the battle of Actium. At that time Christ was not vet born. sides it was not a general census, but confined to the city of Rome and Italy. The third coincided with the Emperor's death in 767, that is to say, at a time when Christ had reached the age of boyhood. was then fourteen years old. Therefore the census mentioned by Saint Luke is the second; and this enrollment was made by Cyrinus the governor of Syria. Saint Luke calls it the first, to distinguish it from the last one ordered by Augustus, and which was taken by Cyrinus also. Though it was really the second one emanating from Augustus, it was however the first for Judea, and the first of which the governer was in Moreover as we stated charge. above the one ordered in 726, was only partial.

Cyrinus was a native of Lanuvium and enjoyed throughout his life the confidence of the first Roman Emperors. In fact after his death he was buried with public honors by order of Tiberius. It often happened that in critical circumstances senators or consular men were sent into the provinces on extraordinary missions and were given full civil

and military powers. Such was the position of Cyrinus in Syria, and his jurisdiction extended over the entire territory of Lebanon, Anti-Lebanon, Iturea and Judea of Palestine. Hence although Herod was King of Judea, still the enrolling was carried out by Cyrinus. The Parthians at that time gave ominous signs of an uprising against the Roman power and the census was probably ordered to assure the military commanders of the number of troops available in the East in case of actual war.

Therefore the command that the people should be registered on the public books was promulgated throughout the kingdom; and now comes to our notice a man whom from our earliest childhood we have been trained to look upon as the embodiment of everything that is cruel and vile and base. To many, Herod is known only as the murderer of the Holy Innocents; and though this inhuman act would in itself suffice to attach eternal opprobrium to his name, it is however only one isolated instance in a long series of crimes and barbarities. On a mere suspicion this inhuman tyrant put to death his own wife. His two sons Alexander and Aristobolus shared the same fate. were strangled by the monarch's orders at Alexandria, shortly before the massacre of the Holy Innocents. Antipater a third son, who was destined to reign after his father, was not more fortunate. In a fit of despair and grief this unhappy youth tried to anticipate the sentence pronounced against him.

but it was too late. He was unmercifully quartered by the emissaries of Herod. He who thus dved his hands red in the blood of his own kin was not expected to be indulgent towards those who gave him the least cause for unrest or resentment. Drunk with the blood of his victims, crushed under the weight of his crimes, this inhuman monster met an end worthy of the life he had lived. He was fated by the avenging anger of God to be ranked with those persecutors of the church whose death even now fills us with horror and dismay. Such was Herod; cruel, suspicious, unscrupulous. It must be said however in spite of his merciless barbarities toward individuals he yet possessed all the qualities that go to make up the skillful ruler and the shrewd politician. He knew that as a stranger on the throne of Judea, he was considered by the Jews as an intruder and a usurper: and many were his efforts and various his devices to make the children of Israel forget his foreign birth and to ingratiate himself into their favor. Thus he built monuments of art in different cities of his domain, he even went so far as to take for wife the last decendant of the family of the Machabees. This same desire to please his subjects prompted him to accede to the wishes of the people in the matter of the enrolling ordered by the governor of Syria. The Roman law prescribed that the registering of subjects should be made in the place where they actually dwelt. Among the Jews on the contrary it

was carried out by tribes and families, so that the head of each family was compelled to set out for the place from which that family originally came. Such was the law as formulated in the book of numbers. "Take the sum of all the congrega-"tion of the children of Israel by "their families and houses, and the "names of every one, as many as "are of the male sex."—and in the second book of Kings:--"And the "king said to Joab, the general of "his army: Go through all the "tribes of Israel from Dan to Bersa-"bee, and number ye the people "that I may know the number of them."

The Jews were very jealous of their customs and privileges and Herod deemed it prudent not to thwart them in this, hence as St. Luke says; "All went to be enrolled each in his own city." For the family of David this city was Bethlehem. Thither therefore Mary and Joseph had to go, for they were of the house and family of David. "And Joseph also went up from Galilee out of the city of Nazareth into Judea to the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; because he was of the house and family of David to be enrolled with Mary his espoused wife."

Such then were the natural causes which led up to that journey of the Holy Family, that journey on which the pious christian has so often meditated, and which we even now so devoutly recall at the recurrences of each Christmas. What moves us however in all these events is to see how Divine Provi-

dence guides all things for the good of his elect, and directs them all towards the accomplishment of his design. How tenderly this Providence shines forth in the birth of our Savior! The census was decreed by the Emperor Augustus, carried out by Cyrinus the Roman governor, directed by Herod, a foreign prince. All these facts clearly show that the sceptre had departed from Juda and that Palestine was now part and parcel of the Great Roman Empire. The patriarch Jacob on his death bed had prophesied that so it would come to pass. "Juda, thee shall thy brethren praise, the sons of thy father shall bow down to thee! The sceptre shall not be taken away from Juda, nor a ruler from his thigh till he come that is to be sent and he shall be the expectation of nations."

The dying patriarch foretold then that the supreme command would remain in the tribe of Juda till the Messias would come; that the disappearance of the political power from Juda would usher in the blessed era of the expected of all nations. The events narrated above were an official statement of the fulfillment of this messianic prophecy. The Messias was recognized as a subject of Rome and we have the testimony of Tertullian and of St. Justin that Jesus was entered on the public registers of the Roman Empire.

Moreover, that the prophecy of Micheas might be realized our Lord must be born in Bethlehem, for thus it was written: "And thou Bethlehem Ephrata art a little one among the thousands of Juda; out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler in Israel, and his going forth is from the beginning, from the days of eternity."

Finally Jesus wished to come into this world in poverty and suffering. To attain this end he could choose no better means than the vast concourse of travelers, visiting Bethlehem for the census. Humble though Mary was, fully though she possessed the spirit of Jesus, she would certainly never have chosen a stable as the birthplace for the King of Heaven and Earth. natural those events ran their course without even the intervention of an angel. The decree ordering the census was but an instrument used by our dear Savior to come among us in humility and poverty and obedience. Hence it was that God inspired Mary to accompany St. Joseph, in the journey to Bethlehem, hence it was that whilst many in Judea murmured against the orders of a foreign prince Mary and Joseph considered it the disposition of Divine Providence in tracing out our Savior's path. it shall always be, so it has always been in the past. With small beginnings and insignificant means the omnipotent God works out his infinite plans; whereas it is peculiar to man to accomplish nothing even though he has the world's power at his command. Caesar Augustus, Herod and Cyrinus all have passed away and their power and their empire, and on the ruins that they left has risen another kingdom indestructable, everlasting,

Daniel had foretold that so it would be:—"But in the days of those kingdoms the God of heaven will set up a kingdom that shall never be destroyed, and his kingdom shall not be delivered up to another peo-

ple, and it shall break in pieces and consume all of these kingdoms; and Itself shall stand forever."—

The silent journey of St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary was the beginning of that kingdom.

R. N. LEFEU.

ARCHBISHOP CHAPELLE.

N the last number of the RE-VIEW we had the pleasure of recording the visit of His Excellency, Archbishop Chapelle, to our college home. It is now with the most heartfelt regret that we perform the sad duty of chronicling his death.

Who would have thought that the hale and hearty prelate who stood in our midst last Spring, clad in his pontificial robes, was so soon to be numbered among the dead. Yet, we grieve to say it, this is precisely what has happened.

Shortly after leaving us he began his tour of Confirmation and visitation of his extensive and densely populated Archdiocese. After visiting many parishes and confirming more than eight thousand persons, news suddenly reached him that the fever that had gained a footing in New Orleans, had become epidemic. Though he knew that to return to his residence which is situated in the heart of the infected district was almost certain death, and though his counsellors had urged him to finish the work he had begun, yet with true paternal instinct he decided to return to that

part of his flock that was suffering from the ravages of the dreadful pestilence.

He reached the stricken city as soon as possible and at once set about issuing a pastoral letter to console his spiritual children and to exhort them to see the hand of God in the awful calamity that had befallen them. Before he could finish this work he felt the symptoms of the disease and within a week death claimed him for its victim. Thus in the performance of his duty little short of heroic, he passed to his reward and we of the Faith know full well that it is exceeding great.

We, the students of Spring Hill, mourn his loss for never was there a truer friend of Catholic education and of our Alma Mater.

The Archdiocese mourns his loss for it is left without its great hearted shepherd, who watched over its spiritual welfare so lovingly for many years, and who in the supreme hour of trial did not hesitate to offer his very life for his flock.

Cuba and the Antilles mourn his loss for by his death they are deprived of their zealous and efficient Apostolic Delegate.

The Catholic Church at large mourns his loss for it has lost one the most able and devoted prelates that ever occupied a bishopric in the United States.

May the God whom he served so well throughout his long and brilliant career reward him in proportion to his zeal and devotion R. I. P.

GEORGE A. BRODERICK, '06.

Bravery Honored by a Foe.

I T was a dark and cheerless and disheartening night. The sky overhead hung heavy with ominous clouds that foreboded rain and brought discouragement to the Confederate regiments which lay encamped on the banks of the Rappahannock.

The tattoo had just sounded the hour for repose and the weary soldiers threw themselves on the grass beneath the oak-trees to snatch a few hours of rest before the combat that was to engage them on the morrow. During the day ample provision had been made for the expected attack; orders were given, posts assigned, plans of attack and defense drawn up and approved, and necessary stores of rations hidden away in the knapsacks against the hour of want when the desperate struggle was to be at an end. These preparations, however, had been made in haste, and in that haste they had neglected to fill their canteens with water. For the spring was a good distance off and within easy range of the enemy's fire.

The next dawn broke chill and misty. It found the gallant soldiers already lined up in the trenches si-

lently and grimly awaiting the attack which was not long in making, Full bravely did they withstand the fire of the enemy; but the death shots rained so heavily on their ranks as to thin these rapidly and smother the lingering hopes of victory cherished by the intrepid men in the face of such overwhelming odds. It was not long before the number of those wounded almost equalled the number of those who yet held out resolved to conquer or die but never to surrender. In such trying circumstances the stricken heroes were cared for as best could be done; but water, the wounded man's most pressing necessity, was lacking; not a drop was to be had and no one could quit the trenches to fetch any. As time wore on, and the battle raged as furiously as at the outset, the uuquenched thirst of the wounded soldiers became unendurable. Their groans were heart-piercing as they were heard amidst the roar of shot and clash of arms. At length the colorbearer of the regiment, a lad in his teens, unable to bide the piteous cries for water dinning in his ears on every side, spoke up and volunteered at the risk of his life to fetch the relief so eagerly craved. He could no longer stand by and see his comrades die of thirst.

granted Consent was Planting his colors firmly in the trenches, he snatched up quickly what empty canteens he could find and posted off on his errand of mercy. The spring was yards away and very near the enemy's line. The boy was long, consequently, in returning. Meanwhile fiercer and fiercer grew the contest, until superior officers anticipating an advance of the foe that with forces so scant and now being rapidly wasted away would be resistless, sent orders for the brigade to fall back. The retreating column on the way met the brave little ensign returning with the water. The youngster's quick eye saw that the colors had been left behind in the trenches. So he hastened on, resolved that they would not fall into the hands of the foe if it had to cost his life. It took but a few moments to relieve the thirst of the wounded: this done, he rushed forth bearing in his flrm grasp the much-loved colors. He waited not to hear the thanks and blessings on his head murmured by the lips of dying men.

He had proceeded only a few hundred yards when of a sudden there

rang out on the air the stern cry of "Halt!" and a hundred guns were instantly leveled at his breast. The foe was upon him, From afar they had seen him and had crept up unnoticed. What was he to do? Ouicker than thought came back the defiant rejoinder: "Never while I hold these colors' A long pause— Then instead of the crash of rifles, came the order not to fire but to lower the guns and let the lad pass on uninjured. For his patriotism had touched the heart of the Federal Commander.

With bare head and panting chest into the camp a few moments later rushed our little hero clenching his regiment's colors. His story was soon told and his admiring comrades overjoyed at his being spared, caught him in their arms, and raised him aloft, and with streaming eyes, bore him on their shoulders through the camp.

Though years have come and gone since that day and with it most of its generation of heroes, yet the generous act of the Federal Commander is still green in the memory of the former ensign, while the grey haired veterans of his brigade, love to repeat to their grand-children the story of how bravery was honoured in a foe.

SIDNEY SIMON, '08.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

ONE little angel was peeping out of the skies, then another and another until the whole heavens seemed as if all the angels above were looking down upon one poor traveler that evening. Night had caught him without a lodging, as it always did, but tonight there was no barn near for him to rest in; no friendly light in the farm house to keep him company. As he walked along the turnpike, he wondered where he could obtain a night's lodging.

Looking at his face, the keenest judges of faces could not have told his age; hard and deep lines were on his cheeks, there was a curve to his lips, his form was stooped, his head was bowed. Two years before he had left home because his father curtailed his allowance in order to stop him from rushing headlong on the road to ruin.

Tonight as he walked along the road his mind wandered back to that eventful evening two years before, when in a fit of rage he left his home and swore never to enter its doors again. He thought of his mother who had always been so kind and gentle to him, who always loved and tried to make her boy behave, but it had been fruitless. membered his sister that bright, beautiful little girl of thirteen, whom he used to have so many fusses with at home; she was always willing to take his part and never allowed any one to say anything against her

brother; his father, O what were his thoughts about him, he could not express them. He had a longing to be again in the family circle; he wanted to go home and beg his father's forgiveness; but the same old tempter was always at hand who would whisper in his ears; "Do not go home, your father will stop you from drinking, they don't love you, keep away from them."

His feet began to hurt him, and he felt tired, his eyes were closing; he lay down under the oak, the only shelter near, and was soon buried in sleep. While he slept he dreamt that he was once more a little boy in the city, getting ready to go to school; his mother was bathing his face preparing to send iiim to his teacher; he could hear her saying to him "Walton be a good boy, study hard and mind your professor." Again in the evening, he could through his dreams see himself coming home with a bloody nose, a black eye and muddy from head to feet. He could remember the kindwords his father had spoken to him, he was not reprimanded by him for getting in the fight. His little sister came running into the room, and when she saw her brother she became afraid and wanted her father to go out and get the boy and have him arrested. He saw again before him, his favorite pony being saddled to take a ride, his dog and everything he used to play with in childhood.

Thus the night wore away; he awoke with a start, the east was streaked with red mingled with gray; he wanted to go home. There was in his heart the same feeling he experienced on the day he first entered college; he was homesick. He now fully determined to retrace his steps and return home; his companion the tempter had disappeared. He walked all that day; he was famished and thirsty, without money to buy the least thing. At one place where he had begged bread he was driven away by the dogs, at another was told not to dare enter the gate. Thus he traveled getting a little work to do here and there to earn his bread, this young man of twenty dragged his footsteps four. He from Virginia to Alabama. crossed the state line between Tennessee and Alabama his breast heaved a sigh, and his heart gave a bound, he was once more in his native state, whose emblem is, "Here we rest."

Gradually from one city to another he strolled, until at last, and once again he could feel the caresses on his face of the Gulf breeze. He had arrived at Mobile, his Slowly through the streets he walked, passing several of his old friends but none seemed to recognize him, his face had been blotted from their memories. knew him; what could be the matter he wondered: "I am entirely forgotten, does everyone think I am dead. No that cannot be." He looked at his appearance, his clothes were torn, his hair rumpled, his face dirty and unshaven. "Ah!" he said to himself, "I see I am a wild man, I was once looked upon as Beau Brummell, of Mobile; my life was a stream of sunshine upon a bed of roses, but who am I today." passed from one street to another; there were but few changes in the old town, everything was familiar. At last he came to the square on which his home was situated. "Can my mother and father still be living, and will they know me?" is the question that was now before him. "I will behave myself, I will never again touch another drop, I have fallen out with Bacchus, I want to become what I once was. O, I know they will forgive me." A few more steps and he was standing before the gate of his home.

The old mansion appeared the same, no changes had taken place; the avenue leading to the house had still its line of rose bushes on each side; on the veranda was the same old arm chair in which his father used to sit and read the morning paper. He stood and looked at these things for a few moments doubting whether to enter or not; when suddenly his heart seemed to stop, then it gave a quick start; it was his sister coming down the walk to the gate. She was taller and seemed more fair and beautiful than ever; she drew near without taking notice of the man standing at the gate; as she was about to put her hand on the latch she spied him and screamed, this drew her father and mother to the porch, they saw the man and hurried on to the scene of the excitement.

"Don't be frightened Gwendolen, it is your brother Walton, don't you know me?" he said, almost on the point of tears.

"O brother!" she cried and ran

to him; father and mother had now come to the gate and once more led the poor penitent wanderer back to his home.

THOS. J. BURNS, JR., 08.

HIS HEART'S DESIRE.

CHARLES JOHNSTON was the youngest son of a poor widow. His father died when he was but twelve years of age and as his older brothers proved to be worthless loafers, before he was eighteen the support of the family devolved upon him. Charley was a steady, hard working boy, contented, too, with his lot, but most ambitious to get an education.

"Mother," said he one evening after supper, "I wish I had a chance to acquire a little knowledge. If I could only lay aside enough to enable me to attend night-school next winter, I think I would be satisfied."

"But remember my dear boy," said his mother in a sad tone, "we must live in the meantime. The little I make by my sewing, along with what you earn, barely suffices to keep us in food and clothes. Work faithfully, my child, and be honest, and Providence will come to our assistance."

And thus their conversation ended as it always did when they spoke of their humble lot in life. Recourse to Providence was the

only consolation she could offer her son; for being penniless and alone in the world, upon whom could the poor widow and her son rely but upon the Protector of the widow and the Father of the orphan.

That she was not deceived my narrative will show.

It was Christmas Eve. The snow had been falling all day and the streets were clad in a garment of ice. Charley Johnston who drove a delivery wagon for a large department store had just delivered his last parcel in one of the most aristocratic parts of the town and was in the act of turning around to drive back to the stables when he perceived an aged woman driving alone in a carriage The horse, which appeared to be a spirited animal, had begun to shy at a piece of newspaper that was blowing about in the street. It was evident to Charley that the frightened animal would soon get beyond the control of its feeble driver, and he foresaw that a runaway would prove fatal to her.

The sight of a helpless old lady in

distress will move any manly heart to take the greatest risks for her safety. Now Charley was essentially a manly young fellow and, moved by the spectacle before him, he determined to assist her in quieting the animal no matter how dangerous the attempt might be.

Stopping his own horse, he alighted from his wagon and started quietly in the direction of the excit ed animal. He had hardly taken three steps when it began to rear and plunge, and suddenly broke into a mad run down the avenue. As the vehicle whirled by, he seized one of the shafts, ran along with it for a few yards and then swung himself into the carriage. He picked up the ribbons which the old lady had dropped in order to hold on to the sides of the buggy, and before they had gone many blocks he succeeded in calming the frightened horse. On learning where lived he drove her safely home.

* * * * * *
About nine o'clock that night

Charley and his mother were sitting beside the fire in their poor but cozy little parlor.

"Mother," said Charley in a way that plainly showed that he was about to unburden his mind of something that had been heavily upon it, "I had a narrow escape to-day."

"What was it? How did it happen? Tell me all about it." This was said in a most anxious tone as she put aside her sewing and riveted her eyes on her boy in order to read in his face anything he might attempt to conceal from her.

"I did not like to tell you for I knew you would begin to worry about it. It was only this. An old lady was driving alone in a buggy and her horse became unmanageable and ran away. I jumped into the carriage and soon brought the animal under control. But that jump was mighty risky. If anything had happened to me I knew that you would be without anyone to take care of you, but I had not the heart to stand by and see the helpless old creature dashed to her death and not make an attempt to rescue her.

"On the way to her home she pressed me to accept some money as a reward for what I had done for Of course I did not take it. for no amount of money could induce me to take such a risk. she seemed surprised and began to question me about myself and you too. As she seemed to be really interested. I told her how we were situated, and explained to her that the only thing I felt in my condition of life was my inability to get an education. She asked me a great many questions about you, and—'' A knock at the door caused Charley to break off his narrative abruptly while his mother answered the call. A minute later she returned with a letter which she said was for him. Imagine the joyous surprise of 'the pair when, on opening it, they read the following:

Mr. Charles Johnston, Esq.,
My dear Sir.—

I have just learned from my mother the particulars of her heroic rescue by you. She tells me that you would hear of no reward for the great personal danger you encountered for her sake and that the great desire of your heart was to receive such an education as would enable you to rise in life.

I have it in my power to give you this much-desired opportunity and therefore should consider it a great favor if you would accept a position in my office where you will have ample means of gratifying your wish and, at the same time, support your aged mother.

Sincerely yours and gratefully forever.
Charles B. Adams,
Attorney-at-Law.
SIDNEY SIMON, '08.

THE CONFESSION OF A STEGOMYIA.

T was a warm, sultry afternoon in August, and oppressed by the heat and drowsiness overhanging New Orleans, I determined to take a nap and thus escape the unpleasant weather conditions. I went to my room and having thrown off my shoes was just about to lie down when I heard a buzz at my elbow, and looking, saw a large mosquito. He seemed to me to be larger and of a more dignified appearance than the average one, but nevertheless I quickly made a slap at him and thus ridding myself of his presence. I turned over and was soon sleeping tranquilly.

How long I lay thus I could not tell, but I was awakened, it seemed to me, but a few minutes later by someone calling my name in a soft low voice. For a few moments I lay with eyes wide open, listening, when happening to glance at my pillow I saw lying beneath my very nose, the mosquito which I had imagined dead. I knew it was the same one from his very looks, because nowhere, I said to myself, had I seen so well-shaped or hand-

some an insect. He was built somewhat on the installment plan and even as he lay there dying, he did not lose for a moment the dignity of bearing which I had noticed when I first espied him. His graceful form was clad in a dark suit and on his feet were a pair of the most expensive patent leathers. His hands were covered with undressed kid gloves, and across his shoulder was slung a kit of tools, to be used presumably in the injecting of the stegomyia fluid. He wore no hat but looking to the spot where I had dealt him his death blow I saw a crushed derby which I knew he had been wearing, when my hand had put an end to his depredations. While I had been lying thus making a mental memorandum of my neighbor, he had crawled up higher on the pillow until he now lay right opposite my face and as his life was quickly ebbing away he looked straight into my eyes and slowly began to speak. I tried to divert my gaze from the two small orbs fixed upon me, but the effort was futile. There was something attractive in the dark, black depths, and the longer, it seemed, that I looked at them, the larger they became and the nearer they approached to my own, until at last they were but a few inches from my face and protruding from their sockets in a grotesque manner.

"You have finished me," he was saying, "but not without some danger to yourself. You have killed me but before I die I will poison you." He had assumed his fiercest look and I trembled as I heard him speak. "I was born on the Carribean sea," he raised a broken and bleeding arm and pointed in the direction of the south "on a fruit boat, bound from Central America for this city of yours." There was sarcasm in his voice and I was wondering what was coming next. "When I first saw the light of day it was a calm moonlight night on the waters and I was gazing through a crack of the upper deck." I laughed at the contradiction, but immediately regretted it for he scowled at me and ground his teeth in rage. "We remained on the water four days" he continued "and on the fifth I heard father say that we would soon be in New Orleans. That afternoon we were startled by a bumping sound and my parents frightened by the noise flew away and left me clinging in tear to the bunch of bananas on which I stood. Soon I found out the reason of the bumping, for the hatchway was opened and from the noise and bustle I knew we had arrived at the dock in New Orleans. A large negro descended from the deck and picking up several bunches

of bananas threw them through the opening above. This he continued for some time. I watched the process with interest because he was gradually coming nearer to the bunch to which I clung. At last he came to it and flung it as he had done the others through the open hatchway. As I whirled through the air clinging desperately to a young banana, I was wondering when our upward progress would end and where we would then go. My reflections were brought to a close by our suddenly coming in contact with some strong surface, and a huge pair of giant grappling irons, dark-brown colored, like mamma had told me the ancient Romans used to use on their war vessels, grasping the whole bunch of bananas. This was all strange to me and I tried to understand the origin of the great claws upholding us. I looked at them for a short while and saw that they were attached to long, thick rods which in their turn shot from an immense black body. At last I began to realize our situation; a large, copper colored son of Ham had caught us in his hands." He paused for breath, but never once diverting his eyes from mine. When he had sufficiently recovered he went on: "We were held in mid-air for a few seconds, then thrown with a crash to the deck. By clever maneuvering I narrowly escaped being mangled and was just congratulating myself on my good fortune when I felt the whole bunch of bananas raised up and placed with several other bunches on the shoulder of another

negro who began walking with us towards the edge of the boat. The stench in my new position was awful and when I was being borne across the gang plank, I was afraid of being overcome by it and falling into the black water I saw far below me.

"Upon arrival on the dock, the bunch of bananas to which I clung was placed in a wagon and after a short trip through a busy section of the town, we arrived at a small fruit stand over which a large, dark-skinned woman was presiding. Upon seeing our wagon she spoke a few words in a jargon entirely new to me, but somewhat resembling that of the sailors on the boat, and immediately an ugly little man appeared, whom I judged was her husband. He came out to the wagon and with the assistance of the driver took all the bananas and placed them on a stand in front of his shop. The woman came and shook a bunch of feathers in my face and while getting the dust off the fruit kept muttering to herself: 'Fina banan! Fina banan!' was soon joined by the little man who had in his hand a large piece of pasteboard and which he proceeded to tie to the stem of the bunch nearest to me. I turned to look at it and saw that it read:

FINE BANANAS
2 for 5 cents.

"I soon tired of clinging to the banana but as I knew of no means of tranporting myself elsewhere I was

forced to remain in my position. It is true I had seen my mother and father fly but I did not think myself capable of that. I made up my mind several times to attempt it but when I saw the distance to the floor below I lost my nerve and backed out. Then a little incident occured but for which I might still be hanging on that stalk of bananas. A customer, having been persuaded by the stout lady that the fruit were really 'fina banan,' was breaking off one when by a slip of his hand he brushed me from my footing. fell through space and to my surprise and joy my wings spread out of their own accord and my downward progress was stopped.

"That was the beginning of my adventures; I flew at the little man and had perched successfully on his fat neck and began operations in the drilling line, when he suddenly dropped a pineapple he was carrying, said: damn! and raised a fleshy hand in my direction. When I saw that great mass of avoirdupois sailing down upon me I grew sick at heart and thought I was lost. looked as if a ten acre lot had detached itself from the globe and came sailing through space at me. Despite my timidity, I surprised myself by the agility with which I side-stepped, and, while his fat fingers were feeling around for me, I quickly mounted his hand. Before he realized it I had begun operations again and when he felt my sting in the soft part of his digitus he said something else—worse than what he said at first. Then satisfied with my initial piece of work I flew

away, while the little man was swearing forcibly in the same unknown jargon I had first heard.

"The stout lady was sitting on a box and crooning softly to herself. To my idea she seemed well contented with the way things were going. I hated to disturb her but I knew that business was business, so excusing myself by a short buzz I darted at her face. The slight noise I made had forewarned her and she perceived my tactics. I cannot vouch for the statement that she ever took boxing lessons, but I will confess I was fooled prettily. She feinted with her left and as I was moving away she sent home a right from the shoulder. It caught me fairly amidships and sent me sprawling on the floor. She apparently thought me dead because she made no more efforts towards my dismemberment. I was not quite dead but I was very badly hurt: I lay on the floor awhile trying to get my wings or my feet working, but it was useless. After a few futile efforts I lapsed into unconciousness.

"I remained in this state until about six o'clock the following morning, when I was brought back to life by a young shoe factory, which located itself dangerously near my left front leg. I woke with a start and according to my first impulse tried to fly away from the danger. I was slightly successful and managed to locate at some distance. The foot, under which I had narrowly escaped destruction, was the property of a tall, lanky specimen of the 'genus homo', carrying

in his hand a satchel on which were the words, A. S. Lambert, M. D. He proceeded through the room and went out of a rear door. This was new to me. Half walking and half flying I managed to follow him to a small room in which scarcely had space enough to stretch out its legs. On it was the ugly little man of my acquaintance. He looked very yellow and bad and I began to pity him. The venerable Lambert gazed at him a short time and then raising his eyes to the fat old lady who was standing near him said in his most professional manner, 'Madam, it is Yellow Fever. Your husband has been stung by one of the stegomyia.'

"This I assure you was good news to me: I had not been aware before that I was capable of doing such harm. The old lady began crying and lamenting, in a cracked voice, the ill-luck which compelled her other half to succumb to my attack. Now wa; my chance for revenge upon her. I flew around so as to be back of her and then slipping noiselessly in front again alighted upon her forehead. A few seconds sufficed in which to make my presence known, and having drilled a miniature well in her tough forehead I prepared to decamp. It was then that I discovered that owing to the resistance of the surface upon which I had been working I had broken my drilling brace. This convinced me that a change of climate was necessary and that a dago's head was too thick for anything outside of the banana business.

"The doctor presented the best means of transportation then in sight, so attaching myself to his pantaloon legs I awaited the hour of departure. While the doctor was busy leaving directions with my late victim I thought I would be losing valuable time unless I did some work in the interim.

"I set to work with my broken drilling-brace on the pantaloon leg, knowing full well that there must be something underneath. My first efforts were completely balked by the steel on his garter, so I began in a lower position. Again I was doomed to disappointment; I found that owing to the accident I had undergone my drilling apparatus was too short to effect an operation. This required the delay of taking another joint out of my tool kit and attaching it to my brace. After this repair I had the doctor at my mercy. I enjoyed myself at his expense for some ten minutes and although I was positive that I was torturing him badly, he was entirely too polite to destroy me while the lady was present. Needless to mention when he prepared to go, as he did shortly, I moved. I located higher up, right on his shoulder and, when we had arrived on the sidewalk and he brought down his hand with a bang on the scene of my late operations, I enjoyed the joke immenselv.

"After a ride on the street car and a short walk, the doctor mounted the steps of a large stone house and entered.

"My new habitation was as dissimilar to the fruit stand as the lat-

ter had been to the ship's hold. The doctor's family consisted of his wife and little girl who were eating breakfast as we entered. girl was about ten years of age. She looked so cute that I straightway sailed for her and had just settled on her plump, little hand when she noticed me and making a sweep with her free hand brushed me into a jar of preserves. 'I'm all in' I said to myself as I was submerged in the sticky liquid. More through care for the preserves than through any love for me she took a knife and lifted me out on it. I lay perfectly still pretending to be dead and she threw me to the floor. It was quite a while before I could recover myself but when I did I registered a solemn oath of vengeance before Stegomars, the war god of the mosquito tribe, to pay her back for her cruelty to a dumb animal.

"When, after vigorous efforts at respiration, I succeeded in loosening my limbs, I commenced a slow ascent to my enemy. This time I took the young lady quite unawares and made a severe indentation in her pretty cheek before she raised a hand to threaten me. But having done the damage I escaped and awaited results.

"The remainder of the day I spent in the library, reading the morning papers and also ridding myself of the jam which still adhered to me in several places. That night I rested securely on the electric light wire hanging over the doctor's desk. On the succeeding morning I was up early and, as I had expected, the young lady was

sick in bed. The doctor's wife had first noticed the sickness and had called the father's attention to it. He went at once to my lady's boudoir and when he had looked at the little girl he threw up his hands in horror and exclaimed, 'My God! The fever!'

"In that moment I had my revenge, but before the day had passed I sincerely regretted my mean act. Towards two in the evening the girl grew worse; as I saw her parents sitting beside her bed and watched her put out her hands to them and bid them good-by, I forgot all her harshness towards me and would have been but too glad to save her. This, however, was out of the question. She soon passed away. Even when dying she did not lose her beauty and I cried when I saw her close her bright eves forever. After her death the house was fumigated but I managed to crawl through a key-hole and escape the fatal fumes.

"Since that time I have wandered around a good bit and murdered people with impunity and now, although you have done for me, I am going to do for you, too. The fall and cold weather are here anyhow and I would soon have had to give up the ghost! Now, one more victim before I die! Ha! You tremble!" Such was indeed was the fact; as he

moved slowly toward me, his long sting outstretched, his eyes still fixed upon me in deadly enmity, I shivered, even in the warm August weather. I struck out my hand to word off the venimous little fang, I could feel the hard substance as my hand came in contact with it, but too late, the deadly stinger drove itself between my eyes. I tried to jerk my head free, and bumped it against the head of the bed.

The shock caused me to awaken: sat upright and rubbed eyes in wonder. Nothing but a dream! I searched for the mosquito and found him where I had killed him. I put my hand to my head, but it was intact, save in the back where it had collided with the iron fixture of the bed. Then as a last resort I looked at the hand which had tried to ward off the stinger. Ah! the skin was peeled off the knuckles and the blood slowly oozing from the scratch on the fore-finger;-but what bent the thin iron bar on the bed, and how did it come by that drop of blood on it? Well, I soon thought of a solution but I guess you have Itoo, so I will not mention it.

I got up and bathed my injured members and slept no more that afternoon.

SAMUEL L. KELLY, '09.

ALL SAINTS' DAY IN THE CRESCENT CITY.

ONE of the most beautiful of the many quaint customs that make New Orleans unique among American cities is the observance of All Saints' Day. Every city and every state, it is true, has its Memorial Day, when those who fought and bled for home and country are remembered and praised; but there is not, as far as we have been able to ascertain, another large city in the land that devotes one full day to sweet communion with its dead.

I spent a very pleasant day in the Crescent City on this occasion last vear. On the eve of the feast there was a slight sprinkle; dark clouds gathered overhead and, as evening advanced, the prospects for a bright day on the morrow become more and more discouraging. Much to my suprise, however, as I was riding home in the Prytania car, I overheard a gentleman remark to a friend, "I suppose I'll see you at the Cemeteries tomorrow." This he said in a manner that seemed to indicate that he had no doubt the weather would permit. This air of conviction puzzled me not a little. but as soon as I reached home the mystery was cleared up for me by my old Mammy. She too held to the belief in fair weather for the morrow, and when I asked her why she was so sure of it, she looked at me intently for a while and said in a reproachful way: "Lawd, chile! Aint you been living long enough to know that it don't nebber rain on All Saints' Day?"

And this opinion, I have since come to learn, is held by all the older inhabitants of the town. You may be sure I did not attempt to argue with my dusky informant, but ate my supper in silence thinking what a shock her respect for old traditions would suffer on the ensuing day.

I was up bright and early next morning and the first thing I did was to throw open the blinds and see what kind of weather we might expect for the day. Mammy was right.

I dressed rapidly and hastened to my parish church to hear the half-past-five Mass. Great was my surprise to find the sacred edifice crowded at this early hour. And when the bell announced the time for Holy Communion, almost the entire congregation arose and approached the Holy Table. After Mass I went home again and later in the day made up my mind to visit the cemeteries.

On boarding the car that was to take me thither my attention was attracted by a beautiful bouquet of the finest white roses I have ever seen. They were held by an old widow who was explaining to a lady by her side, "Since '64 I have not failed to put a bouquet of these roses on Captain Bank's grave on All Saints' Day." What a touching devotion, thought I, to one long since departed! Surely such a tender affection must have its reward in the next life.

On arriving at the cemeteries I found them crowded beyond all my expectations. Everybody seemed to have come out to visit the dead. I was not much surprised at this after I had gazed about for a few minutes, for the beauty of the place, especially of Metairie, was well calculated to attract many visitors. Rows of tombs and monuments made of every variety of marble and garlanded with every flower that grows in the Crescent city (and what flower does not grow in that favored spot?) presented a scene the like of which I have never seen.

One of these, the monument raised to the memory of the Army of Tennessee, especially claimed my attention. It consists of an earthen mound rising about twenty feet above the level of the ground. This is surmounted by a bronze equestrian statute of that great Confederate chieftain, Albert Sidney Johnston. He is represented as looking on the memorable field of Shiloh. Below, at the foot of the mound, is the entrance to the vault where lie the remains of the great commander and those of many other Confederate officers. Guarding the entrance stands a statue of a confederate sentinel, leaning on his musket. I mingled in the throng and delayed about the place for a short space, thinking of the war and of the great men of the South who cheerfully laid down their lives for the defence of their principles, and a feeling of sadness gradually crept over me.

As I walked along thus musing about the past, I gradually became

conscious that I was neglecting the beautiful scenes around me. fact I was now passing through the most elegant vaults and graves that the famous cemeteries of New Orleans have to show. But I soon grew tired of all this elegance, for the display of wealth has always seemed to me to be out of place in a city of the dead, and following the crowd surging towards the entrance, I directed my steps Greenwood, another fine cemetery only a short distance from Metairie. Here the crowds were even greater and the flowers more abundant.

I did not delay long but passed on to see the three Catholic cemeteries located in this part of the city. Here the tombs and graves are much simpler than those of the two cemeteries I had previously visited, but the Cross, which in the others was rarely to be seen, rose above every grave and surmounted every tomb, bidding the sorrowing ones left behind on earth to hope and pray and await the day of glorious resurrection. The priest was there, too, blessing the graves and praying for the departed.

Tired by my long walks through these beautiful cities of the dead, I boarded a car and returned home promising myself a visit to the historic cemeteries in the old French quarter on some future occasion. I had enjoyed my visit very much and had not failed to reap some profit to my soul from the hours I thus spent, for the thought that beyond the grave all are equal came home to me most forcibly and has ever since had a new meaning for me.

T. SEMMES WALMSLEY, '09.

A True Ghost Story.

I T was on a clear November night in 1863 when the full moon rolled through the serene, southern sky, that the woods of old Spring Hill were the shelter of a Confederate regiment. A group of young officers were lounging about a camp fire whose glare and warmth assured them of comfort and safety. They were discussing the latest news of the war, but as the night wore on their conversation changed to less serious subjects and soon they began to swap yarns.

Now there sat around that fire two brothers, both of whom had risen from the ranks by their bravery. They were great favorites with their company though for very different reasons. The elder, a lieutenant, was a quiet character, serious even in his most playful moods and a man to be relied upon for the execution of any commission entrusted to him; the younger also a lieutenant, a wild, dashing young fellow, apparently in the war for the sport of it, but a fearless soldier and an ardent lover of the Stars and Bars.

The turn of the latter soon came and before he began he slyly winked at some of his special friends in the group, the companions no doubt of his frolics, and opened his narrative by a remark calculated to attract the attention of his brother soldiers.

"Of course my brother over there will laugh at what I am going to tell you, but I will stand by every word of it for my eyes have never yet deceived me."

Such a sensational prelude aroused the flagging attention of all and as the narrator proceeded they leaned forward to catch every word.

"Down the road a short distance is a small graveyard which is neglected and forgotten by everyone excepting three ghosts. They are the spooks of three yankee spies who were caught around here a few months ago and hanged. Every night they rise from their graves and wander about as if in search of something."

The older lieutenant, who had an especially strong dislike for ghost stories, laughingly exclaimed:

"Well, that beats all I ever heard! Why I would go to that place any night and not see a rabbit even."

The younger man seeing things going just the way he wanted, gave another sly wink at his friends and then said in a half angry tone:

"Well if you don't believe what I say, go and see for yourself. If you are not afraid of ghosts, I dare you to visit that graveyard tonight. If you are a man of your word go there tonight."

"Agreed," said the elder brother; "but if I do not see any of your ghosts, how am I to prove it to your satisfaction?"

"We will take your word for it."
One by one the officers deserted

the fire and withdrew to their tents, leaving the elder lieutenant alone by the smouldering embers.

The space of time that remained before midnight, when he was to visit the cemetery, was short so he stretched out before the fire and allowed his thoughts to wander back to his old home in far-off Texas. He stared blankly at the pictures in the yellow smoke rising slowly from the remains of the fire, but his spirit was far away. When the time came, he arose and walked calmly to the stables for his horse. He mounted and rode slowly down the old shell road, admiring the beauties of nature and comparing them with the picturesque scenes of his childhood. He began humming a popular tune of the times, keeping time with the beat of his horses hoofs. The deep bass of the frog in a marsh by the roadside and the ceaseless chirp of the cricket were the only sounds that broke in upon the stillness of the night.

The sharp, cold air laden with dew sent a chill through him now and then. As the song died away, old recollections arose within him. In thought he was riding up that memorable lane leading to his dear old Southern homestead shaded by rows of large spreading oaks. The war was ended. He saw the dear ones on the porch waiting to welcome him. Then he thought of his brother. Would he too return? Would he too escape all the perils of the war and sit with him by the old fireside once more?

His thoughts were broken off abruptly by his arrival at the little

graveyard. He rode up to the fence, and dismounted, and entered. After walking about for a few minutes he came across a rickety bench and wrapping himself up in his overcoat, he sat down to wait for the appearance of the ghosts.

The listless peace and undisturbed quietness of the place were broken only by the college clock striking the hours and quarters as time sped on its unobstructed course. He heard the clear ringing taps of half-past eleven, three-quarters, and finally twelve, as they prolonged through the limitless woods of pine.

As the echoes of the last stroke were dying away in the distance, he was startled from his reveries by the clatter of his horse's hoofs. It was rearing and plunging in fright from some unseen cause. While walking towards the frightened animal he was surprised to see three white forms slowly rising up from a ravine at the back of the cemetery. He was dazed for a few seconds, but quickly recovered from his astonishment and reached for his pistol. Thinking that they were a couple of college boys who were trying to scare the rustics about the neighborhood, he called out in a voice of warning.

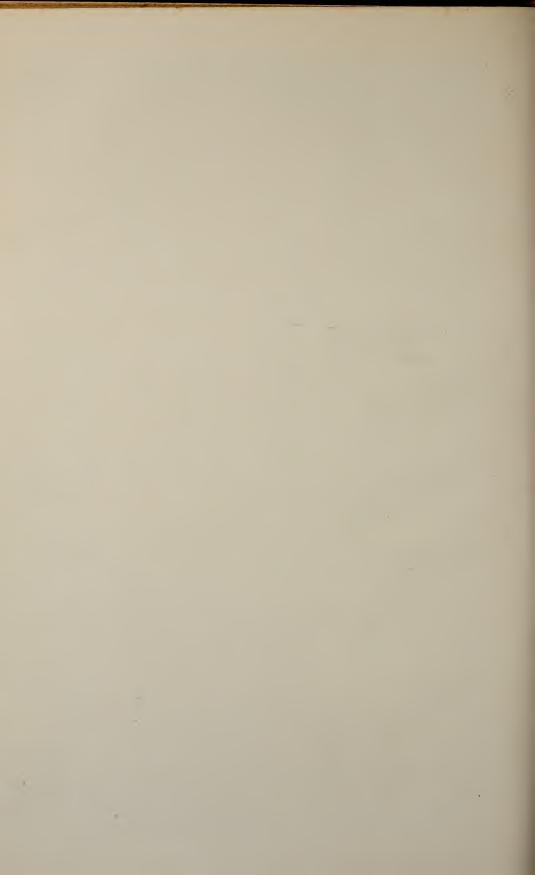
"Halt!" His command was not heeded.

"Stop where you are, or I'll put a bullet in you," came the clear ringing order. But still his words had no effect upon his enemies.

Putting himself in an attitude of defence he called out again.

"As you value your lives, stop!





One step more and I'll shoot!"

That step was taken and the lieutenant, true to his word, fired at the foremost and boldest of the group. The sheeted figure staggered backwards and fell headlong upon the ground while the others

scampered off in opposite directions.

The officer put up his pistol, went to the prostrate ghost, pulled off the sheet and beheld the lifeless corpse of—his brother.

JOHN E. DEEGAN, '08.

Brothers Meet

NE afternoon in Marion, a pretty little village situated in one of the fertile valleys of Missouri, a mother sat knitting at the fireside. While her fingers were busy with needle and thread her thoughts were centered on her two boys, fine, sturdy youths just budding into early manhood. The war between the North and the South had already entered on its bloody desolating career and young men were eager to throw in their lot with the North or South as their judgment or inclination led them. The two young men, John and Frank Marston, had already given their mother a hint to the effect that they too would like to join the army in defense of their country, and it was with this that her thoughts were busy. Mrs. Marston though full of true loyalty to her country had still all the strong, passionate, tender love of a mother for her children; and the thought that possibly she might be separated from them was causing her mother's heart the deepest sorrow and anguish. She had not been long alone with her thoughts when the sound

of approaching footsteps was heard. The mother's ears at once recognied the tread of her boy Frank, and her heart leaped as she thought the fatal hour had come. Opening the door Frank at once advanced to her side and laying his hand on her shoulder, said:

"Dear mother, you know how the Northerners are boasting that they will trample the rights of the South in the dust. The boys are all going to join the army, except John, and they want me to go with them." He stopped, but his looks plainly said: "Say that I can." Raising her head she smiled on her darling boy, though her heart seemed breaking. Her eyes filled with tears but she turned them straight on him and answered; "Frank I am glad to see the noble spirit in you. Go, prove yourself worthy of the gray."

"Can we forget when he joined the brave band,

Who rose in defense of our dear Southern land

And in his bright youth hurried on to the fray?

How promptly he donned it, the jacket of gray!

His fond mother blessed him and looked up above,

Commending to Heaven the child of her love;

What anguish was hers, mortal tongue may not say

When he passed from her sight in the jacket of gray."

The next day he set out for Richmond where he was placed under the command of General Beauregard.

A few days after Frank had left home a call to arms was proclaimed by Lincoln; and John, who had sided with the North, set out for Washington, where he joined the army of General McClellan. It was at the battle of Bull Run that the incident, that I am about to relate, took place.

After the battle was over, there were lying side by side, two soldiers who but a few hours ago had fought on opposite sides. They could not well distinguish each other's features on account of the darkness. So they lay there silently on the field; a feeling of pity stole over their hearts for the many brave men that had lost their lives on that bloody field, a feeling of regret for the inexorable necessity of war which made each man the slayer of the other. As the Confederate who was suffering from thirst and had only a mouthful of water in his canteen was about to drink it, he heard his enemy cry out, "Friend give me but a drop." The Confederate handed him his canteen although his own lips were parched, and said "Take it my friend you need it more than I do. Though we be enemies on earth, before God we are friends." The Northerner drank the water and said, "My friend if I live and can be of any service to you on earth name it, for I will try to do it."

"If you live," replied the Confederate, "and should happen to be in Missouri call upon my mother who lives in a small village called Marion and tell her not to wait for me for I am not coming home."

The Northerner answered never a word. His eyes filled with tears and in a voice broken with sobs, at last he said:

"Frank forgive me, for I did not know you. We have fought here like men, we are going before God in a little while. Let us forgive each other."

Frank tried to speak, but the sound of his words died away in a murmur from his lips. He took the hand of his fallen brother and foe; his stiffening fingers closed over it and his last look was one of forgivness.

When the next morning sun rose over the battlefield, he looked down upon two fallen soldiers, one in blue, the other in gray, clasping hands in token of pardon and friendship.

"No marble slab or graven stone
Their gallant deeds to tell;
No monument to mark the spot
Where they with glory fell.
Their names shall yet a herald find
In every tongue of fame,
When valley, stream, and minstrel voice,
Shall ring with their acclaim."

When the war is over and all are returning home

"Fancy will picture a home afar,
Out where the daisies and buttercups are,
Out where the life-giving breezes blow,
Far from the sodden streets, foul and low,
Fancy will picture a lonely hearth,
And an aged mother dead to mirth
Kneeling beside her bed to pray,
Or lying awake o' nights to hark

For her two sons who may come in the rain and dark
Better she never know
Those whom she cherished so
Lie this night lone and low
Buried on the battle field."

J. CONWAY '09.

HORACE TO HIS WINE JAR.

BK, 111, ODE 15.

O dear little flagon as old as thy lord,
Whether quarrels or jokes or unseemly discord,
Or senseless affections, or sleep, light and sweet,
Are induced by the power of thy liquor elite,
Whatsoever in thee lurks, be it malice or mirth,—
Thou art worthy to hallow the day of our birth;
Then deign of the wine in thy breast so long pent,
At the will of Corvinus, to now give free vent.
For although he is steeped in philosophy wise,
He will ne'er be so rude as thy lips to despise.
E'en Cato's sour virtue is said to have grown
Quite mellow when wine had oft sparkled and flown,

You sharpen the wit of the genius austere,
With stimulants light and reveal the severe,
Painful cares and the hidden designs of the wise,
Through the wiles of gay Bacchus, who baffles disguise,
And hope you infuse in the sad, weeping heart,
And the poor own the earth in the joy you impart.
You inspire them to brave the wild wrath of their king,
And the spear of his soldiers for them has no sting;
Then though Venus should gleam as we sit round the board,
While the Graces decline to cut fellowship's cord,
And the living lamps o'er us shall shed mellow light,
We will feast until Phoebus disperses the night.

F. P. G., 'o6'

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MOBILE, ALA., JANUARY, 1906.

Editorials.

We owe an apology to our many readers for the non-appearance of our Christmas number. This, we are happy to be able to say, is not due to any fault on the part of the staff of '05-'06, but rather to a series of unfortunate events over which they had no control: the quarantine, which kept more than half of the students at home until late in November, and the recent strike of the printers.

For the past five years the Leagues in the Senior Division have been a complete failure. The causes are too numerous to mention here, hence we will have to be contented with citing a few that are at the bottom of the trouble.

One of the chief reasons why the leagues are not a success is that there are too many self-appointed captains on each side. If a player is not satisfied with the arrangements his captain has made with the captain of the other side, he quits forthwith. Often this is not a serious impediment to the prosperity of the league, but if he happens to be a good player, it seriously handicaps his side. Then comes the trouble. In order that one team may not have the advantage of the other, an exchange must be made and if the new arrangements does not satisfy the players involved in the transfer, the league is gone.

Again some of the players are gentlemen of leisure who play only when they feel so inclined. Happily this class of boys is not numerous. However, some players on the same team do not deem themselves capable of making an effort to play baseball but they can take a five or ten mile walk.

But someone may ask: "What benefit do we derive from maintaining the league, and why should it exist?" This question we can easily answer. In fact, for the baseball player it needs no answer because he knows from experience that without the league it is practically impossible to have good games. But in order to make it clear to some few who do not seem to understand the advantages of a league, we will give some of the reasons why the league should be encouraged.

From the league the players on the college nine are always taken. Generally the college nine player plays the same position on the league as on the nine. From this one can easily see that our honor on the diamond is dependent in a great measure on the league. By playing a real game, not a mere practice game, once or twice a week the men keep in good condition and get the best fielding and batting practice possible. To the other members the league is of immense value. They get the same practice as the college-nine men and can reasonably hope to defend the Purple and White at some future time.

Therefore we hope that the league of 1906 will be kept up throughout the year and prove to the satisfaction of all that we can maintain a league. Many say that we cannot have a league in the Senior Division. Let us show them that we can, and to do this all we need is a little more college spirit and manliness.

A constant reader of the REVIEW will probably notice that as each succeeding number is published the articles or rather the number of those who contribute articles becomes fewer. And why is this? What reasonable excuse can be given for this? There are two reasons, not very good ones, that explain why the essays that used to be so numerous, are growing scarce.

The first is that very many of the boys do not care to do any work beyond their ordinary class work and have not the ambition which in days gone by inspired every Spring Hill boy to look forward to the day when his articles would be accepted by the REVIEW. The second and more probable reason is that they are afraid to write,

either because they are so modest that they underrate their abilities or because they fear that some one will make fun of their production. This latter case is the main reason why members of the lower classes seldom send in anything for publication. If anyone will glance through the pages of this number they will see that the only class that is represented in a body is the Rhetoric. Now if the other classes

would follow this good example what a fine edition we would have!

Therefore we appeal to all classes to write something for the next number and, in general, to take a more active interest in the REVIEW. Some productions will be rejected, but the majority will meet with success provided the writers put forth their best efforts to obtain that success.

COLLEGE NOTES.

FACULTY The faculty of Spring Hill College for the school year 1905–1906 is as follows:

Rev. W. J. Tyrrell, S. J., President; Rev. C. D. Barland, S. J., Vice-President; Rev. J. J. McLaughlin, S. J., Secretary; Rev. T. W. Butler, S. J., Chaplain; Rev. A. J. Hugh, S. J., Treasurer; Rev. J. J. De Potter, S. J., Professor of Mental Philosophy in the Classical Course; Rev. J. B. Franckhauser, S. J., Professor of Sciences and Mathematics: Rev. O. M. Semmes, S. J., Professor of Mental Philosophy in the Commercial Course; Mr. D. J. Foulkes, S. J., Professor of English in the B. S. Class; Mr. J. Wallace, S. J., Professor of English in the P. G. Course; Rev. A. Guyol, S. J., Professor of Rhetoric; Rev. E. de la Moriniere, S. J., Professor of Poetry; Rev. E. I. Fazakerley, S. J., Professor of First Grammar; Rev. D. P. Lawton, S. J., Profesor of Second Grammar A; Rev.

A. Blatter, S. J., Professor of Second Grammar B; Rev. G. Rittmeyer, S. J., Professor of Third Grammar; Rev. J. O'Reilly, S. J., Professor of Superior Commercial; Mr. R. Brooks, S. J., Professor of First Commercial and Typewriting; Rev. P. Elfer, S. J., Professor of Second Commercial and Stenography; Mr. C. King, S. J., Professor of Third Commercial; Rev. A. Faget, S. J., Rev. J. O'Brien, S. J., Rev. O. Wocet, S. J., Professors of Special Classes.

In the Senior Division: Rev. O. M. Semmes, S. J., is prefect of the study hall, and Mr. D. Foulkes, S. J., is prefect of the yard.

In the Junior Division: Mr. J. C. Kearns, S. J., is prefect of the yard, and Mr. J. Wallace, S. J. prefect of the study hall.

P. C. Boudousquie, A. M., B. F. A., teaches Drawing and Caligraphy; A. J. Staub, Mus. D.,

and A. Suffich, Mus. B., are professors of music; W. M. Mastin, M. D. is the attending physician.

FACULTY
CHANGES
Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J., who for the last three years filled the office of Vice-President, and Rev. P. J. Philippe, S. J., last year's study hall prefect, reside at present at St. Andrew-on-Hudson, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Rev. T. E. Stritch, S. J., and Mr. S. Gillow, S. J., are at the St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

Mr. G. P. Bryan, S. J., and Mr. T. A. Carey, S. J., are at Denver, Col. Rev. C. V. Lamb, S. J., is prefect of discipline in the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans. Rev. J. H. Meyer, S. J., is professor of mathematics at the Jesuits' College, Augusta, Ga. Rev. J. H. Veau, S. J., is at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La. Rev. L. Paris, S. J., is professor at the Jesuits' College, Shreveport, La.

SOCIETIES

SENIOR SODALITY OF THE DIVISION BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.—Director, Rev J. De Potter, S. J.; Prefect, D. T. Hails; Assistants, R. K. Rounds and F. W. Miller; Secretary, G. A. Lasseigne; Counsellors, J. L. Hamel and R. H. Breard; Sacristans, J. A. O'Leary and O. J. Reynaud; Organist, J. L. Hamel.

GYMNASIUM—Director, Mr. D. Foulkes, S. J.; President, D. T.

Hails; Secretary and Treasurer, F. W. Miller; Censor, J. M. Hountha.

BILLIARD ROOM ASSOCIATION.
—Director, Mr. D. Foulkes, S. J;.
President, S. Escalante; Secretary
and Treasurer, T. P. Toland.

BRASS BAND—President, Rev. K. Knowlan, S. J.; Director, Prof. A. J. Staub; Vice-President, M. E. Reilly; Secretary and Treasurer, H. Touart; Censor, B. J. Kern.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION. FOOT BALL—Manager, D. T. Hails; Captain, R. K. Rounds.

BASEBALL—Managers, J. L. Hamel, E. Harty, S. L. Kelly; Captain, B. J. Kern.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.
—Promoters, R. K. Rounds, (Chief)
B. J. Kern, F. W. Miller, H.
Touart, O. Reynaud, J. L. Hamel,
A. Danos.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.— Director, Rev. A. Guyol, S. J.; President, P. R. Adamson; Secretary, D. J. Hails; Censor, B. J Kern.

READING ROOM ASSOCIATION.—Director, Mr. D. Foulkes, S. J.; President, B. J. Kern,; Secretary and Treasurer, J. L. Hamel; Librarians, T. P. Toland and R. K. Rounds.

THE JUNIOR LITERDIVISION ARY SOCIETY.—
The Junior Literary Society under the direction of Mr. C. Kearns, S. J., is in a very flourishing condi-

tion. With a good number at the start and with the addition of many new members, it has a bright year before it. The following officers were elected at the first meeting: T. S. Walmsley, President; A. J. Touart, Secretary; G. A. Le Baron, Censor.

SODALITY OF ST. JOHN BER-CHAMS.—The Altar Boys' Society under the direction of Mr. C. King, S. J., is living up to its past records. It numbers most of the larger boys among its members. The officers are: J. P. Nelson, Prefect; J. T. Wagner, Secretary; H. M. Dempsey, Censor.

SODALITY OF THE HOLY ANGELS—The Junior Sodality under the direction of Rev. Father J. O'Reilly S. J, has enrolled many new members since the beginning of the year. The officers are: J. P. Nelson, Prefect; A. J. Touart, 1st Ass't; J. T. Wagner, 2nd Ass't; H. M. Dempsey, Secretary; F. J. Voorhies and P. J. Turregano, Sacristans; G. A. Le Baron and G. A. Whipple, Consultors.

JUNIOR BRASS BAND.—Although the Junior Brass Band lost some of its best members it still keeps up its reputation for furnishing good music, when called upon. This is due to the patience and energy of Prof. Angelo Suffich, its devoted director, and to Mr. C. King, S. J., its able president. The officers elected this year are: Vice-President, A. J. Touart; Secretary, N. Vickers; Censor, D. A. Neely.

JUNIOR GYMNASIUM ASSOCIA-TION.—Our yard Prefect, Mr. C. Kearns, S. J., deserves our best thanks for the manner in which he has fitted out our new gymnasium. The rowing machine, bicycle machine, vaulting horses, wall machines of every variety, wrestling mat, box-ball alleys and half a dozen other appliances, all made for developing brawn, have considerably diminished the interest in outdoor athletics. The gymnasium is in fact a gem, and its worth is fully appreciated by those for whose use it, is intended. The officers appointed for the year are: President, N. L. Vickers; Vice President, T. S. Walmsley; Treasurer, G. A. Whipple; Secretary, S. Moreda.

JUNIOR LIBRARY AND READING ROOM.—The boy who cannot find a book to his taste among the two thousand volumes contained in our library, has no taste at all, or, at best, a depraved taste, for all the standard authors, besides an admirable selection of up-to-date books, are at hand. The daily papers of Mobile and of New Orleans are on file to furnish news of the outer world, and every magazine that is likely to be of interest to us is found on the tables. The reading room, too, is a cozy little place and a model of neatness and taste. The officers for this year are: President, J. P. Nelson; Vice President, F. J. Voohies; Treasurer, A. J. Touart; Secretary, H. M. Dempsey; 1st Librarian, J. E. Deegan; 2nd Librarian, S. B. Simon.

Any person who visited Spring Hill during the year of 1904–1905, especially during the Diamond Jubilee Celebration, would have prophesied that this would have been the banner year in old Spring Hill.

There was not one prospect that did not point an unerring finger in that direction, there was not one fact that did not forecast a record-breaking attendance this session. But even while over two hundred names were on the register for the opening day, and and it seemed that nothing but an entirely unlooked for accidentwould suffice to ruin the prospects, that very accident descended upon us in the form of yellow fever. - Even this calamity, throwing three states in abject misery and the entire South in fear, could not dampen the ardor of the faculty or students. After the former found that Alabama in general and Mobile in particular were quite able to keep the pest without their doors, they set to work with this determination which has ever characterized their labors to bring all those students not within the pale of the quarantine back to the college. The students on their part had with good reason explicit confidence in the sanitary conditions on the hill and as they had to pass through no infected district on the way to the college, they laid aside their vacation enjoyments and without a moment's hesitation returned to their Alma Mater. Louisiana and Texas were, of course, cut off from the whole of Alabama, and from Georgia and Florida, with the exception of Pensacola; but from the cities of Baltimore, Chicago and others in the North they flocked back to their studies and sports. Many of the students in the infected regions, stirred by a desire to join these already here, went to Cincinnati, Asheville and other points, where after remaining the specified time, they came back to Spring Hill. In this way the evil was in a great degree lessened but it was impossible to repair entirely the damage done.

A curious fact this year is that despite the fever, the number of new boys is much larger than usual. This is very gratifying and we think augurs well for the year's prospects. We venture to prophesy that, despite the untoward conditions, the school year of 1905–1906 will be the banner year for old Spring Hill.

FIRST The first monthly ex-**EXHIBITION** hibition was held in the College Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday, October 4th. being the first exhibition the ordinary class matter was omitted and the occasion took the nature of a musical entertainment. The music which was rendered alternately by the band and orchestra was of a high order and reflected much credit both on Professors Staub and Suffich and the student musicians. As will he seen elsewhere in these columns. the afternoon was brought to a delightful close by a lecture given by Rev. Father Stanton S. J.

ARRIVAL OF On Thursday,
FATHERS October 19th,
FRANKHAUSER Rev. J. B.
AND LAWTON Frankhauser, the
offessor of Sciences, and Rev. D.

Professor of Sciences, and Rev. D. P. Lawton the Professor of Second Grammar arrived at the college and immediately took charge of the departments allotted to them. Neither are strangers in Spring Hill and, having many friends here, they were extended a warm welcome.

OUR WELCOME One of the most TO PRESIDENT important events ROOSEVELT of the fall session was the students' visit to town on the afternoon of Monday, Oct. 23rd, to join in Mobile's welcome to President Roosevelt. From the moment it became known that Mr. Roosevelt would visit the city, conjectures were rife as to the probabilities of the students going in as a body, to see him. For some time their fate apparently hung in the balance but on Monday morning the suspense was brought to a merciful end by the announcement of the Rev. Rector that the trip to to town was to be an assured fact.

The Mobile boys left on the 1:20 p. m. car; the others with the greater part of the faculty, on the 3:20 p. m. car. Upon arriving in town the students proceeded to the Admiral Semmes' monument, where Rev. Father Tyrrell, who with Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, and others of the clergy, was on the Reception Committee, had a place reserved for the Spring Hill contingent. There the stu-

dents had an excellent view of the President as he passed in the parade. After this some of the students caught early cars for Spring Hill but the majority proceeded to Bienville Square to hear Mr. Roosevelt's address. Owing to the immense crowd it was found difficult to get near the speaker's stand but some were strenuous and persevering enough to get within hearing distance. Several members of the faculty, including the Rev. Rector and Prefect of Studies, occupied seats on the stand.

In spite of the inconvenience caused by the crowds both in the streets and on the cars, all enjoyed the visit immensely and were delighted with the glimpse they obtained of the Nation's Chief Executive, Theodore Roosevelt.

DEPARTURE We sincerely reof gret the departFATHER LAMB ure of Rev. Father
Lamb who left the college during
the latter part of October, to assume the office of Prefect of Discipline in the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans, La.
During the past year Father Lamb
was Director of the Post-Graduate
Course in the college. The REVIEW
wishes him success in his new office.

SECOND On the afterMONTHLY noon of TuesEXHIBITION day, Nov. 7th,
the second monthly exhibition was held in the college hall. The following programme was carried out:

Overture, arranged by Moses Tobani. College Orchestra Reading of Notes
Silver Threads, arranged by Prof. A. J.
Staub, Mus. Doc.
College Orchestra
Distribution of Excellence Cards for

October.
Emma Waltz.....Boyer

College Band.

Overture, Pet of the Boys Howell College Band.

In his address the President congratulated the pupils upon the good showing for the month just passed and wished them a pleasant and successful school year which, he was gratified to note, they had so well begun. The orchestra under the direction of Prof. Staub, and the band under Prof. Suffich, rendered excellent music and as Rev. Father Tyrrell remarked, that no matter what else might be quarantined, "there was to be no quarantine of good music."

RETURN OF On Thursday **OUARANTINED** afternoon, Nov. **STUDENTS** 16th, in a downpour of rain some of the Louisiana and Texas students returned to the college. They were about thirty in number and were accompanied by our Rev. President and Rev. Father Blatter. It was a very unfortunate circumstance that the day of their arrival turned out so unpleasant, but if the weather conditions were a little wrong, the faculty and students ably assisted by both bands were entirely successful in their efforts to overcome by a rousing welcome the inclement weather conditions. They assembled in front of the college under

the shelter of the portico, and as soon as the belated students made their appearance at the head of the lane leading to the college, they were greeted by a loud cheer. it died away the combined bands struck up a lively air, and in the general handshaking and rejoicing that followed, the drenching was soon forgotten and the only fact that occupied the minds of the new-comers was that once again they were back in old Spring Hill. Even the new students caught the infection of the universal rejoicing and dropping the reserve which usually characterizes them fell in with the humor of their companions and were soon well acquainted. a short while the boys separated to go to their respective divisions and the meeting was broken up. Thus ended the afternoon; Spring Hill had joyfully reclaimed her own.

WELCOME TO The morning of VERY REV. Saturday, Nov. **FATHER** 18th, witnessed **POWER** impromptu an musical concert, tendered under the south porch as a welcome to Rev. Father Power, Superior of Southern Mission of the Jesuit Order, upon the occasion of his first visit to Spring Hill during the present school year. The Senior and Junior Bands furnished the music; while the entire student body showed by their earnestness that their sentiments of welcome were loyal and genuine ones.

Father Power was well pleased with the concert and while thanking the musicians for it, and compli-

menting them upon their skill took the occasion of congratulating Professor Staub for his arrangement of the "St. Ignatius March," which was played by the Senior Band. So well pleased was Father Power with this piece that he asked for a repetition of it and at its conclusion granted the students a half holiday "with an encore" which, interpreted, was discovered to be synonymous with a whole holiday. The occasion was brought to a close by the rendition of Dixie by the two bands amid enthusiastic cheers.

TRIDUUM IN HONOR A triduum in hon-OF THE THREE or of the three HUNGARIAN Hungarian mar-MARTYRS tyrs, two whom were Jesuit Priests, lately beatified by the Sovereign Pontiff, was held on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, of the month of November. In the evening of each day there was an instruction, special prayers to the Martyrs, and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The instructions were given by Rev. Fathers Power, Lawton and Tyrrell respectively.

FEAST OF ST. In accordance
CATHERINE with a custom

which is perhaps as old as the college itself, the Philosophy Class, on Saturday, Nov. 25th, celebrated the feast of their patroness, St. Catherine of Alexandria. One of the main features of the celebration is the annual class banquet which this year was held at the Bienville Hotel, Mobile. The philosophers accompanied by their Professor,

Rev. Father De Potter, left the college immediately after breakfast and spent the entire day in the city, seeing the places of interest, visiting friends, etc. They returned to the college about six o'clock, well tired by the day's enjoyments. All reported a delightful time.

CLASS afternoon, Nov.

EXHIBITION 29th, the first regular class exhibition was held in the college hall. The Rhetoric Class did the literary honors of the day in an interesting programme which was as follows;

Overture....Hearts and Flowers...M. Tobani College Orchestra

Our Indebtedness to the Greeks

Trio for Flute, Cornet and Cello

H. Touart, N. Keith, Prof. A. Suffich B. Mus.

Piano accomp't Prof. A.J. Staub Doc. Mus. Reading of Notes

Star of the East, March... L. C. Desormes
Junior Brass Band

Distribution of Cards

Tammany Two-StepG. Edwards Senior Brass Band

The readings by Messrs. Touart, Keith and Vickers were especially interesting and gave a true insight into the manners and customs of our Greek ancestors. The "Serenade" by the flute, cornet and 'cello trio was well rendered and proved quite entertaining. The treat of the evening was G. Edward's "Tammany" by the Senior Brass Band. It is a very popular piece

among the students and proved an excellent ending to an exceedingly delightful evening.

FEAST OF The Feast of the **IMMACULATE** Immaculate Con-CONCEPTION ception was as usual a grand holiday at the college this year. The students received Holy Communion in a body and the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin, composed of members of the Senior Division, held a special meeting in honor of their heavenly patroness. At 8:45 there was a Solemn High Mass with Father Fazackerley as celebrant, Fr. Elfer as deacon, Mr. King as sub-deacon and Mr. Cronin as Master of Ceremonies. The St. John Berchman's Altar Society acted as assistants at the mass and carried out their part of the ceremonies with the grace and precision for which they are noted. In the evening our Rev. Father President officiated at Benediction. After supper the statue of the Blessed Virgin which was erected by the faculty and students of 1854, was illuminated and all gathered before it under the North portico and sang hymns to the Immaculate Queen. The statue surrounded by hundreds of white lights and wrapped in the glow of many colored calcium lights which were set off at intervals, stood out bright and beautiful from a background of sombre oaks and pines.

DESTRUCTION The old grand-OF OLD stand, which has GRAND STAND held alike its crowds of happy students cheering the college on to victory, and its dejected throng watching the Purple and White succumb to some wily invader, is no more. After faithful service for many years it at last became unsafe for life and limb and was demolished shortly Thanksgiving day game, Peace to its ashes and long life and prosperity to its successor.

CHRISTMAS The Christmas HOLIDAYS holidays were cut down this year to the number of five days. This arrangement, however, held good for those only who arrived at the College late in the session, while those students who returned at the opening or as near to it as possible were granted their full vacations. Although the boys did not like the idea of such short vacations they soon reconciled themselves to the inevitable, and upon their return on the 28th, they all declared that they had enjoyed themselves thoroughly. It was then that the wisdom of the President's course was seen. For it did not take the boys half as long to settle down to work and thus much valuable time was saved. We sincerely hope that no circumstances will arise in the future that will make such a thing necessary again.

The evening of "SOUTHERN January 6th, CHIVALRY" was the occasion

of a lecture by Rev. Father De La Moriniere on "Southern Chivalry." The Reverend Lecturer spoke very forcefully and eloquently of the heroism and valor of the South. being particularly enthusiastic in his praises of Lee, Jackson and Semmes. The sterling Admiral character of these three great men was portrayed and many incidents were cited to show that besides being able commanders they were also true Southern gentlemen in the highest sense of the word and models of the far-famed chivalry of Dixie. Particular stress was laid upon Lee's greatness of soul which shone forth so brilliantly in his whole career but especially when he refused the offer of Lincoln to command the entire Federal force. Jackson's sad and tragic death and the glorious career of Admiral

Semmes were dwelt upon at some length.

The lecture was a great success and elicited unstinted praise from from all who heard it.

ANNUAL Our retreat was held this year on the 11th, 12th and 13th of January. It was conducted by Rev. Father Schuler, of St. Joseph's, Mobile. His instructions given four times a day were very forcible and no doubt went straight to the hearts of all. On the 14th the students in a body received Holy Communion and received the Papal blessing.

LECTURE ON On January 17th,
METEOROLOGY Mr. A Ashenberger, local observer of the U. S.
Weather Bureau, at Mobile, gave an interesting lecture to the students on the subject of Meteorology,
The lecture proved very instructive and sincere thanks are extended to Mr. Ashenberger.

JOTTINGS

The pool table which was installed at the commencement of the year became at once the chief attraction of the billiard room. Ever since it made its first appearance there has been great rejoicing in the hearts of all the loyal knights of the cue.

Contemporary with the installation of the pool table a new tennis court

was completed at the northern end of the campus. It proved quite an impetus to tennis stock and sent it soaring above par.

Owing to the calibre of the Philosophy Class, the three exams they have already undergone, namely, minor logic, philosophy and classics; proved quite easy. Congratulations to the boys of 'naughty six'.

The higher classes this year are exceptional in their large numbers. It is some years since the upper ones have been filled out so well. Verily, this age is becoming more and more learned.

The new book-cases not long ago added to the Senior reading room made a valuable addition to an already neatly furnished library. They are three in number, are made of solid oak and are the handsomest cases we have seen for some time. To cap the climax, shortly after their arrival, an abundant supply of up-to-date literature was placed within their doors. Of course it greatly enhanced their beauty and value. How could it be otherwise?

A handsome and faithful portrait of Prof. Joseph Bloch has recently been placed in the college parlors. It is in a magnificent gilt, oval frame and a fitting tribute to the kind old man, who, for forty years taught music in Spring Hill.

The Senior Band although not as strong in numerical force as that of last year, promises to keep up the brilliant record of the Diamond Jubilee musicians.

The Post Graduate Course this year is well patronized. Three men, Messrs. Dupont and Causse, Bachelors of Science, and Mr. Paul Adamson, Bachelor of Arts, are bent upon adding several more letters to their titles. They are comfortably located in rooms in Yenni Hall.

What is the matter with the Chess and Checker Club this year? Has the Stegomyia infected it also? Surely there are enough players in the college to have an interesting tournament! Get together and start things moving.

We are glad to notice the renewed interest which is being taken in the long walks through the country. Spring Hill and vicinity constitute one of the most beautiful parts of Alabama, and as there are plenty of good roads there is no reason why we should not be able to foot it as well as anybody.

The influx of students since Nov. 16th, the day of the arrival of most of the quarantined students is wonderful. It is a pleasing prospect and we hope it may continue. The more, the merrier; and they are all welcome.

Our Guests.

FATHER On Wednesday, STANTON, S. J. October 4th, we were delighted by the arrival of Rev. Father Stanton, S. J., and four fellow Jesuits who were our welcome guests for a few days. The Rev. Fathers were on their way to the Jesuit Missions in British Honduras, and as their route led to Mobile, they took the opportunity of visiting Spring Hill.

As the day of their arrival was also the day of the monthly distribution of cards, they were treated to a sample of the music of our bands and orchestra.

The feature of the afternoon was an address by Rev. Father Stanton in which by a few pleasant anecdotes he showed the prevailing ignorance of the Americans in regard to the educational status of the Filipinos. He was for three years in the famous Jesuit Observatory at Manila and hence is well qualified to speak on matters pertaining to the islanders.

Fr. Stanton was born in Chicago and educated at St. Ignatius College of that city. After completing his studies he became a missionary in British Honduras. He spent four years in this field and some time later was sent to the Philippine Islands, where he labored three years. He completed his studies in Spain and has just returned to his missions among the Mayas of British Honduras.

Fr. Stanton personally impressed us as a man possessing great ener-

gy, fortitude, patience and gentleness, qualities so necessary to a minister of the gospel. We can easily understand the reason of his remarkable success among the aborigines.

The REVIEW hopes that he will be as successful in the future as he has been in the past.

While speaking Fr. Stanton was listened to with rapt attention and his remarks were frequently interrupted by bursts of laughter and applause. He spoke in part as follows:

"I hardly know what place I have here in this learned assembly. I have been asked by your Rev. Prefect of studies to narrate to you something of my experiences in the Philippines. As I do not know what would most interest you, I am at a loss where to commence. I am not used to speaking before the public, and having traveled around so much in missionary work I know that my English will be none of the best, in comparison with that of you Philosophers, Rhetoricians and Poets.

"When I was a boy, while at college, others said I was a great talker. That was twenty-five years ago. I guess I have changed since then.

"During my three years stay in the Philippines, I was mostly at Manila. As you no doubt know, there is a great Jesuit observatory, and also two large Jesuit colleges. There are over one thousand Fil pino boys attending these colleges and going through the same studies you are now taking. Of these about three hundred and fifty are boarders and the remainder day scholars. These two colleges are very old and have been the very backbone of Filippino education for years. It is frequently the case in these colleges to find boys whose fathers and grandfathers have been educated there before them. This goes to show you that there are some educated Filippinos.

"I was once present at the discussion of philosophy in the college and was surprised, and at the same time pleased, to find that it was carried on entirely in Latin. In my college days we had great difficulty in using Latin and when we did I can assure you it was not Ciceronian.

"I remember a case where one of our Fathers went to Manila and while there of course visited the colleges. In one of these he was endeavoring to hold a conversation with a certain student. Having a very scant knowledge of Spanish he did not make much headway. The student noticing this began to converse with him in Latin! How many of you boys expect to be able to do this when you finish your studies?

"The boys in the colleges of Manila were from the eighty-eight or ninety different tribes scattered about the Islands. Many of these tribes are civilized Filipinos. The exhibition made at the Fair, in St. Louis, by the savages was anything but an exhibition of Filipinos.

Those men whom the people saw there live in the mountains. When the first white men set foot on the Phillipines they lived separately from the others high in the mountains. To this day they live apart by themselves, not mingling with the other natives.

"Out of a total population of ten million in the Islands, there are now no more than one million pagans. In every village you pass through you will find some Filipinos who have attended our colleges and there obtained their degrees.

"I met a Filipino at the observatory in Manila who told me a little incident that had occurred to him the day previous. An American while conversing with him, had asked him to which tribe he belonged.

"To what tribe do you belong?" replied the native.

"' 'Why I am an American?' said that person.

"Well, I am a Filipino."

"The American was completely disconcerted and lost no time in changing the subject. A little later he said: 'I see you have a good education; you have no doubt taken advantage of the American teaching.

"' 'No' replied the Filipino, 'the only thing I learned from the Americans was to drink whiskey. My education I received from the Jessuits who were teaching in these Islands before you Americans ever thought of setting foot here. We had a university in Manila when the present sites of many of your oldest cities were desolate wildernesses.'

"Most Americans have a false impression in regard to what Spain did for the Phillippines. The only case on record since the time of our Lord where a whole people found in savagery, were christianized is that of the Phillipines. Whether or not there were abuses occuring in the Phillipines under Spain's authority is another matter, and one which does not concern us. Spain most certainly deserves credit for what she has done.

"The Filipino Scouts that were in St. Louis were perhaps the best drilled body of men there. day while I was standing in a crowd of people watching them, I heard a man a few feet away from me say: 'Now isn't that fine? Just look what we have done in four years.' He did not know that these men had been Spain's mainstay in the Islands for almost one hundred and fifty years. He did not know that although the Americans may have slightly improved them in their discipline, it was Spain that made soldiers. It was through them she quelled the other natives rebelled. They were her friends and now they are ours.

"There are so many things I could say that I do not know where to begin. One thing however you boys expect and I will not omit it. When I was a boy, and a stranger came to the college of course we always wanted to hear him speak; but there was something better than that. It was the day of recreation, and it is such, with permission of your Rev. Prefect of studies I gladly give you."

On Friday, Oct. AUTHOR OF "MY MARYLAND" 13th, Mr. J. R. VISITS Randall the dis-SPRING HILL tinguished author of "Maryland, My Maryland" was a welcome visitor to the college. He was on his way to New Orleans to take up the editorship of the Morning Star, and could stop over only a few hours. However he promised to return at an early date and give the boys a lecture on an interesting topic. Needless to say his kindly offer was most cordially accepted.

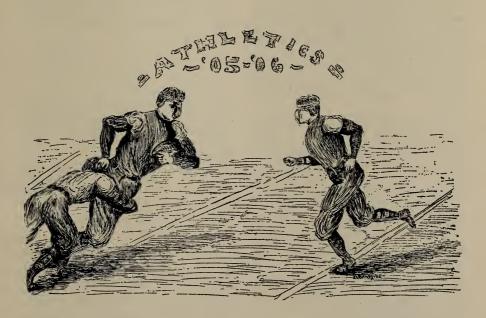
MR. JOHN On Saturday, CAHILL Oct. 21st, Mr. John Cahill of the Al. G. Field's Minstrel troupe, which was then giving performances in Mobile, paid a visit to the college. He intended to treat the boys to a vocal and comic seance but arrived so late in the evening, and stayed so short a time that he was unable to carry out his purpose. He, however gave some much appreciated specimens of his art to a few who gathered in the music room to hear him. Mr. Cahill is a young man and has not been on the stage very long. We are convinced from even the little we saw of his ability, that he has a brilliant career ahead of him. The REVIEW extends to Mr. Cahill its best wishes for his future success.

other visitors to the college were Rt. Rev. Edward P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, Fathers Stahl and Carra of the Cathedral, Father Filan, St. Mary's, Major P. C. Hannan, Prof. Albert Ashenberger, Chief of Mo-

bile Weather Bureau, Father Deby a missionary in Bluefields, Nicaragua. The last is on a visit to his Bishop who has been exiled to Costa Rica, and finds it easier to get there by way of Mobile than across the country. Rev. W. Power, Superior of Jesuit Southern Mis-

sion, Rev. W. Wilkinson, President of the Sacred Heart College, Augusta, Ga., Rev. J. Brislan of St. Joseph's, Mobile, Very Rev. C. T. Callaghan, V. G., and Rev. P. Turner D. D. of Mobile, and Rev. J. Girault of Patoutville, La.

SAMUEL L. KELLY, '08



BASEBALL The Season of 1905—1906 opened under very discouraging circumstances. In fact it looked as if there would be no season at all. The Yellow Fever was still prevalent when the appointed day came for the opening of Spring Hill. As the boys came from all the various states the epidemic cut down the attendance to almost nothing. So much so that on that day only twenty-five or thirty boys, most of them from Mobile, reported for enrollment. In

this crowd there was not a single player of last year's team. However, Rounds came the next day, Adamson a few days later, for a P. G. and Kern finally dropped in. With Touart as the slab artist, a team was soon organized, not however, playing under the name of a college nine.

The first game played was easily won by a score of 16 to 2. Then followed four others, an account of which appears in the following pages. During this time Burguieres,

Tobin and Skelly arrived and were immediately added to the team, which after the second game, played under the name of college nine. Thus was the "Yellow Fever team" for such it was called, finally organized. The team closed the season with a record of four out of five games won and we think it deserves great credit.

And now let us return to the team. The nine individually is composed of some very good players as can be seen by the batting and fielding averages that follow: A team that bats .230 is doing pretty well.

Our pitching staff does not excel in quantity but in quality. Touart has shown to the satisfaction of everyone that he is a pitcher of ability, and much more is expected of him next season when he can have more practice.

Tobin has developed into a twirler that can be relied upon in a pinch. He has demonstrated that fact much to the joy of all loyal Spring Hillians and to the surprise of those who were opposed to him.

Kern's receiving work this year was up to the high standard which he has set for himself by his work of previous years. Bennie is also handling the willow with better result this year, getting his old time two and three baggers.

Rounds at first is playing in better form this year than last year, probably due to his having become accustomed to the first sack.

Burguieres at second played fairly good ball. Tub's avoirdupois hinders him in his movements. But

we know that next season with more practice he will be there with the merchandise.

Zieman at short has developed rapidly into a player able to fill the position so well handled by Wallace last year. Besides fielding he rapped out an average of .312 this year which looks good to us.

Whipple, who held down both the third sack and right garden played good ball but was very poor with the stick.

Miller in left was a surprise to everyone. "Lanky" has developed into another sure one, gathering in everything that comes in his territory. Nor is he behind with the willow, swatting the horse-hide to the time of .333.

Adamson in center needs no mention from us as everyone knows what a reputation he has for fast and sure fielding. When we see the sphere soaring in the direction of center we know that the batter might as well "go way back and sit down". His batting record this year is a great improvement on that of last, as will be seen by a glance at the average.

Sowell who played right for a brace of games, has the making of a good player. A little improvement in the hitting line is what he needs most.

Skelly came too late in the season to show that he has lost none of his ability to handle the bat or sphere. However we, who were here last year, have full confidence that "Red" will live up to the reputation which he made for himself during the season of '04-'05'

Following is the batting and fielding average, with the number of games played, of every player taking part in any of the college games.

Name	G. P.	В. А.	F. A
Tobin	3	.417	•777
Miller	4	•333	1.000
Zieman	4	.312	.783
Rounds	4	•294	•933
Kern	4	.285	1.000
Adamson	4	.224	.875
Touart	2	.222	.666
Burguiere	s 4	.187	.600
Sowell	3	.166	1.000
Whipple	3	•090	.800
Skelly	I	.000	.1000

S. H. C. 16 The season open-MOBILE 2 ed on Oct. 1st, with an easy victory for the college. Touart and Kern were the batters for the college. Lacey and Strange for the visitors,

S. H. C. 5

M. & O. 4

of the season was played on Oct. 22nd before a large crowd of spectators. Touart for the college tossed the rawhide as he had never done before. Gray for the M. & O. also did some fine box-work.

The game started off very promising for the college boys but it was soon very evident that some hard playing had to be done before the game could be won. It took ten innings to decide it, which finally resulted in a victory for the college.

Mobile failed to score in her first inning as did the college also.

In the second the college started off well, the first man up, Zieman getting a hit; Burguieres received a gift, placing Zieman on second; Touart flied to the right garden, Zieman stole third and came home on Sowell's out at first. Whipple ended the inning by fanning the air.

Neither side scored again until the beginning of the fifth when Mobile by some timely hitting managed to make two runs.

Both sides scored again in the seventh.

In the eighth Mobile made one by bunching a couple of hits. Things were looking bad for the college when they came in for their half, but they failed to remove the gloom that was visible on the faces of their ardent supporters.

The score remained the same until the college's last chance of winning or tying the score. they succeeded in doing by some fine batting especially that of Kern who rapped the sphere for three sacks. Adamson, the first up, received a pass; Kern followed and did his stunt with the bat bringing ing Adamson home. Only one more run was needed to tie the score and two to win. With no outs victory seemed assured. The rooters finally woke up to the situation and came out in force. man then stepped to the plate: but to no avail. He only fanned the atmosphere. Burguieres sent up a fly which was gathered in by Dyer. Touart placed a hit in right and brought Kern in home with the run that tied the score. struck out and ended the inning.

In Mobile half of the tenth she was unable to score.

Whipple opened the college half by getting a hit, was sacrificed to second by Miller and came home on an error by Nummy who failed to stop a grounder knocked to him by Rounds. This put the college one to the good, so game was called. The score and summary follows:

S. H. C.	AB.	R,	H.	SB.	SH.	PO.	A.	Ε.
Rounds 1 B.	5	1	2	2	0	9	0	0
Adamson C. F.	2	1	0	0	0	1	1	0
Kern C.	3	1	1	1	0	16	0	0
Zieman S. S.	4	1	1	0	0	0	4	2
Burguieres 2 B.	4	0	1	2	0	1	2	2
Touart P.	5	0	1	0	0	0	3	1
Sowell R. F.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Whipple 3 B.	5	1	1	0	0	1	1	1
Miller L. F.	4	0	1	0	1	2	0	0
	-		_	-				
Total	36	5	8	5	1	30	11	6
М. & О.	AB.	R.	ш	CD	SH.	PO.	Α.	E
	A.D.							
Stoval 3 B.	_	0	1	0	0	3	0	0
Nummy 2 B.	5	0	1	1	0	.3	1	0
Dyer 1 B.	5	0	0	0	0	4	1	1
B. Cawthorn L. F	. 5	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
C. Cawthorn C. F	. 5	1	1	1	0	0	0	1
Bullock C.	5	0	1	0	0	15	2	1
Quina R. F.	4	2	3	0	0	1	Ò	0
Parker S. S.	3	1	1	1	0	0	3	0
Gray P.	4	0	0	0	0	1	2	0
Total	41	4	8	3	0	 27	9	3
Score by innings;						,		

	1	2	3 4	- 5	6	7	8	9	10	R.	н.	E.
S. H. C.	0	1	0 0	0	0	1	0	2	1	5	8	6
M. & o.	0	0	0 0	2	0	1	1	0	0	4	8	3

Summary: Three base hits: Zieman, Kern; two base-hits, Bullock; struck out by Touart 14, by Gray 15; passed balls, Bullock 2; wild pitches, Touart; time of game 2 hr. 10 min., umpire Hails, scorei Hamel.

MOBILE 4 This game can S. H. C. 1 justly be called a "comedy of errors." Whether it was that Hooper, a college man of last year played on the visiting team, or that the college was fated to loss was the reason for its doing so, is not known. Still the fact remains that a game, which should have been ours, was lost not because of our pitcher but of the support he received. Touart was unable to pitch on account of sickness, so Tobin was put in his place. John twirled the best game he ever did since he has been known to Spring Hill and that is saying a good deal. He justly deserved to win, but when a team makes ten errors all at critical times it is beyond the power of any pitcher to do so especially when the other team plays almost errorless ball.

The hits were the same on both sides and well scattered. good drives were made, one on each side. Sherridan placed one far out in the center and Rounds almost lifted one over the fence.

Gray as usual pitched a good game getting ten strike outs to his credit.

The score by innings follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H. E. S. H. C. 001000000--- 5 10 MOBILE. 002001010-4 Summary—Two base hits, Sheridan, Rounds. Struck out by Tobin 6; by Gray 10. Base on balls, off Tobin 4; off

Gray 3. Umpire Michael; Scorer, Hamel; Time of game 1 hour, 30 minutes.

S. H. C. 8 The bunch of play-MOBILE 4 ers that came on the diamond for this game seemed a strong enough combination to deliver the goods too fast for the college boys to handle. Not so the The only weak point of the Mobilians was their twirler, while the college had in Touart another "iron man." He truly equaled the famous McGinnity tha

day, holding the visitors down to four hits. While on the other hand the college tapped the sphere for thirteen safe ones.

The visitors opened up with a will, four men crossing home plate before the college boys woke up to the situation. From that time on they never completed the circuit. Touart's masterly pitching combined with the gilt-edge support that he received rendered it an impossible feat. Only once did they look dangerous. In the eight with three men on base and only one out. Touart's curves proved too much for the visitors and two of them fanned the breeze at home plate.

The college did not score until the third when by some good hitting they scored three runs.

Again the fourth, fifth, and sixth runs were made bringing the total up to eight. During this time three pitchers were put in by Mobile when finally Fritz was placed in the box with instructions to try and stop such a deluge of hits. But it was too late. The game was won. Again the college had emerged victorious from what seemed certain defeat.

```
MOBILE
               AB. R. H. SB. SH. PO. A. E
Martin, p-ss ......3 0 1 2 0 1
                                   4
Weinacker p-3b..4
                  I
                      I
                         2
                            0
                               2
                                    3
Lauzon, 1b-c..... 4
                   I
                      I
                            0 13
Ross c-2b, .....4 o
                      0
                         0
                            0
                               3
                                   0
                                       0
Fritz, p-2b ..... 4
                  1
                      0
                         ٥
                             0
                                    3
Holcomb, If .....4
                   I
                      0
                         0
                             0
                               Ι
                                       0
Sheridan, rf..... o
                      I
                         0
                            0
                               0
                                   0
                                       0
Lacey, cf .....4 o
                      0
                         0
                            0
Langan, ss-p....3 o o
                         0
```

Summary—Two base hits, Adamson, Ross, Lauzon; Three base hits—Kern; Struck out by Mobile, 3; by Touart, 9; Base on Balls, off Fritz, 1; off Touart, 4; Wild Pitch, Fritz. Time of game 1 hour 20 min. Umpire, F. Zieman; Scorer, Hamel.

Total 33 4 4 5 0 27 13 6

Score by innings:

I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R. H. E.
S. H. C. 0 0 4 I 2 I 0 0 X—8 I2 I
Mobile 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4 4 6

s. H. C. 5 On Nov. 10th, MOBILE 1 the college closed the season by a revival of form, defeating the visitors in a handy fashion by a score of 5 to 1. The score by innings follows:

S. H. C. 103000010---5 7 3
MOBILE. 00001000---1 4 6

Summary—Two base hits Kern. Struck out, by Tobin 10; by Parker, 3. Base on balls, off Tobin, 1. Passed balls Dyar 2. Umpire, Becker. Scorer, Hamel. Time of game 1 hour, 40 minutes.

FOOTBALL.

S. H. C. 20 Determined that MOBILE MIL. INS. 0 the old football spirit should not die out in Spring Hill, and encouraged by the enthusiasm of the boys regarding the "gridiron game," the football officials of Spring Hill, after repeated efforts, at last succeeded in securing a game with the Mobile Military Institute, as a result of a compromise. This condition was that the Varsity would not be allowed to contest with them, but an eleven composed of a few regulars and the Judging from this, it rest, scrubs. appears as if the M. M. I.'s eleven were not so willing that the team, which lowered Fort Morgan's colors on "Turkey day" should be reproduced; but rather preferred to be "handled with gloves" or rather more gently. Although hampered by this fact a few days of lively work accompanied by several games with a splendid scrub team, suceeded in producing a bunch of "hustlers" who were to uphold the Purple and White.

When the opposing teams faced each other on the evening of November 16th, to open up the football, season at Spring Hill, a casual observer might have been inclined to think that the M. M. I.'s eleven was far superior, owing to their weight. It is true that they had this advantage over the boys, but any Spring Hillian, admitting this fact would readily place implicit confidence in the Spring Hill lads'

abilities, knowing the previous records of the Varsity against Uncle Sam's heavy soldiers. A glance at the line-up will show, that although only three of the old veteran players, Rounds, Kern and Reilly were given an opportunity to appear in the game, yet it can be seen that splendid football material could be easily found in abundance. Each and every player in the team was thoroughly acquainted with scientific football and was prepared to deliver up "the goods" whenever the opportunity presented itself.

From the time the referee's whistle cut the air, until the close of the game the Spring Hill lads played straight, hard football, manifesting on every occasion their knowledge of the game by forming splendid interference, magnificent team work and making beautiful tackles.

The four touchdowns for Spring Hill were credited to Whipple, Broderick, Reilly and Rounds.

Although a far stronger team could have been selected to combat the Mobile boys, yet the present is possessed of a sufficient supply of knowledge to show them a "good time."

The summary of the game by halves is as follows:

FIRST HALF.

Rounds wins the toss, and chooses the west goal to defend. Spring Hill's kick off. Touart kicks the oval to M. M. I.'s thirty-five yard line. Wales captures it and brings it back

five yards, where he was thrown hard by Bassich. M. M. I.'s ball. Gaines endeavors to advance around left end, but was tackled by Kern, losing three yards. Inge bucks centre, but fumbles; like a shot Reilly leaps from the line and covers the pigskin. Referee declares ball as belonging to Spring Hill, on M. M. I.'s ten yard line. With renewed fierceness, both teams line up to continue. Immediately the ball is snapped to Whipple, who aided by magnificent interference, skirts right end for a touchdown Touart fails to kick goal. Time: two minutes. Line up. Cooper kicks to Spring Hill's fifteen vard line. Kern captures ball, and brings it back three yards, tackled by Green. Bassich goes around left end, and by clever dodging, advances ball ten yards, tackled by Bowling and Hironymus. wakes up, and circles right end for three yards, there being brought down to "Mother Earth" by Cooper. Touart bucks centre and makes a splendid gain of seven and one half yards. Whipple succeeds in advancing two yards around right end, there being tackled by Spring Hill fumbles, and Inge. Wood falls on ball. M. M. I.'s ball. Cooper gains two yards around right end, before he was brought down by Nelson and Bassich. Taylor bucks left guard, and gains one and one half yards. In the attempt to rush centre again, Inge fumbles, S. H. C.'s ball. Bassich covers it. Kern makes a desperate try around left end, and is credited with one yard, when tackled by Inge. Rei-

lly secures ball, but is tackled in tracks by Hironymus. punts twenty yards, and ball is declared as belonging to M. M. I. Cooper advances around right end for three yards, tackled by Bassich Inge is entrusted with the ball, but tackled on the spot by Kern. M. M. I. prepared for a push, but by a wild pass, ball goes four feet over Inge's head; immediately Broderick is on the spot, captures ball, and dashes over fifteen yards for a touchdown, thus making the score 10 to 0 in favor of S. H. C. Touart fails to kick goal. With renewed vigor, the two elevens again line up to resume the contest. kicks to Spring Hill's thirty yard Whipple receives it quite willingly, and brings it back fifteen yards before he was downed Inge and Cooper. Kern goes around left end for one vard, tackled by Inge. Here the M. M. I.'s line was like a stone wall, and they held the boys to three downs. Right here the Mobile "bunch" fumbled gracefully. Like a cat Bassich was through the line and covered the oval. At this point of the game, the Spring Hill lads distinguished themselves by performing some active team work. The old reliable Touart, hit the line like a catapult, making a splendid gain of six yards. Bassich darts around left end, and by clever dodging, advances the pig-skin ten yards, Then Whipple gets his rabbit blood up, and with a leap, bound and jump, receives the ball from the quarter-back, and gains twenty five yards around right end. Tackled by Inge.

In the fierce skirmish that ensued one of the boys sprained his ankle. Time was immediately called, and the Spring Hill ambulance summoned. After quite an animated discussion, the officials of the oppossing teams concluded to Rounds and Maddox to participate in the contest. Rounds taking the position of Right Half-back, and Maddox fulfilling Right Tackle. Both teams being reenforced to a great extent, the referee's whistle once again sounded, and the two sets of dirt covered heroes lined up to continue. Spring Hill's ball. In the attempt to buck center, the boys fumbled, and Wood fell on it. The M. M. I. bunch then had recourse to center rushes. Twice Inge bucked center, and gained two yards. In spite of the repeated efforts, the third attempt resulted in no gain, and the ball went over to the boys. Immediately it was snapped to Rounds, who was off like a shot, making a run around left end for twenty-five yards. Whipple was then entrusted with the pigskin, and made a bold attempt to circle right end, but the Spring Hill boys failed to bunch themselves for proper interference, and as a result he gained only one yard when Inge tackled him. Before the Mobile fellows realized the fact. Reilly manifested his material, by making a brilliant run around left end, for thirty yards and a touchdown. Touart failed to kick goal. Time was called and the first half was ended by a score of S. H. C. 15, M. M. I. o.

Most of the playing in this half was on Mobile's territory.

SECOND HALF

Neither team made any change in the line up. Cooper kicks off to Spring Hill's twenty yard line. Rounds captures ball and brings it fifteen yards, tackled by Gaines. Bassich skirts left end for fifteen yards, downed by Gaines and Hironymus. Ball snapped to Whipple, who gains ten yards around right end, and while in the act of being tackled by Wales, he drops ball. Immediately Bowling covered it. M. M. I's. ball. Gaines receives the oval and, attempts to buck center, but loses one-half yard. Again Cooper is entrusted with the ball, and bucks center for one-half yard. Bowling was next given an opportunity, and he advances ball five yards around left end before Rounds and Carbery brought him down. The Mobile fellows were then held for three downs, then referee declared ball as belonging to Spring Hill. By a series of end runs and center bucks, the boys gained 8 yards, but lost ball on fumble. The M. M. I.'s eleven failing to make the required five yards, again forfeited the ball. Whipple circles right end and advances ball 25 vards, tackled by Gaines. Rounds becomes "aroused," and like a battering ram, hits the line, driving them forward for three vards. With renewed fierceness he again hits the line, and goes through for four yards, and a touch. down. Touart failed to kick goal. Score 20 to 0 in favor of the boys.

Once more the ball is brought to the center and a tew seconds finds every one in his position waiting for

the signal. Cooper kicks off to Spring Hill's fifteen yard line, but Bassich is on the spot, and by magnificent dodging, being forced to hurdle two men he brings the ball back ten yards, tackled by Bowling and Wales. The boys then had recourse to the end runs and center rushes, and as a result gained fifteen yards. There they lost ball on account of fumble. Encouraged by Captain Maddox, Cooper exerted his efforts for an end run but Reilly downed him in his tracks by a beautiful tackle. Gaines bucks the line but advanced not an inch. Cooper rounds right end for ten yards before he is brought down by Whipple. Inge bucks center and is credited with two yards. Cooper skirts right end, and advances eight yards tackled by Bassich and Carbery. Quarterback is heard to say "tackle back," and Green is seen circling right end, and moves down the field towards Spring Hill's goal. However Bassich is not asleep, and with a bound he is after him, only a few seconds are required for the Spring Hill lad to reach him, and by a splendid tackle, he brings Green down to rest on "Mother Earth." The referee's whistle sounded, and the game was ended. Spring Hill winning an easy victory.

Score—Spring Hill 5. M. M. I. o. Final score Spring Hill 20 M. M. I. o

LINE UP.

SPRING HI	LL	M.	M. I.
Daly	Centi	reW	ood
Walsh			
Schmitt	Left '	' W	ales
Nelson	Right Ta	$\mathbf{ckle} \left\{ egin{array}{l} \mathbf{Hird} \\ \mathbf{Mad} \end{array} ight.$	nymus dox
CarberyL	eft Tackl	e Gr	een

BassichBowling
ReillyLeft "Inge, N.
BroderickQuarterback Bary
Kern-RoundsRight Halfback Gaines
Whipple Left "Cooper
Touart Fullback
Officials:

Linemen: Escalante, E. of Spring Hill, Wilson of Mobile. Referee Burguieres, H. of Spring Hill. Umpire: Maddox of M. M. I. Time: twenty minute halves. Time keeper: Hails.

spring HILL college 6
FORT MORGAN 23
The annua gridiron battle, that was hotly contested on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, resulted in a well deserved victory for Fort Morgan by a score of 23 to 6. The game was called at 3:15, and played on the college campus before an enthusiastic crowd of spectators.

This season makes the first time in five years that Spring Hill has met with defeat from Fort Morgan. The previous games with them resulted thus: In 1900, Fort Morgan 17, Spring Hill 6. In 1901 Spring Hill 5, Fort Morgan 5. In 1902 Spring Hill 6, Fort Morgan o. No game was played in 1903. 1904 Spring Hill 15, Fort Morgan o. In 1905 Fort Morgan 23, Spring Hill 6. We do not intend to give here a score of reasons why the boys failed to defeat Fort Morgan, but simply to state the fact that they were hampered by an unusually short season for practice. Only a few of the old veteran players were able to return, owing to the quarantine restrictions. Taking this under consideration one wil

readily come to the conclusion that Spring Hill did not have such a bad eleven after all. The bays are to be congratulated on holding the heavy soldiers down, and not allowing them to roll up a larger score.

There was a great disparity between the two teams when lined up. Player for player, the soldiers outweighed the boys at least twentyfive pounds. Lieutenant Dice is to be praised on organizing such a team; a team which might make some of the Universities "get up and hustle." There was a vast improvement in the Fort Morgan eleven, compared to the one of last year. This year the players were heavier, faster and more acquainted with scientific foot ball, as the game manifested. Nelson, the left guard of last year's team, who was a younger edition of the elephant species in as far as mass is considered, was replaced by Vice. Several others also were removed, and faster men substituted, until the team was in "tip top" condition. Lieutenant Dice the ex-player of the West Point team, played the game for Fort Morgan. Strutt, Klann and Rathert were also in the game, and "delivered the article" when called upon. The touchdowns for Fort Morgan were made by Dice and Rathert. Dice making two of them by quarterback runs around right end, and Rathet the other two by center rushes.

When the soldiers hit the line, they would do so with fierceness sufficient "to butt a bull off of a bridge." As a result, the boys were unable to withstand the repeated bucks, but they always held the soldiers down to rather small gains.

Rounds played the game Spring Hill. He manifested by his superb playing that he "knew a thing or two," about handling the pigskin. The only touchdown was made by him, by a brilliant run of over eighty yards. This is sufficient to show that he is permeated with the proper material essential to every "crack" player. We agree with the "Mobile Register" whose account follows. Moreover we are of the opinion that "Patootsie" Rounds has an "article or two up his sleeve," which requires time for development.

Touart also showed by his playing that he knew something about the game. His running, tackling, interference and backing were of the highest kind. During the first half he hit the soldiers line and gained 4½ yards. This was about the only gain the boys succeeded in making by bucks. The playing of Burguieres, Hails and Larrea was also of the kind which is worthy of praise and admiration. We have not time and space enough to mention the other heroic players.

More than once during the game, the boys held the line like a stone wall not allowing the heavy soldiers to gain an inch, although most of the time the boys were on the defensive, yet whenever a hot skirmish ensued, the Spring Hillians could be found in the thickest of it, bent on obtaining the ball,

The soldiers during the game made use of some first class formations and most of the time they succeeded in bunching their men well. As a result, the Spring Hill-line being almost too light, they did not experience much trouble in going through and tackling the boys before interference could be formed.

As the mosquito is now pretty well under control, there is a strong probability that next year the college eleven will not be hampered by quarantine restrictions. As a result the boys are going to have a fast team next season and the soldiers will have to "wake up and hustle" for Spring Hill is going to make them dance to a "lively tune."

Following is the account of the game as it appeared in the Mobile Register of the 1st.

"The annual Thanksgiving foot ball game at Spring Hill College was played yesterday under the best conditions of weather and field, with about 200 spectators present from the hill and city. The opponents of the college team yesterday was the team from Fort Morgan Barracks, whom they played last Thanksgiving and defeated by a score of 15 to o. Yesterday the soldiers turned the tables and won the game by a score of 23 to 6. The visiting team outweighed the college team by about thirty pounds to the man, and it was this superior weight that told, when the soldiers chose to buck the line, which was their main style of play. The feature of the game was an eighty-yard run made by Rounds of Spring Hill

College, in the first half, just after Fort Morgan made her first score, making a touchdown. Another feature was the tackling, end runs and all round playing of Lieutenant Dice who made three of the four touchdowns for Fort Morgan. He was formerly a member of the West Point football team and proved to be the star player of the afternoon, being captain and quarterback for Fort Morgan.

"The game began by a kick off by Fort Morgan, Spring Hill running the ball back about fifty yards on successive runs around the ends, most of the runs being made by Rounds. Then they were held for three downs, and on the punt Spring Hill lost the ball, and the soldiers at once began their mass plays, bucking the line for successive gains of five or ten yards and finally carrying the ball over for the first touchdown after the first ten minutes of play. In the first half the play was mainly in Spring Hill's territory. Spring Hill made her only touchdown in the first half by a eighty-yard run by Rounds, who also kicked goal. Fort Morgan added another touchdown and kicked goal, the half ending by a score of 12 to 6 in favor of the visitors.

"In the second half the Fort Morgan team had the ball most all of the half and added two touchdowns, in the first of which goal was kicked, the final score being 23 to 6 in favor of Fort Morgan.

Rounds was the star player for the college and his playing gave evidence that he is good enough for some of the big college teams." Following is the game by halves: FIRST HALF.

Fort Morgan chooses west goal. Soldier's kick-off. Rathert kicks to Spring Hill's forty yard line. Dupont brings it back six yards. downed by Cain. Rounds goes around left end, for a splendid gain of twenty yards, is tackled by Odens and Wendal. Whipple gains one yard around right end, before tackled by McIntyre. Oval is then snapped to Dupont, who gains one yard around right end. downed by Finney. Rounds again circles left end for a gain of fifteen yards, tackled by Shutt. Whipple skirts right end for four yards before McIntyre brought him down. In the attempt to circle right end, with practically no interference, Bassich lost two yards. Rounds punts for ten yards. Fort Morgan's ball. Klann bucks centre, gains five yards. Dice gains two yards, around right end. Klann again hits the line, and is credited with four yards. Rathert has recourse to a centre rush, and advances the pigskin four yards. Klann follows suit and gains three yards. Rathert, with the oval safely under his arm, goes through the Spring Hill line and advances seven yards before he is tackled by Rounds. Rathert again goes through centre for three yards and Klann attempts to duplicate the trick, but gains only one yard. Cain endeavors to skirt left end, but gains only one half yard, before Rounds threw him. Dice goes around right end for three yards. Shutt succeeds in crawling through the left tackle for two yards, but

this gain being made by an off-side play, Fort Morgan is penalized five yards. Ball is snapped to Dice, who aided by magnificent interference, circles right end for ten yards and makes the first touchdown. Rathert kicks goal. Score: Fort Morgan 6. Springhill, o.

Line up. Rathert kicks to Toland who fumbles, loses I yard. Rounds becoming impressed with the situation, receives the ball from the Quarterback, and with a leap he is off. By clever dodging and swift foot work, he skirts left end and down the field for a brilliant run of over eighty yards, and a touchdown. Rounds kicks goal. Score, 6 to 6.

Line up. Rathert kicks to Spring Hill's two yard line. Bassich brings it back fifteen yards, downed by Odens and Wendal. Rounds attempt to advance around left end, but is downed by Cain, without a gain. Dupont circles right end, and gains one yard, downed by McIntyre. Rounds punts twenty yards, and ball goes over to Fort Morgan. Cain goes around left end, but fum-Shutt secures ball and took bles. it four yards nearer Spring Hill's goal. Klann then hit the line near right guard and advances ball one vard. Rathert attempts to go through centre but dropped ball. Hails coveted it. Spring Hill's ball. Rounds rushed centre and advanced two yards. Dupont tries to round right end, but McIntyre and Cain are upon him and tackled him in his tracks. Ball is snapped to Rounds who starts off around left end, but lost two yards, when Finey tackled him. Whipple attempts

to circle right end, but gains only one half yard. Rounds punts, Fort Morgan's ball. Dice advances around right end for a run of fifteen yards and a touchdown. Rathert kicks goal. Score, Fort Morgan, 12 Spring Hill, 6.

Line up. Rathert kicks to Spring Hill's five yard line. Rounds brings it back two yards, tackled by Wendal and Vice. Dupont endeavors to go around right end, but seeing the soldiers bunching themselves to carry ball over Spring Hill's goal, he takes it back of the goal post himself, and is credited with a touch-back. Umpire brings ball back fifteen yards for line up. Rounds kicks forty yards. Dice captures it and brings it back fifteen yards. Time called.

SECOND HALF.

Neither team made any change in the line-up. Rounds kicks to Fort Morgan's forty vard line. Rathert is on the spot and brings it back ten yards before Bassich tackled him. Rathert rushes centre. and advances one yard. bucks the line near left guard, and gains three and one half yards. Cain lost one yard on tumble. Dice skirts right end for three yards, and Touart downs him by a beautiful Stutt bucks centre, and adtackle. vances one yard, Klann rushes centre and gains two yards. He again hits the line, but is credited with only one half yard. Dice then skirts left end for eight yards, tackled by Larrea. Rathert hits the line and goes forward eight yards. Shutt again rushes centre and advanced one and one half yards. Klann goes through centre for two yards. Shutt bucks centre but gains not an inch. Rathert receives ball and hits the line near right guard for five yards and a touchdown. Rathert kicks goal. Score, 18 to 6.

Rathert kicks off to Spring Hill's forty yard line. Rounds captures it and brings it back eight yards, downed by Wendal. Rounds circles left end for one and one half yards. Dupont endeavors to skirt right end, but no gain. Spring Hill failing to make the required five yards, ball goes over to Fort Morgan. Rathert goes around left end, downed by Bassich with a gain of five vards. Dice skirts right end for a gain of six yards, tackled by Hails. Dice skirts left end, but is allowed to gain two yards before Bassich downed him. Shutt rushes centre for four yards, making the distance from Spring Hill's goal only one vard Rathert summons courage and hits line, going through for one yard and a touchdown. Rathert fails to kick goal.

Line up. Rathert kicks to Spring Hill's three yard line. Dupont brings it back five yards, downed by Wendal. Rounds circles left end for a gain of two yards, tackled by Finney. Dupont goes around right end but is tackled by McIntyre and thrown hard, gaining one half yard. The whistle sounded, ending the game in Spring Hill's territory. Score, Fort Morgan 23, Spring Hill, 6.

LINE UP.

Time: first half 25 minutes, second half 20 minutes. Average weight of teams: Fort Morgan 170 pounds, Spring Hill 145.

MINOR NOTES.

As far as can be seen, the prospects for the Senior Baseball League are most encouraging. The abundant material, offered for each and every position on the diamond and field, and also a considerable amount who can "swat the sphere," is a sufficient proof for this statement. We hope that the organization will not meet with failure, and go to pieces like the one of last year, as a result of each player trying to run the team. As yet, this early in the season, no movement has been made to establish the League. No doubt but a lapse of a few weeks will find the League well organized and on the road to success.

At present, all of the Minor Athletics are in prospering circumstances. The usual interest taken in Tennis was somewhat relaxed by the enthusiasm shown for football. As the football season is now passed, the Tennis spirit of yore is rapidly reviving. The courts are again

in good condition, and the Tennis Club is being organized to indulge in the invigorating sport.

Basket Ball is still the popular game. As yet the Varsity has not been established. The captain will not experience much trouble in selecting a fairly good team. Basket Ball season comes just in the right time; between the football and baseball seasons. The general opinion is that Varsity of this season will bid fair to equal, if not excel that of last year, and that they will make Moteams "warble a lively bile melody."

As ever Handball is still the exercise that is highly favored by all the boys. As previous years show, its only drawback is that outside teams will not summon courage to face us.

The installment of a new pool table in the billiard room, has somewhat aroused the enthusiasm and sent pool and billiard stock soaring high in Spring Hill. The Pool and Billiard Club, at present, is supplied with all modern fixtures, and at any hour of the day boys can be seen enjoying the scientific game. Among the number that know a "thing or two" about the game is "Sec" Escalante. He has a keen eye backed by an extended knowledge of the game, and no doubt, but in the course of time he will be equipped to play the French champion, De'Ora. Many others are also rapidly developing into "crack artists" who can touch the ivory as light as a feather.





JUNIOR ATHLETICS.

may be able to stop commerce and cripple finance but she cannot prevent the Juniors of Spring Hill college from organizing their leagues. Before the Alabama and Mississippi boys were here a week they got together and chose sides for the quarantine leagues, as they were called, and they were a success, too.

"Nic" Vickers led the Pelicans to victory so often and with such apparent ease that it was thought his team was too strong for his rivals, but upon the arrival of Joe Wall, who at once succeeded Harold Dempsey to the captaincy of the opposing team, the Dixies, the latter took heart and got the lead. Then each side had its ups and downs for awhile and when the quarantine was raised and crowd began to pour in they were tied. And then the apples, a barrel of luscious, red ones, were divided between the teams. This arrangement suited both perfectly for neither side was over-confident of teasting on the whole barrel.

A fourteen-inning game which was played on Oct. 17th, is worth recording. The feature of the game was the opportune hitting of both sides. No one can say that Juanes and Vickers did not pitch well that day; but it was of no use, for everyone had his eye on the ball and popped out a couple of clean hits.

It was a good game, a taste of what we are going to have next spring.

On the Second League, the Reds, led by J. Walsh, and the Browns, led by F. Hollander, after a series of most exciting games—emphasis on the word exciting—broke even, and so their barrel of apples was also divided. On paper it might look like a prearranged affair, but nobody who saw even one of those games could be induced to believe such a charge.

well in football this year. It was not for lack of enthusiasm, but simply because material was not here. Almost all the boys of last year's eleven went over to the Senior Division, and we had to begin over. This we did and turned out a creditable eleven. S. Walmsley, captain and full-back, led his men to victory on two occasions against the Junior eleven of the big yard.

about seventy-five or eighty boys present on all Saints' Day, the annual fall games were postponed to March 19th, 1906. We expect to have a great day of it, for the new gymnasium will undoubtedly develop some first-class athletes.

BOX-BALL Great interest has been taken in box-ball this year.

The alleys have not had a rest since they were put in. Toxey Wagner holds the record, 156; but we are all new at the game, and as there is plenty of room between 156 and 210, this record will not remain long.

T. SEMMES WALMSLEY, '09.

ALUMNI NOTES.

MR. W. H. DEEVES By the death of Mr. William H. Deeves, Spring Hill has lost one of its oldest and most distinguished Alumni of the city of New Orleans. Mr. Deeves spent two years in the college-from '58 to '60-and immediately upon leaving, went into business with his father, who was at the time a prominent merchant of the Crescent City. He continued in the commission and brokerage business to the end of his life and became an active member of the Board of Trade. More than this he was a man who in the time of his prosperity did not forget his God, and when he departed this life for a better the press of his native city paid this simple but eloquent tribute to his memory: "He was signally successful in all his enterprises and a man of unimpeachable character."

The REVIEW, in the name of his Alma Mater, extends its sympathies to his wife and daughter, the sole survivors of his family.

MR. A. J. FORSTALL Mr. Anatole J. Forstall is our second old Alumnus of New Orleans to pass to his reward during the past month. Mr. Forstall was here from '49 to '57

and when he left went to Paris to complete his education. But the Civil War broke out and he hastened home to the defence of his be-Southland. He throughout the long war in the army of Tennessee and when peace was restored, returned to New Orleans and engaged in the cotton business. He was one of the founders of the famous Cotton Exchange of his home city, was on the Board of Directors of several corporations, and was generally looked upon as one of the most successful business men of the community.

His loss will be keenly felt by his relatives and numerous friends, to whom the REVIEW offers its sincere condolences.

MR. E. J. RODRIGUE '96 The REVIEW congratulates Mr. Edward J. Rodrigue on his recent appointment to the office of Assistant United States Appraiser. The news will come as a surprise to his old school-mates, who, perhaps, did not know that Mr. Rodrigue took an active interest in politics.

The story of his nomination does honor to the character of the new Appraiser. It seems that there was quite a long list of worthy aspirants to the same position and Mr. Rodrigue did not venture to come forward. Being persuaded to send in his name to the Republican Executive Committee he announced himself as a candidate and in a few days received word that he would be appointed to the coveted position.

Mr. Rodrigue is a native of Assumption Parish. He spent six years in Spring Hill, graduating in '96. Even while at college he was recognized as a good speaker and was valedictorian of his class. After his graduation he studied medicine for two years and then received the degree of A. M. Mr. Rodrigue however, was not destined nature to become a physician and was fortunate enough to find this out early. He applied himself to mercantile pursuits with considerable success and at the time of his appointment he was Secretary-Treasurer of the Louisiana Cooperage Co., of Crescent, La.

As his new duties take up much of his time, Mr. Rodrigue intends to make his home in New Orleans and devote the best of his energies to the proper fulfillment of them.

MR. M. R. HUTCHINSON Mr. M. R. Hutchinson is making a great success of his famous Acousticon. Recent improvements have brought it to such a state of perfection that it has been installed in several of the leading churches and theaters of New York and in Westminister Chapel, London.

The instrument is a great boon to suffering humanity. By means of

it those who have not entirely lost the sensitiveness of the auditory nerve can now hear sermons and lectures and enjoy theatrical performances. An illustration of the very practical use to which it can be put was furnished last April, when a party of deaf mutes enjoyed for the first time in their lives a comic opera in a theater fitted out with Acousticons.

The REVIEW congratulates the inventor upon the success he has thus far met with and wishes him still greater success in the future.

classes of '05 Paul R. Adamson is with us again this year taking a course in political economy and literature and reviewing philosophy as a preparation for the study of law.

Francis R. Blouin is at the Louisiana State University studying sugar chemistry.

Edward J. Divinney was in the railroad business for a time but abandoned it for a position with an electrical firm of Montgomery. Everyone was glad to see 'Ed' when he came down for the Thanksgiving game.

James G. Rapier has also entered upon a business career. He is in the offices of the United Fruit Co.

Richard J. Wallace is in the office of the Master Mechanic of the Illinois Central at McComb City.

Elmore L. Andrews is studying agriculture in Rome, Ga.

Walter A. Ausfeld is learning something of the practical part of architecture in his father's office. Next year he will study the theory in one of the northern universities.

Lewis O. Bordelon has a postion with the E. B. Coco Co. Ltd., of Longbridge, La.

Joseph E. Bright is engaged in the hardware business with the Barney-Cavanagh Hardware Co., of Mobile.

Rene S. Esnard, began the study of sugar chemistry at Baton Rouge, but ill-health forced him to give it up and return home.

Kenneth M. Gaiennie is in business with his father.

Warren I. Hunter is now attending Poughkeepsie Business College.

Otis B. McAdam is keeping books for his father at the McAdam Machinery Co., of Montgomery.

William J. O'Connor is assisting his father in the management of his extensive ranches.

Edward M. Owens is taking a course in civil engineering at the Texas State University, Austin, Texas.

HON. J. ST. PAUL, '84 At the annual meeting of the Jesuit Alumni Association of New Orleans, held on Thursday, Jan. 18, the Hon. John St. Paul was elected president.

Hon. John St. Paul, judge of the Civil District Court of the parish of Orleans, is one of the foremost members of the Association, having taken a great interest in its affairs at all times.

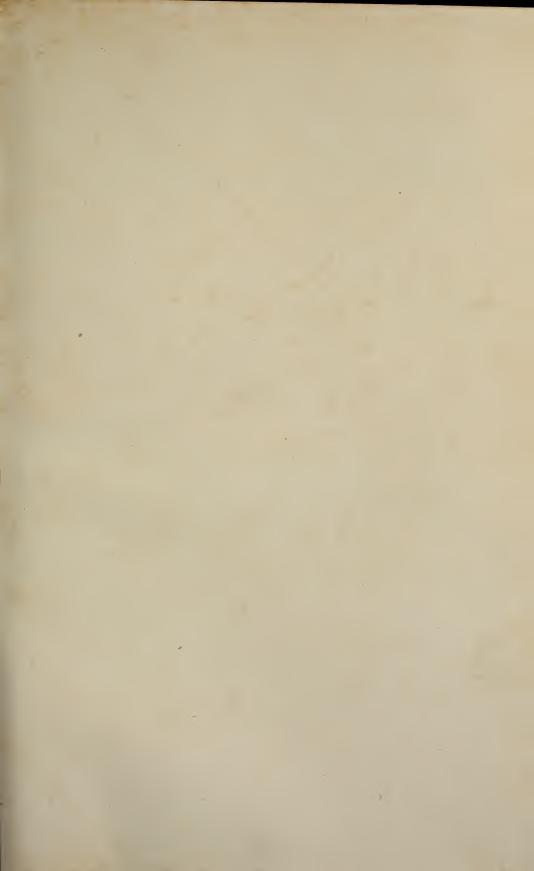
He is a native of Mobile, Ala., graduating from Spring Hill College in 1884, and two years after receiving the degree of master of arts from the college. In 1886 he graduated from the Tulane Law School. After a few years in commercial life he took up the active practice of law.

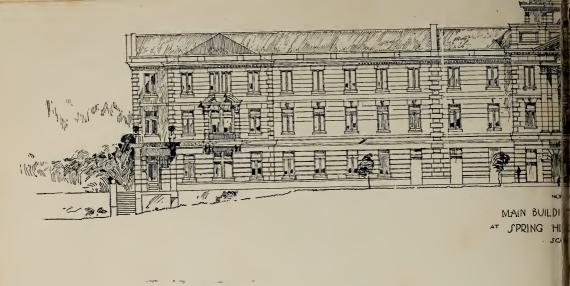
In 1896 he was elected to the State Senate. He was a member of the Suffrage Committee of the Constitutional Convention of 1898. When Judge Francis Monroe was appointed to the Supreme Court, Judge St. Paul succeeded him on the bench in one of the divisions of the Civil District Court. In 1900 he was elected to succeed himself. During the diamond jubilee at Spring Hill College in 1905, the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him.

REV. J. F. O'CONNOR, S. J. As the RE-VIEW is going to press, we learn of the appointment of Very Rev. J. F. O'Connor, as Superior of the Southern Mission of the Society of Jesus. The new Superior visited his Alma Mater a few days after, and was given a genuine Spring Hill welcome an account of which will appear in our next issue. Father O'Connor was a student of Spring Hill during the Civil War and entered the Society of Jesus in May, 1865. Since that time he has taken a conspicious part in the work of the Society throughout the South. Spring Hill congratulates the new Superior.

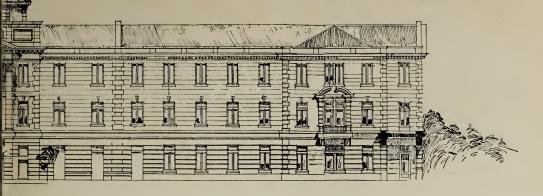
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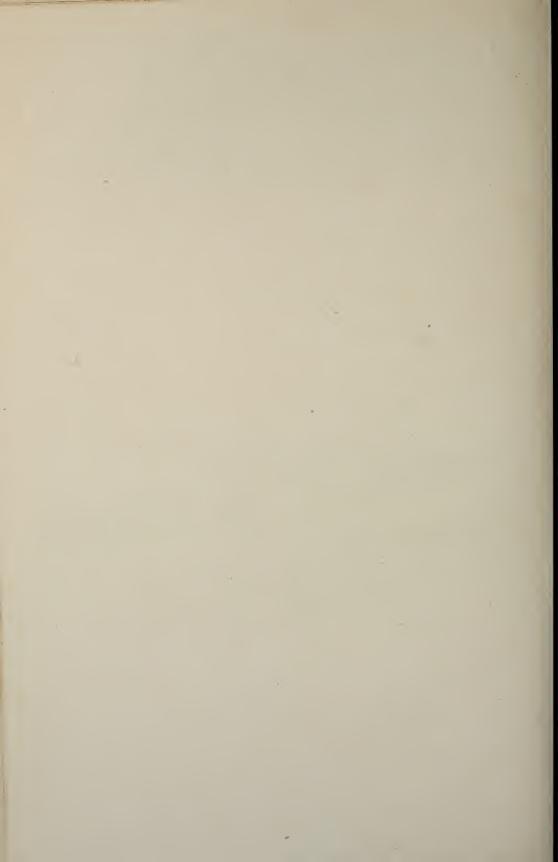




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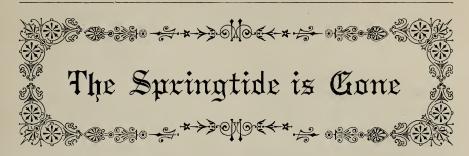
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JUNE, 1906.

NO. 2.



The Springtide is gone but the joy of the year,
The season of flowers and of sunshine is here.
'Tis the month of our Lady—the time set apart
To honor God's Mother with song from the heart.

Though erstwhile the branches were bare on the tree Ere the dawn of the month they have blossomed for thee,

And now in thy honor, O blithe Queen of May,
They emit their sweet odors and perfume the day.

The sun rises early—the nesting birds sing
The flowers as by magic up ev'rywhere spring:
Should you ask me why nature now acts in this way
I would answer. "To honor the blithe Queen of May."

Let us as thy children take up nature's note
And waft up our praise on the zephyrs that float
Till it touches the chords of thy pure heart above,
And makes it vibrate with a mother's own love.

—B., Second Commercial.

THE PHOENIX.

When The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix, Her ashes new create another heir As great in admiration as herself.

-Shakespeare.

Should the reader of this article have what Seneca styles an "ingenium curiosum," he will, by consulting the map of Egypt, notice that a little to the southeast of the Delta, not far from its apex and on the east bank of the Nile, is the site of the ancient city of Heliopolis. It is near the present village of El-Metareeyeh and slightly northeast of Cairo.

Heliopolis was never famous for its commercial importance, nor ever took part in the political history of Egypt. Almost every trace of this ancient city has disappeared. Up to within a few vears, some scattered mounds were visible, but these have likewise almost disappeared. There were also the remains of a wall of mud bricks; they have shared the same fate. The whole is at present a barren waste, broken by a solitary obelisk-a shaft of red granite reaching to a height of nearly seventy feet, and bearing the name of Usurtesen I. Heliopolis never attained to any dimensions of considerable size, and its population was always comparatively small. It was famous, however, for its college, which was the cradle of Egyptian mythology. Of all the ancient cities, perhaps, Heliopolis originated the largest number of mystic ideas, and hence it exercised the greatest influence in the development of Egyptian civilization. The inhabitants claimed it to be the oldest city in Egypt. Ra, the god of the sun, was worshiped here. The name of the city, Heliopolis, was simply the Greek translation of the name Pi-Ra, given to it by its priests, the meaning of which was "the city of the sun." The great temple of the sun was one of its chief attractions. Here were kept those animals in which Ra, the god of the sun, had become Of the species kept, incarnate. the two principal were the bull, Mnevis, and the Phoenix. with this wonderful bird we have to do

Different writers have written differently about it; its legend, however, is extraordinary and the expressions used in connection with it have become proverbial. The oldest writer on the subject is Herodotus, who relates many wonders, indeed, about the bird, but he does not seem to give much credence to them. Tacitus and Pliny have likewise written on the subject.

According to some authors there were a male and female Phoenix. When the egg was hatched (for the female seemed to lay but one egg), the older Phoenix, of the same sex as the young one just hatched, died. The first duty of the young Phoenix was to give funeral rites to its parent. In order to do this, it gathered a quantity of myrrh into a large ball, which it accustomed itself to carry to short distances. When this had been done successfully several times, the young Phoenix dug a hole into the sphere of myrrh, sufficient to hold the body of its parent; then placing the remains in the cavity, it covered it with a layer of myrrh, and flew with it to Heliopolis.

The ordinary tradition, however, is this: The bird, unique of its kind, was the only individual of its species and, coming from Arabia, made its appearance at Heliopolis, some say every five hundred, and others every fourteen hundred years. In size it varied not much from the eagle, but was much stronger.

The plumage of this extraordinary bird was of surpassing beauty; its head was ornamented with a crest of exquisite brilliancy, whilst its neck was of a golden and purple hue. Its tail rivalled the dazzling whiteness of snow, though here and there were mingled feathers of a deep carnation. The body itself was of a rich purple.

According to an old Indian tradition, the Phoenix came from Arabia to the temple of the sun at Heliopolis. Here it gathered a certain kind of wood (probably red cedar) and some aromatic gum for its funeral pyre, and, by the fanning of its wings, a mysterious fire was kindled, which consumed it. From its ashes the new Phoenix arose and sped away to the land of Araby.

Tacitus in his annals (Book 5th, Chap. 28) gives us a very precise account of the Phoenix. He tells us that it made its first appearance in Egypt during the reign of Sesostris; its second under Amasis; and that its third and last appearance was under Ptolemy, the third of that name.

Pliny attaches no belief whatever to the myth, and clearly looks upon the whole story as fabulous.

Be this as it may, the myth of the Phoenix is not without some good. Whatever is extraordinary in its own kind has been denominated a Phoenix. We end with this beautiful and apt quotation from Seneca: "Vir bonus tam cito nec fieri potest nec intelligi—tamquam Phoenix semel anno quingentissimo nascitur."

Nicholas Vickers, '07.

THE PRAETORIAN GUARDS.

T is a fact in Roman history that the Praetorian Guards were endowed with more power than was ever given to any equal number of soldiers, save probably the Janizaries, a military organization corresponding to them, and existing at a later period among the Turks. Their fame is principally due to the fact that they made and unmade emperors at pleasure. This was the natural outcome of the extraordinary power wielded by them. history of this wonderful body of warriors is not without interest.

From a very early date the Roman generals seem to have been attended by select troops whom Scipio Aemilianus, at the siege of Numantia, formed into a distinct body. They were chosen from among his bravest men to guard the person of their general against treachery and any other danger that might possibly arise, and to ensure their fidelity they were exempted from all other duties, their pay being increased sixfold.

It may be well to state the derivation of the name. It was derived from the Latin word praetor, the title originally given to the Roman general, his quarters being called the Praetorium. The generals usually had their quar-

ters in the middle of the encampment and the soldiers were around it, hence the word Praetorian.

During the civil broils Praetorian Guards were greatly increased, as the lives of their political military leaders were much exposed. However, their establishment as a separate force seems to have been due to Augustus. They consisted originally of eight or ten cohorts each of one thousand men, horse and At first they were chosen only from Italy, chiefly from Etruria and Umbria, but afterwards warriors from Macedonia, Noricum and Spain were also included. In accordance with the policy of Augustus only two or three cohorts were kept in Rome, the remainder being held in readiness in the adjacent towns. He was wise enough to have them near at hand in case of any sudden emergency. They were instituted to be the body-guard of the Roman emperor. He was their real commander, but as he could not command in person he appointed a praetorian praefect to replace him. What must have been the extraordinary influence this latter wielded over his rough followers is evident, commanding as he did the flower of the whole Roman army. He stood under

the immediate order of the Emperor and often became his rival. The position was not infrequently held by men who had fought their way up from the ranks, and consequently they were versed in the art of war. In later vears these officials enjoyed a sort of criminal jurisdiction which required a knowledge of law, hence we find the position sometimes to have been held by eminent jurists. Tiberius, under pretense of better discipline gave them permanent establishments in Rome and also built a strongly fortified camp outside the Viminalian gate. During his reign the praetorian praefect became all powerful; and to know how detrimental this was to the peace of Rome we have only to read of the deeds of the notorious Sejanus. Vitellius increased their number to sixteen thousand, but numbers could not replace the discipline which the luxurious life of the capital had relaxed.

They enjoyed additional pay, and extraordinary privileges were

again conferred upon them. At first they were required to serve twelve years, later on the term of service was increased to sixteen vears. According to Dio the rank of praetorian was equal to that of centurion. The growth of their power was rapid, great and formidable; even emperors came to fear them. Their fickle pleasure was often seen in the elevation and deposition of imperial rulers; they even went so far as to offer the empire for sale at auction. The strong hand of Septimus Severus at last wrought the much needed change. They were disbanded and reorganized on a new plan, and their number increased four-fold. They were now drafted from the best troops on the frontiers of the empire. Diocletian greatly reduced their num-Constantine, after defeating Maxentius, distributed them among his legionaries, thus causing this famous band of makers of emperors to disappear forever from the pages of history.

J. D. Ory, '07.

TO A BIOTA.

Scion of a noble tree

As I paused to gaze on thee

Lesson deep thou hast for me.

By the pathway dost thou grow,
All indifferent to know
Summer's warmth or winter's snow;

When the Aprll showers descend And the flowers in anguish bend Thou with gladness dost distend.

Leaves by gusty autumn blown Whom their parent stems disown, In thy arms find warmth and home.

To thy raiment emerald-wrought Passers by give little thought As if beauty mattered naught.

Yet serene thou seest the while Careless gaze or friendly smile, All too happy to feel guile.

> Ah full well thou tellest me In thy silence, little tree, Thou hast read life's mystery,

That the lowliest and mean
Though forgotten and unseen
Fills some place in God's demesne,

Fills some place and with meek gaze
All its grace to God displays
Singing wordless psalms of praise.

Xavier.

"IDOLS."

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

CHAPTER IX. A KING'S MANUSCRIPT.

ABUCHODONOSOR was dead. Babylon she owed a vast debt to her great king and strove to show the grandeur of the appreciation sequies her of the wealth. the learning, and the beauty he had showered upon her. Truly the funeral was in keeping with the greatness of the monarch and the august solemnity of the endless procession which followed the sculptured sarcophagus to its last resting place was almost triumphant.

To Prince Assurpal, this grand display of public mourning seemed hollow and insincere. He saw but few signs of genuine grief. He would have liked to have seen tears of sympathy flow for the sufferings of the great ruler and to have heard stifled sobs supplant the hypocritical wails of hired mourners. He at least truly mourned. Though he gave little outward expression of his grief, his heart was weighted with a sorrow as bitter and as poignant as his love had been deep and sincere.

When night came and his duties permitted, he sought the privacy of his apartments. He was very tired, but anxiety gnawed his heart and a hundred doubts

and fears tortured his weary brain so that sleep came not near him. Vainly he spent the night trying to read that future which is known to God alone. He saw the dawn steal away the stars and the early sun redress the wrong by flooding gardens, walls and palaces with the splendor of the morning. The empty streets of the still sleeping city recalled the scenes of vesterday and he seemed to hear once more the strains of dirges and the grating wails of mourners. He had loved the king and as often as his mind turned to the recollection of the long years during which his efforts had been united with those of Nabuchodonosor to make Babvlon mistress of the world, a vehement grief drove from his heart all ambition, all anxiety, and all fears for the future. There came upon him an intense longing to talk of the king's greatness and if possible to learn more of the life of the great conqueror. But who knew more than he who rode beside the young Nabuchodonosor in the first campaign against Egypt and Juda? Who could know more than the shrewd councilor who had suggested the marvellous hanging gardens. Who possessed more secrets of state, who knew better the plans of the dead monarch than he who held the reins of government for him during the seven years of his strange affliction?

The recollection of the strange dream; its interpretation and fulfilment brings to the Prince's mind memories of the deeds of Daniel the Hebrew prophet. Here was one who knew more than he. A captive who had influenced the mighty conqueror more than a prince of the royal blood; a seer not only possessing the secrets of empire but even those of the future, who swayed not only kings, but the very powers of nature. Why not go to Daniel? Perhaps with him he could talk and find solace in his sorrow.

Assurpal bathed his eyes and throbbing temples and went forth in the fresh air of the morning. In this part of the city, early risers were few, so he was able to make his way to the prophet's dwelling unnoticed.

Daniel had risen early and on the arrival of the Prince, was reading a closely written roll of papyrus. The calm and peace of the Hebrew contrasted strongly with the manifest anxiety and worry of his visitor, as he courteously bade him be seated.

Assurpal was at a loss how to explain his early visit and Daniel, as if in answer to his unspoken wishes, took the roll of papyrus from the table, as if to

center upon it the nobleman's attention, and began speaking calmly and quietly.

"I have here," he said, "a writing, an unofficial document of the king. It tells something of the suffering he endured while exiled among the beasts of the field. I thought, that now the king is dead, I might make known its contents to certain chief men of the empire. Shall I read it to you?

The prophet paused for a few moments after the prince's reply, then began to read in a quiet, well modulated voice.

"I, Nabuchodonosor, king of Babylon, write with my own hand this account of some of those things which happened to me during the seven weary years just passed.

"I had a dream and started in terror from my couch. But waking did not drive the horrid fear from my heart, nor did the gracious light of day, banish the nameless dread that weighed upon my mind.

"Vainly I consulted my wise men, dream interprers, Chaldean astrologers and prophets. None could interpret the disturbing dream. At last Daniel the prince of seers came and fearlessly warned me of the impending punishment. Earnestly he besought me to appease with alms and good deeds the wrath of the God of Israel.

"I had a mind to take his advice but the cares of the empire, the



VIEWS AT SPRING HILL



splendors of my city, the pleasures of feasts and entertainments, where I basked in the flattering smiles of courtiers, drove from my mind the dream and its interpretation.

"A year passed. One day as I was walking in a gallery of the palace, my gaze fell upon the city and its beauty and grandeur seemed greater than ever before. My heart swelled with an incomprehensible pride. "Behold the city I have built," I exclaimed.

"What man ever collected within the confines of a single city so much power, so much wealth, and such surpassing beauty? What army can scale those lofty walls and batter in those brazen gates? Who can parallel my palaces, my parks and my marvellous pensile garden?"

"The accents of self-praise were still lingering on my lips, my heart was surging with pride, when, clear as a bugle call, a voice came from the heavens.

"Thou wast told, O Nabuchodonosor, that thy kingdom would pass from thee and thou wouldst be driven from the society of men to dwell with the beasts and the wild inhabitants of the forests and eat grass like an ox till at the end of seven years thou shouldst be convinced that the Most High ruleth over all kingdoms here below." My heart froze—my mind reeled—I swooned.

"When my senses returned I saw the stars above me; I heard

the heavy droning hum of night beetles, the faint muffled sounds that came from beasts of the field and the distant cry of a hyena. I no longer dwelt among men. What terror filled me when I realized this. I sprang to my feet and rushed at the top of my speed, I know not whither. How long I fled I know not. At last exhausted and panting I sank to the earth.

"What a change had come over me? I was a beast, yet I had reason that I might appreciate the degradation of my condition. Yet to eat grass like an ox, to prowl the desolate wastes with the hungry wolves and share with them their lairs, was the least of my punishment. I became the victim of a wild and uncontrollable imagination. Even now I can scarcely bear to recall a few of those dread phantasies that racked my soul.

"Well I remember the first time I experienced these strange visitations. I felt as if my brutish nature had left me and all my human faculties were restored. It was night and my heart was oppressed with regretful thoughts as I watched the choiring stars speeding on their heavenly courses A gentle breeze, sweet with the odors of the fields, fanned my brow, but it did not cool the fever of my brain. Peace rested upon the earth, but I was neryous, restless, agitated and harassed by memories of a lost em-

The red disk of the full pire. moon caught my attention. With a growing fascination I watched it creep up from the horizon and mount the vault of heaven decreasing in size and increasing in brilliancy till the fields were alight with silvery radiance. Then in the twinkling of an eve the vast plain was overgrown with roses. Great full-blown roses that opened their petals to the dew of night, like the lips of a sleeping child that part with a smile and gently whisper a welcome to some dream angel. Far out to the horizon's rim, the night wind gently heaved billows of loveliness and bore upon its perfumed bosom soft murmurings as of noonday bees or hidden brooks. Birds woke to warble a few notes then drowsily sank to rest again. As I gazed enraptured on the scene, I thought that Eden could not have been fairer. My blood pulsed with new life, my spirit exulted with purest joy. With widened nostrils and deep lingering breaths I inhaled the fragrance and with straining ear eagerly drank in the slightest sound.

"Were my senses surfeited with pleasure or did my overwrought nerves send a thrill of discord to my brain? My pleasure seemed slightly diminished. The breeze seemed to chill a little; the fragrance began almost imperceptibly to cloy and the sounds to sharpen and grate upon the ear. The rose waves ran higher, the breeze be-

came a wind, which almost immediately stiffened into a gale that wildly tossed the flowers and chilled me with cold and fear. At first there were a few scudding clouds, then a sombre bank arose in the west and swiftly spread over the heavens. Moon stars were hidden but a faint spectral phosphorescence lighted every object, shouding them with an unbearable weirdness. was a smell of death and decay, of opened graves and charnelhouses. There were ominous hissings as of countless serpents and dismal croakings interrupted now and then with loud lamentations and horrid demon laughter. Wilder and wilder raged the storm and the roses began to shatter. Soon the air was thick with flying petals and those that struck me on the face and hands seemed frozen. they were so deadly cold, and their sting was like the sting of swift driven hail. When this hail of roses passed the leafless, flowerless stems bent below the blast and I saw a host of loathsome reptiles that crept among them. Unsightly birds of prey rode the storm, undreampt of, bat-winged monsters swept by me in flapping, whirling flight and some would stop and circle around me leering with their ravenous eyes, shricking like harpies and panting their loathsome breaths in my face.

"I tried to flee, my legs refused to move. I stood rigid with terror, powerless even to raise my hands and close my ears against the hellish din; powerless to close my eyes and shut out the uncouth sight that appalls them. After I had suffered past all endurance for what seemed an interminable time the moon broke through the black cloud and the strange scene vanished before its soft beams. Exhausted, I sank to the earth. My limbs were wet with the cold sweat of fear and my muscles were twitching and shuddering with horror.

"Long hours I lay till the morning sun warmed me back to my wonted vigor.

"Many weary days and apathetic nights of brute existence followed with just a glimmer of intellect to feel the infinite monotony of weeks and months in which the minutes, hours and days passed with incredible slowness. Each hour, each minute, it is true, was not the exact counterpart of the one that preceded it, but the very events that marked it from its fellows had grown as lifeless and tiresome as the incidents of some dull story often repeated.

"Sometimes actions which consumed but a short period of time in reality, appeared to my unhinged mind to require hours for their completion. If I wished to walk, try as best I might, I could not raise my foot from the ground within a quarter of an hour, and then it would hang poised in the air till I feared I would never get

it back to earth again. A stag in full flight, rose so slowly from the earth that every movement was analyzed so that I saw the part each muscle played as it bounded across the plain. The notes of a bird or the cry of a jackal would come to my ears interspersed with such long intervals and so prolonged as to be unrecognizable. The sun would hang for ages in the zenith or the shadows of night would rest for a lifetime upon the plain. Often my perceptions of time would gradually become normal and often the strange visitations would pass in an instant.

"What delirious phantasies at times crowded my mind! They were not always unpleasant nor at all times unreasonable but all invariably sooner or later became preposterous, hideous or fraught with intensest horror.

"My lawless imagination would build from airy nothingness palaces of inimitable grandeur, furnish them with articles of untold wealth and beauty, supply a retinue of incomparable servants and weave around the whole a landscape so beautiful that it challenged the poet's genius and defied the painter's brush.

"I would give a banquet in my dream palace. I would collect the noblest, the fairest and loveliest around my tables. Tables so beautifuly wrought, so rich in their material, so magnificent in their service, that one would suffice to ransom a king. Ebon

slaves from Ethiopia glide noiselessly on a pavement tessellated with marble, onyx and agate from Chalcedon. The lights of clear burning, perfumed oil are so numerous and so well distributed, that scarce the faintest shadow is seen any where, but each object luminous as if with its own radiance, delights the eye with its beauty. Sculptures and paintings, no longer cold and dead, seem to live and breathe in the enchanted atmos-Massy polished columns phere. of red Egyptian porphyry glow with pride at supporting architecture and frieze of fretted gold, and above all the ceiling, a firmament of polished cedar resplendent with inlaid gold and twinkling with countless jewels. I feast my eyes upon the rich spectacle. Costly silks and cunningly embroidered garments never graced such peerless beauty as that which gathered around me. Clear, joyous laughter mingles with soft strains of music forming a harmony of sound such as a poet might dream on a summer's afternoon as he reclined upon the bank of some purling brook. The mingled odors of flowers, fruits and wines made the air like that of paradise.

"And I—how my heart beat with pride at the thought—I was the lord of this magnificent assembly; I was the lode-star of all eyes; they basked in my smiles as do beautiful flowers in the rays of the morning sun, and if I frowned

they trembled. I had but to will it and the mightiest among them would come cringing like a slave at my feet.

"I raise my chalice, inhale for a moment the delicate breath of the rare Egyptian wine and in order to enjoy each drop, slowly sip the precious liquid.

"But as I sip, the drink turns as bitter as mingled gall and wormwood and burns my entrails as if it were venom of asps. A deadly chill seizes me. Poison! I shriek—and the next moment wish it were some swift poison to rob my eyes of the sight that meets them and deafen my ears to the sounds that torture them.

"Gods! What a change! The lights now too plainly show the frightful scene. The gleam of gold and silver, the lustrous sparkle of precious gems, rare marbles and polished woods of distant forests, statues, pictures, porphyry pillars and the jewelled ceiling are all there, but in proportion as they gave pleasure, they now excite loathing and despair. They have become the ornaments of a most hideous spectacle.

"At the table just in front of me a ghastly group of skeletons recline upon flower strewn couches, and make merry with many peals of sepulchral laughter. Robes dyed with blood scarce hide their fleshless ribs and when they clap their hands with glee, the hall is filled with the dismal rattle of dry bones.

"Other tables are crowded with unearthly shapes, horrible and strange, that drink and laugh and sport, filling the air with weird sounds, unheard by mortal man before.

"At my own table Envy sits, green of eye, and livid of countenance, whose tongue continually sweats poison. On her right sits Hate and on her left Avarice and they breathe upon me deadly exhalations which cause my soul to wither and shrink like a blighted flower. But most awful was grim Despair. Huge, misformed and lowering, he loomed through all those crowded horrors, drowning with a mighty cataract of hopelessness, all the powers of my soul. With a resistless grasp he seized me and hurried me to the brink of a fathomless chasm. For a second he poised me above the black, yawning depths, hurled me downwards, to fall without ceasing through impenetrable darkness.

"Falling, eternally falling! The very first instant my entrails seemed torn from me, and the next was worse. Minutes, hours and days sped and still I fell, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, feeling only the cruel sensation of falling and despair black and deep as the abyss urging me on.

"Then I thought I heard the distant lowing of cattle and the next

moment I saw the happy fields and the grazing herds.

"In some phases of my disease the sequence of time seemed interrupted. I would live near the time of the creation of the world or in the far distant future. Thus I thought I ruled the cities of the plain and possessed great power and wealth. One day I walked in my grounds and feasted my eyes on the richness of the fields, where the snowy flocks were pastured, and the beauty of the gardens that surrounded me. I thought of my fair cities. What king had richer possessions or more beautiful cities? Whose armies were stronger than mine? Surely, I thought, it is good to live always in this fair vale of Siddon. I drew deep breaths of the balmy air and looked at deep blue of the A tiny cloud formed, while I gazed, in the very center of the azure dome and, with strange power, held fast my attention. I had never seen a cloud in mid-sky when all else was clear and now the horizon was free even from the slightest haze. It grew perceptibly, and was not white like the downy fluffs that sail the ether but black, a terrible, ominous black. Rapidly it grew, spreading on the fair heavens like a pestilence. I was frightened and felt as if unseen fingers were gradually closing on my throat. I hastened to my palace and found servants, guards and stewards gazing awe-stricken at the fast increasing cloud. With some of my astrologers, I then hurried to the watch tower. The sun was by now already overcast, and lightning played in the inky depths of the cloud throwing over the whole scene a lurid light. The streets were crowded with panic-stricken throngs of men and women who in sheer fright massed together asking each other in broken sentences the meaning of this strange The shepherdless phenomenon. flocks of the fields, and the untended herds of cattle rushed wildly about mingling bleats and wild bellowings. Closer and closer hovered the huge blot like some monstrous bird of prey preparing to strike its victim. Angrily growled the thunder within its sable bosom. Not a breath of air stirred and the black mass heaved and moaned as if it were alive

"The crowds in the streets were silent save now and then a sobbing gasp of fear. My attendants crouched in terrified groups while I watched with starting eyes and my heart torn with the anguish of terror.

"Then the thunder hushed, the lightning ceased to play and from the black depths of the cloud there came the sound of a voice more terrifying than all that had gone before.

"For thy sins, O Sodom, and thy pride, God hath decreed to blot thee from the face of the earth."

"I sank with my face on the floor. All was silence for a few moments, then there was the roll and crash of thunder and the earth groaned and rocked. I sprang wildly to my feet. Great sheets of lightning were playing amid deafening peals of thunder. Here and there just as the first large drops of a summer shower, fell masses of burning brimstone which gradually became more frequent accompanied by downpourings of liquid fire, while the earth like the heaved storm-tossed Around the tower the ocean. brimstone hail was, as yet, falling but sparsely and I rushed down the spiral ascent dodging the falling fire as best I could. I ran blindly on striving to keep ahead of the raging flame before which even the solid rocks melted like snow under the rays of the summer sun. Already I was out of breath and every step was agony, but on my back I felt the fierce heat that relentlessly drove me onward. I stumbled, fell and madly clawed the earth with bleeding fingers in my efforts to There scarce a yard from me rolled an oncoming billow of blazing lava. I writhed and squirmed like a wounded snake. I saw the fiery wave curl above me and felt the intense heat and then my senses must have left me.

"The next thing I was conscious of, was seething, tossing masses of water. Huge liquid mountains

that changed their shape with the swiftness of thought. Black and terrible they rose, capped with a white phosphorescence, while frequent lightning flashed above this watery chaos I was struggling for my life, with the bitterness of death in my throat and despair gnawing at my heart. My aching muscles made little head-way against raging the waves.

"When I had struggled for a weary long time the clouds dispersed and the sun shone on the sea now growing more and more calm.

"The sun baked my unprotected head, my tongue was black with thirst and intense weariness tugged at my limbs and strove to drag down into the depths of the waters. My mind would wander back to days of happiness, to be tormented the next instant with the despair of the present: visions of dear remembered nooks. would come to my reeling memory and I could hear the bickering of some cool stream as it ran between its fern fringed banks; I could almost feel the sweet woodland breeze upon my cheek and then in fiendish mockery the noise of ocean waves would sound in my ears and I would taste the bitter saltness of the deep and feel upon my seared cheek the scorching rays of the tropical sun. The sea was now rolling in long billowy swells and I scarcely floated, I was so exhausted.

"An island, a lovely atoll appeared so suddenly that I thought it a fancy of my fevered brain. How beautiful was that narrow circlet of land all covered with the greenest foliage, through which the glassy waters of a lagoon gleamed invitingly.

"I strained nerve and sinew to reach the desired beach of the island fearing every moment it would vanish and prove a creation of my imagination.

"With what tremulous joy I felt a current, gentle at first but gradually increasing in strength, that aided me in my efforts. I hurried on forgetting past misfortunes, forgetting the fever and the thirst, already in anticipation enjoying the cool shade of the palms, already feasting on the luscious fruits and bathing my salt-soaked limbs in the cool waters of the lake.

"My dreams of hopeful anticipation doubtless blinded my eyes to the real character of the island for when I thought I was near enough to select a suitable place to land, its beauty seemed somewhat marred. The very rankness of the verdure seemed poisonous and the coral reefs were curiously formed. Α slight foreboding chilled my heart and I swam more slowly. As I approached I saw a skull upon the beach and then another. I stopped swimming but the current bore me onwards while I gazed shudderingly at a whitened reef of dead men's bones

and ten thousand serpents small in size, but most revolting in appearance crept and swarmed from every crack, cranny and eyeless socket. I could well believe they fed on naught but human flesh, they were so repulsive.

"The high seas were preferable to this dead-man's island, and a lingering death from thirst less horrible than to perish by the poisoned fangs of horrid serpents.

"Struggle my best, I could not make headway against the tide that bore me slowly, but surely towards the fatal reef and finally in despair I abandoned myself to the will of the waters.

"When I came nearer to the atoll a pestilential miasma sickened me. I tried to sink in the waves and drown but some invisible power kept me afloat. The serpents hissed fearfully and myriads of them were gathered to receive me and the air was poisonous with the stench of venom. Then a wave cast me into their midst. A hundred fangs, that burned like fire, were buried in my flesh. I bounded to my feet and tore handfuls of the writhing, hissing, stinging reptiles from my quivering flesh. They pulled me down in their midst again. I rolled and writhed in anguish until consciousness left me. When I recovered it was amid the familiar scenes of a Babylonian plain.

"Hundreds of phantasies stole into my diseased mind, like some

gentle, soothing poison, that ravishes with delight, then hurls the mind into abysmal depths of horror, loathing, and despair. Some would seem natural occurrences, such as might happen to one of my rank and the catastrophe that followed would not exceed probability; and some would leap all bounds, both in the gorgeousness of the first scenes and in the harrowing calamities which followed.

"One especially, despite its improbability, weighed me down with crushing horror. Perhaps this was due to a thread of truth which stood out clear and bright in the fantastic fabric my lawless imagination wove.

"Time had swept onward into the future twenty, thirty, or fifty centuries.

"I thought a spirit bade me come and take my place—a place I had so well earned—among the conquerors of all lands and ages.

"What pen can describe the mighty pageant? The wealth and display of military power of all times were marshalled in a vast plain. The green turf bruised by the hoofs of horses and the regular tramp of myriads of infantry sent forth a pleasant, refreshing odor. A balmy breeze was blowing and from the azure depths overhead the sun shone glistening on arms and lighted up the artistic designs of a thousand banners that gracefully floated above the heads of the soldiers.

"I took my place among my peers, the representatives of countless empires, who were alike in nothing except in their burning desire of conquest; who had nothing in common except that all had subdued nations and peoples, more or less great. Their names were as strange as their dress. Haughtily we marched, our troops following behind and the air quivered with stirring, victorious strains of martial music to which our hearts beat proudly.

"What a triumphal march it was? I looked to the right and left and beheld all those captains who by the force of their intellects had so ruled, disciplined and manoeuvred the armed ranks that followed them as to place themselves at the head of conquered peoples and cement them into empires, powerful, grand and magnificent.

"I gazed far around me and there were all those who had ever dwelt upon the earth. Far out they stretched, one vast sea of humanity whose soul boundary was the distant horizon. All these either took part in the procession or viewed it with unfeigned admiration. Surely I thought even the gods would be pleased to join this triumphal march.

"I then saw the clear blue of the sky become turbid just as some limpid mountain lake's glossy surface is marred by a breeze. The music wailed a little and there was a cruel gleam from arms

and accoutrements. Then I could have sworn I heard a woman's wail and a sob just as if life had escaped some broken heart. The breeze moaned low but most woefully. No, now there was no mistake. There was no music but unbearable sobs and shrieks, the cries of despairing widow and orphan, the wail of starving children, the whimper of babes who seek in vain the breasts of dead mothers. And mingled with these were curses, threats and awful imprecations. A stench of battle fields covered with long unburied dead filled the air and when I looked there were the dead. Not as those seen after battle, for there were far more of them and their appearance was terrifying. They were the slaughtered of all the world's battles. As far as the eye could reach heaps after heaps of mangled corpses, and gorged, carrion birds rested upon carcasses or lazily flapped across the plain.

"Clouds like huge clots of blood obscured the sky. A few heavy drops of rain fell. I felt a warm splash upon my hand and on looking saw it was blood. The crimson rain fell faster and faster until it poured in torrents. The smell of blood, the hideous red, the shricks and groans crazed me. I tore out my eyes to prevent their seeing the dread spectacle. I clawed like a wild beast at my own throat in my terror and agony. I screamed—and then while

my cries were still echoing in my ears I saw about me the green pasture lands and the mild-eyed cows contentedly grazing and I too like them ate grass.

"After I had been exposed to the dew of heaven for seven years I lifted my eyes and prayed to the God of Israel and my mind was restored and my kingdom given back to me. I have learned that those things men think to be stable and unchangeable shift beneath the winds of time like the sands of the desert and that even this my grand empire-for it is great as the things of the world go-must, in spite of superb cavalry and enormous resources, perish like those nations of the past whose glory has vanished like the morning dew before the sun's rays, whose beauty has fled as quickly as that of a rose, whose wealth was as unstable as a dream.

"The beasts of the desert will prowl among the ruins of proud Babylon, and barren wastes and unsightly heaps mark the places where palaces, walls and towers, rich fields, parks, roads and water ways once made beautiful the queenly city. Nor will destruction be long in its coming for there are those now living who will see the sceptre pass from Babylon forever."

The low musical tones of the prophet's voice ceased and unbroken silence lasted for some minutes.

Prince Assurpal had been greatly moved by the reading. A deep sigh escaped his drawn and pursed lips and he placed his hand to his brow as one who wakes from a deep revery and questions his surroundings whether he has dreamt or seen that which passed through his mind.

"Prince," said the prophet, "it was your lot to rule this empire while Nabuchodonosor roamed the fields. A strong hand is once more needed at the helm. The city about us is now awake and every moment of this day is priceless. Go and take with you the memory of what I have read. Guide the ship of state through the perils that now beset her and later we shall speak of those things the future has in store for you and yours."

The Prince rose slowly from his seat and went out into the bustle and stir of the vast metropolis.

SEVEN LAST THOUGHTS.

TO MOTHER.

She's dead,—she's dead and all is still
With the stillness of the grave:
The weeping willows on the hill
With a mournful cadence wave.

The funeral's o'er,—the mourners gone, How ghostlike now the room; The minutes murmer one by one In this silent, living tomb.

Our mother's smile's a faded beam, Her sweet voice an echoed hymn: Her vacant chair an empty dream And her shade a spectre grim.

Goodbye, sweet soul, goodbye, goodbye!
In peace thy body lies,—
Thy mother's soul shall speed on high:
For that spirit never dies.

It soars aloft to greet the king
With a blissful rapture thrilled,
Where angel bands the pwans sing
That Bethlehem's cavern filled.

Oh list to Him! He greets thee love
As He bids thy soul rejoice
Within His heaven in bliss above,
Thy long lifework's willing choice

Yes there for aye in ceaseless bliss,
Within that hollowed shrine,
He seals thy triumph with His kiss,
His own heart's fond love is thine.

Observer.

DES SAENGERS FLUCH.

Es stand in alten Zeiten ein Schloss, so hoch und hehr, Weit glaenzt 'es ueber die Lande bis an das blaue Meer, Uud rings von duft'gen Gaerten ein bluethenheicher Kranz, D'rin sprangen frische Brunnen im Regenbogenglanz.

Dort sass ein stolzer Koenig, und Land und Siegen reich Er sass auf seinem Throne so finster und so bleich Denn was er sinnt, ist Schrecken, und was er blickt, ist Wuth Und was er spricht, ist Geissel, und was er schreibt, ist Blut.

Einst zog nach diesem Schlosse ein edles Saengerpaar, Der ein' in goldnen Locken, der andre grau von Haar; Der Alte mit der Harfe, der sass auf schmucken Ross, Es schritt ihm frisch zur Seite der bluehende Genoss.

Der Alte sprach zum jungen: Nun sei bereit, mein Sohn! Denk' unsrer tiefsten Lieder, stimm' an den vollsten Ton, Nimm alle kraft zusammen, die Lust und auch den schmerz! Es gilt uns heut', zu ruehren des Koenigs steinern Herz.

Schon stehn die beiden Saenger im hohen Saeulensaal, Und auf dem Throne sitzen der Konig und sein Gemahl: Der Koenig furchtbar praechtig, wie blut'ger Nordlichtschein, Die Koenogin suess und milde als blickte Vollmond d' rein.

Da schlug der Greis, die Saiten, er schlug sie wundervoll, Dass reicher, immer reicher der Klang zum Obre schwoll; Dann stroemte himmlisch helle des Juenglings Stimme vor, Des Alten Sang dazwischen, wie dumpfer Geisterchor.

Sie singen von Lenz und Liebe, von sel'ger goldner Zeit, Von Freiheit, Maennerwurde, von Treu' und Heiligkeit; Sie singen von allem suessen, was Menschenbrust durchbebt Sie singen von allem Hohen, was Menschenherz erhebt

THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

[This is an attempt at a literal translation—many good paraphrases of it already adorn the English langua e-of "Des Saengers Fluch," one of Uhland's finest ballads, and perhaps the fines: in the German language,]

A castle stood in olden times that was so high and grand It loomed far as the ocean blue wide over all the land; Around were fragrant gardens, set as a flowery ring, Where shot with sheen of rainbows, clear fountains forth did spring.

Here reigned a haughty monarch in lands and vict'ries great, All frowning and all pallid upon his throne he sate; For what he broods is terror, rage on his visage shines, And scourge is what he utters, and blood is what he signs.

Once travelled to this castle a far-famed minstrel pair; The one with golden tresses, the other gray of hair; The aged minstrel with his harp did splendid steed bestride, While with youth's step elastic his comrade strode beside.

The old man to the youth did say: "Be ready now, my son, Recall our most pathetic songs, strike thou thy fullest tone; And get together all thy powers, let joy and grief have part, The task before us is to move yon stony monarch's heart.

Anon within high-columned hall that minstrel pair is seen; Upon his throne the king doth sit, and by his side the queen: The king in pomp all dreadful like bloody North-light glare, The queen all sweet and gentle as though the moon beamed there.

Now struck the aged man the chords, he struck so wondrous well

That richer ever richer upon the ears they fell.

Then streamed with heavenly clearness the youth's voice to the lyre,

And with it blends the old man's like muffled spirit-choir.

They sing of love and springtide, of blissful, golden days, Of freedom, dignity of man, of truth, of virtue's praise; They sing of ev'ry sweetness that thrills through human breast,

They sing of all things lofty that lift man's spirit best.

Die Hoeflingsschaar im Kreise verlernet jeden Spott, Des Koenigs trotz'ge Krieger, sie beugen such vor Gott. Die Koenigin, zerflossen in Wehmuth und in Lust, Sie wirft den Saengern neider die Rose von ihrer Brust.

"Ihr habe mein volk verfuehret, verlockt ihr nun mein Weib?"
Der Koenig schreit es wuethend, er bebt am ganzen Leib;
Er wirft sein Schwert, das blitzend des Juenglings Brust durchdringt,

Draus, statt der goldnen Leider, ein Blutstrahl hoch aufspringt.

Und wie vom Sturm zerstoben ist all der Hoerer Schwarm, Der Juengling hat verroechelt in seines Meisters arm. Der schlaegt um ihn den Mantel, und setzt ihn auf das Ross, Er bind't ihn aufrecht feste, verlaesst mit ihm das Schloss.

Doch vor dem hohen Thore, da haelt der Saengergeis.

Da fasst er seine Harfe, sie aller Harfen preis
An einer Marmorsaeule, da hat er sie zerschellt;

Dann ruft er, dass es schaurig durch Schloss and Gaerten gellt:

"Weh euch, ihr stolzen Hallen! nie toene suesses Klang Durch eure Raeume wieder, nie Saite noch Gesang, Nein Seufzer nur und Stoehnen und schener Sklavenschritt, Bis euch zu Schutt und Moder der Rachegeist zertritt!

Weh euch ihr duft'gen Gaerten im holden Maienlicht! Euch zeig'ich dieses Todten entstelltes Angesicht, Dass ihr darob verdorret, das jeder Quell versiegt, Dass ihr in kuenft'gen Tagen versteint, veroedet liegt.

Weh dir, verruchter Moerder; du Fluch des Saengerthums! Umsonst sei all Dein Ringen nach Kraenzen blut'gen Ruhms, Dein Name sei vergessen in ew'ge Nacht getaucht Sie wie ein letztes Roecheln, in leere Luft verhaucht!" The courtier-throng around the throne, unlearning jest, is awed;

The stubborn warriors of the king now bow before their God: The queen is moved by grief and joy far more than are the rest,

And throws down to the minstrels the rose upon her breast.

"Ye have bewitched my people! With my wife do ye the same?"

Cries out the king in fury, atremble all his frame.

He hurls his sword that, glancing, goes through the youth's breast wide,

From which in lieu of golden songs spurts forth a crimson tide.

As by a tempest scattered the throng flew in alarm:—
The youth breathes forth his death-gasp upon his master's arm.
The old man wraps him in his cloak, then firmly upright ties
The body seated on the horse, and from the castle hies.

Before the lofty gateway the hoary minstrel stands
And grasps his harp—that crown of harps—with unrelenting hands,

From off a marble pillar its shivered fragments fly While walls and gardens echo the minstrel's boding cry:

"Proud halls, be ye accursed, no sweet tones e'er prolong, Nor e'er be heard within your vaults, or minstrel chord or song;

No, naught save quaking steps of slaves and sighs and groans alway

Till ye th' avenging spirit crush to ruins and decay.

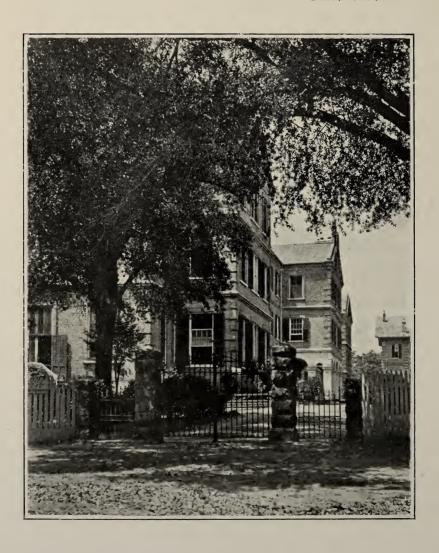
And woe, ye fragrant gardens, in the gladsome light of May. To ye I show the ghastly face of this dead youth to-day, That ye may thereby wither, and all your fountains dry, That in the days to come a lone and stony waste ye lie.

Accurs'd be thou, vile homicide, thou blight of minstrelsy! Thy strifes for wreaths of blood-stained fame all bootless ever be;

Thy name be unremembered, sunk in eternal night Lost as the final gasp in space when human soul takes flight." Der Alte hat's gerufen, der Himmel hat's gehoert; Die Mauern liegen nieder, die Hallen sind zerstoert. Noch eine hohe Saeule zeugt von verschwundner Pracht, Auch diese schon geborsten, kahn stuerzen ueber Nacht.

Und rings statt duft'ger Gaerten, ein oedes Heideland, Kein Baum verstreuet Schatten, kein Quell durchdringt den Sand;

Des Koenigs Namen meldet kein Lied, kein Heldenbuch; Versunken und vergessen! das ist des Saengers Fluch. UHLAND.



The old man's words are ended, and Heaven has heard his cry: Those walls are levelled with the earth, those halls in ruins lie; But one tall pillar standeth to mark past splendor bright, And even that, now broken, may topple down o'er-night.

Instead of fragrant gardens 'round a dreary heath now stands, No tree affords its umbrage, no springs ooze through the sands;

No songs, no scrolls of heroes' deeds that monarch's name rehearse,

'Tis lost and unremembered: Such is the Minstrel's Curse.

REV. J. J. O'BRIEN, S. J.



SUPPOSED SPEECH OF NATHAN HALE

Y OU ask me, my lords, whether I have anything to say. I have. In the first place I wish to thank you for your kind treatment of me in this trial. Your actions have been in strict accord with your duty, and I could not expect them to have been otherwise. In the second place I wish defense I intend to make.

You have branded me with the name of spy. I admit that I am a spy, but not as the world ordinarily understands the word; and I deem it a duty incumbent on me to prove to the world that a distinction must be made in my case.

My lords, my present condition is due to circumstances, which I shall briefly proceed to explain. After our retreat from Long Island, Washington desired very important information relative to the movement of your army. For this hazardous undertaking I volunteered, fully aware of my danger, if caught. But what is danger when incurred for love of country? My father being a farmer I was naturally familiar with that kind of life; so I concluded this disguise would best suit me. One of my friends met me, and thoughtlessly addressed An English officer, who to be standing near, chanced

heard my name, and suspecting something made me his prisoner. This simple narrative explains my presence here. Believe me on the word of a soldier.

I also stand arraigned before this tribunal as guilty of high treason and rebellion against my king and mother-country. This to premise an apology for the I flatly deny. We have risen against a tyrant and a tyrannous country. Your most illustrious orator has denounced in scathing terms the injustice and tyranny of what you style the mother country. Do you think it wrong for me to defend my country? Remember, our country numbers several millions of people; she is endowed by nature with resources boundless and beyond compute in value. There is a future in store for her, whereby she will occupy the first place among the nations of the earth. Do you think that a country endowed as she is, will suffer herself to be ruled by egotistic politicians and ravenous harpies across the water? to be unjustly taxed to pay the bills of titled libertines, and then be sneeringly denied the right of representation in the councils of her would-be rulers? No; not while an American patriot breathes on her soil.

> Our resistance is based on a noble principle—conscience.

hold this truth, moreover: that all men are born free and should preserve their freedom, cost what it may. What cause is nobler than that of the patriot? what death grander than that on the altar of freedom? We are not as weak as you believe. Not like the barbarians of old, do we trust to our own strength. We put our trust in the God of battles and we ever keep uppermost in our minds that victory belongs to the brave, the true, the loyal, and the patriotic. We are buoyed up by the hope that a glorious destiny awaits us among the nations of the earth. The star of the American Republic has already risen above the horizon and is fast climbing towards the zenith. It is our pride, my lords, to think that we have been chosen by Divine Providence to proclaim to the down-trodden nations of the earth the glorious advent of true liberty; and my own name, permit me to believe, because of my fate, will be as immortal as the star of my country.

If the shades of the dead be allowed to look upon us here today, and I believe God does so permit it, I feel certain that the souls of those patriots, who have preceded me to the land beyond, are looking down upon me today, rejoicing that my life is also laid on the altar of my country. With these words on my lips, soon to be cold in the chill of death, I assure you, my lords, my only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country.

S. A. BONVILLAIN, '07.

BREAK OF DAY.

The crimson banners of the sun

Are spread athwart the kindling sky;

His matin chime the warbler dun

Hymns forth to see the shadows die.

And perch'd upon a dancing spray,

This sweet-voic'd herald of the dawn
To listening comrades pipes his lay:

With music thrills the vocal lawn.

On shrub and tree the lucent drops

Are flashing back prismatic light:

And softly sigh through leafy tops

The voices of retreating night.

Lo! through you flaming eastern bar,
With glinting wheel, the char of day
Rolls forth, a mighty blazing star,
And speeds upon its arched way.

O God! how beautiful is day,

When on you azure canvas high,

In Thine own great and wondrous way,

Thou paintest marvels in the sky!

-S. Bonvillain, '07.

THE BLOW FOR LIBERTY.

[DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.]

CAST:

Mathathias.—A Jewish Priest of Modin.

Judas.
Jonathan. His sons.

Jonathan.

Menalaus.—Pseudo high priest.

Alcimus.—A priest.

Hellenized Jews.

Ammonias.

Apelles—An official of Antiochus IV.

People composed of orthodox and renegade Jews, Grecian soldiers, chorus of Grecian youths.

The action takes place during the persecution of the Jews by Antiochus IV.

Scene:—Modin a town in Jewry. A stone altar built in the back of the stage. The background represents a mountainous region.

Mathias, Jonathan and orthodox Jews gathered around the altar in sadness.

(The following lamentation is chanted.)

Jonathan.—For the dwellers thereof the land now grieves, Jews.—And all Israel's house its shame receives.

Jon.—On her nuptial couch the bride doth moan, Jews.—And the bridegroom's laugh becomes a groan.

Jon—All the virgins and youths are pale and weak, Jews.—And all comeliness flees the woman's cheek.

(They cast aside their musical instruments.)

Jon.—Now in David's strong city nor harp, nor lute,

Jews.—And in Jacob the voices of mirth are mute.

Mathathias.—(rising) Woe is me! and wherefore was I born

To see the ruin of my people?

(Judas and other orthodox Jews enter.)

Judas.— Peace!

Math.—O son, may peace return to thee and thine. What painful news is thine?

All Sion's men
Are smitten, plundered in her wealth, her walls
Are beaten to the ground.

Math.— And darest thou To stand before my face without a wound?

Jud.—Nothing but death was left

Math.— Thou shouldst have fallen Rather than slip away without a blow,

Jud.—It was the Sabbath day; we dared not strike,

Of them that tarried all were slain, like lambs
in the shambles.

Math.— Holy shalt thou keep the Sabbath.

The Lord hath saved thee for some better day.

But why this massacre?

Jud.— Antiochus, Fuming because his march through Egypt's realm Had been arrested by the Roman galleys.

Math.—So prophesied our Daniel. "He shall come to the South. The ships of Chittim arrive Against him, and he shall be struck."

Burning with shame, on us did vent his rage,
He bade his officer-in-chief to set
Upon us in the streets and public courts
With two and twenty thousand men.

Math.— O God!

Jud.—These brethren and myself escaped by flight
To tombs without the city where we hid
Ourselves. Some valiant women brought us food
And tidings. Ah! the Temple hath become
A tavern loud with orgies, where the women
Of Greece and Israel excel the men
In riot. Lo! within the very Holy
Of Holies, sits a wanton who receives
Incense from tippling Levites. On the shrine
Of God now stands the Grecian Idol.

Math.

Woe!

The Abomination unto desolation That Daniel saw.

Jud.—

Our citizens are forced

To show themselves at sacrifices, crowned With ivy wreaths to honor Bacchus' rites; Women and youths are sold as slaves; the flesh Of swine into the mouths of godly ones Is thrust, and mothers who have circumcised Their little ones must bear to have them hang About their necks, and then are headlong hurled From the house tops; they that keep the Sabbath whole Are burnt to cinders.

Math.—

To what end should we

Live longer!

All — (Weeping and rending garments)

Woe! Alas, unhappy Jews!

Math — (Looking upward and suddenly interrupting them)
Peace for now is the chosen time. The sins
Of the Greeks are white for harvesting. Our tears
And prayers and martyr's blood, have reached the throne
Of God, his wrath is turned to mercy, which
He will distil as dew. The hour to strike
Is nigh. Go, Judas, send thou word to all
Who are zealous for the law of God to be at hand
With tunics girt and arms or weapons 'neath
Their folds; and let them watch the signal.

Jud.—

What

Shall be the sign?

Math.—

The watchword "zeal."

(Exit Judas.)

Go arm

Yourself as best you can with staff or goad.

(Excunt Orthodox Jews and Jonathan)

(Chant heard from without)

A Voice:

Hail to the Thunderer, Pan-Hellenic God;
Hail to the Triumpher! Lo! beneath his nod
Olympus shakes
And chaos wakes.
O Creator force and life of all

Unto thee we bend, on thee we call!

Chorus:— Up with the censer with graceful swing,

The firstling of Spring

We gratefully bring,

Jubilee poeans we gratefully sing

To Jupiter king

(Enter youths bearing a statue of Jove, and sacrificial implements. Some place the statue on the altar whilst others arrange the wood, a lamb etc., for the sacrifice)

A voice.— Easterns acknowledged him; let your god of fire,
Worshiping, bow to him, gods' and heroes' sire
Let Orient knolls
Their Olive crowned polls
And their waving palms in dust trail low
'Fore Olympus' brow of clouds and snow.

Chorus:— Up with the censer, etc.

Math.—The air doth stink to the very sky, so foul
Their rites. My soul revolts, is choked, would fain
With nausea speed from this close atmosphere
Of sin. O death, thy coming is too slow,
O laboring soul wilt thou torment me thus
Or must my hand find thee a rent through which
To slip? (Enter Apelles, Menalaus, Alcimus, Ammonias and a crowd of Jews; also armed soldiers, Hubbub of voices).

Some Jews — More gold! shout for Epiphanes!

Menalaus.-

Now peace! and harken all

To his majesty's sage messenger, Apelles.

(Apelles stands toward the right with his partisans around, some Jews and the soldiers are in the background, whilst

Mathathias goes to the left apart)

Apelles—Good citizens, the king of kings commands
That all his faithful subjects sacrifice
To Jupiter Olympus.

1st Jew.— What will be Our gain, if we put forth our hands to do the deed?

Math.—(half aloud) Gehenna's fires, thou pagan whelps.

Apelles.—Profit! Why let your elders answer that.

Ammonias.—(Shaking a bag of gold)

Coffers that overflow with gold, the herds Of Galaad, and fruitful olive yards.

1st Jew .- Ho for Epiphanes!

Alcimus

What gain, ye ask?

Now since our sires departed from the Greeks Great evils have befallen us; in league With them all good doth come, heroic games, Fine arts, love of wisdom, culture. I Have visited the royal palaces Of Antioch, that is the heavenly Jerusalem. What statues! paintings!

Math.—(aside)

Forsooth the nude and blasphemous

Alcimus.—

O men!

Could you have seen the Persian carpets, rugs And curtains, Tyrian hangings, carvings all Of brass or silver, columns, colonnades, And ceilings fretted thick with gold; the baths Of marble. Ha! The royal serving men Are lodged more sumptuously than our priests, And yet the models of this splendor lie At Athens! Oh! could you but hear the hymns Of Greece, or listen to her poetry, Be present at her tragedies! And what Women they have!

2d Jew.—

Let us to Antioch.

Men.—What more? There's honor if you serve the king As soldier or retainer, artisan
Or scribe, you rise according to your merit.

1st Jew.—We'll have him as our king. Come, Azor, lead The way and sacrifice, and so shall I.

2d Jew.—Long live the Greeks! What salary is mine?

Some Jews .-- Ho for Antiochus!

Math.

Bone of my bone

Be not seduced by gauds like these which tempt, The eye and ear, for God hath chosen us For higher things. Alcimus.— What of the promises

To Abraham and to his seed forever?

Shall we then lack all substance and dominion?

Math.—The Lord hath kept the pact so long as we Were faithful, or when faithless did repent. Keep ye our Father's Circumcision.

If you would claim his promises.

Men.— Give ear

To me, as high-priest I define the truth; That circumcision and forbidden meats, Commanded by Jehovah long ago, Were necessary for the age, but now No longer bind. If we would live, then must We like the other nations live.

Math.— The Law

The master gave us like unto the truth Of Him remains forever.

3d Jew.— Truly said

O Mathathias!

Men.—

Of this lowly zealot. He cannot disprove
Our words, nor show that we have evil done,
Then he can clothe your maidens and your loves
In scarlet robes and ornaments of gold.

Some Jews.—Hearken to Menalaus, shout for him.

Men!— What evil have ye done, ye Men of Belial?

Forsooth what evil have ye left undone? O men, grown gray in sin. Ye priests appear With smooth shaved faces contrary to law Better to ape the fashions of the Greek: Ye've sacrificed in linen robes, so soiled That at the Antiochian games ye'd blush To appear in such attire. Your hearts are far From God, whilst speedily you mumble prayers In slothful attitude; quite otherwise Your converse with the handmaids of the Greeks, Ye crook the choicest portions of the gifts And sacrifices, leaving God the dross; Ye grip the moneys of the lonely wife And waif. Instead of shedding light around Ye have become a byword; rich man's priests And discus-players

Men .-

Whiskest thou thy beard

In my face? The dumb ox bellows loud, and he That played the hare or mole, and whilst the sword Swung o'er the fleeing multitude lay low With belly glued to the pavements leaves the wilds With powers of Elias. He alone Sits stainless, whilst he paints us scarlet.

Math.

Ha!

Dost smart thou perfumed canker? Thou art white But thine the whiteness is of leprosy,
The pus of sores, the foam of madness. Bright?
But thine's the shining of the garbage fly
The silvery slime of snails. Thou white-wrapt corpse
With aloes lined, with sweet balms stuffed, to hide
The rotteness within! But where is she
Of Benjamin, the wedded partner, whom
Didst put aside for one of circus fame
From Greece? Thou sacriligious murderer
And robber, dost thou know thy crimes? I
No lambent tongue do coil around the gems
Of heathen sandals: I will speak the truth.

Men.— And darest thou offend against the word?

"Thou shalt no evil speak against the prince
Of thy people."

Math.— Plates and ephod of the priest Are thine by theft, but thou'rt an interloper Within the fold

Alcimus.—

Him buffet with your palms.

(Enter Judas, Jonathan and orthodox Jews with concealed arms.)

Apelles.—I came not here to kindle wrangling, friends
But to unite. Let's rather speak him fair.
Thou art a great and honorable man,
A ruler, Mathathias, well adorned
With sons and brethren. Come thou, first, obey
The king's Commandment, as the Nations have
And they that dwell in Sion. Thou and thine
Shall be the sovereign's friends enriched with gold
And gifts.

Math.—(aloud) Although all peoples should obey Antiochus, and every man depart

Against dread Jove and king Antiochus;
So thou shalt be reserved for torments I (placing his hand on Mathathias) Arrest thee in the name of king——
(Mathathias makes a lunge at him with the knife which Apelles wards off with his sword. Apelles raises his sword to strike, but Judas rushes up and wrenches it away. Mathathias stabs Apelles who falls.)

Apelles .-

I'm struck,

Soldiers, your duty! Help me, Jupiter! (dies)
(Cantiele of Mathathias Chanted)

Math.—The renegade Jew and the heathen a covenant made,
In life they embraced, and when dying together they're
laid

'Twas cleverly done and most cleanly. I slew at your beck,

Would ye that I sacrifice further? approach that each neck And throat I circumcise fully with blood-dripping blade, They moulded a deity shameful, they called for his aid But why has he heard not their prayers? But Jove was dismayed.

He heard not their pleadings for he found not his ears on the ground;

Now how could he haste to give succor? his legs are not sound,

And they who adore all such idols the Lord will confound.

Revive ye the glories of Sion! And up with Judah's proud Lion Let him slay the Grecian Buck That the prophet said would be struck.

The horn Is shorn.

The heathen's yoke the Lord will sever, His mighty name will last forever.

(During the above the youths, soldiers and Menalaus' party have grouped together.)

Math.—Who burns with zeal for Testament come forth
And rally round me. (Jonathan and orthodox Jews crowd
around Mathathias.)

Men.—

Now I will be your leader. (Soldiers rush against Mathathias's party who draw out their weapons and hurl back the soldiery.)

From the laws his fathers handed down to him I and my sons and brethren will obey
The law of God. The Lord be merciful
To me. We will not hearken to the words
Of king Antiochus. [Menalaus and his party shake their fists
at Mathathias.]

Men.— He doth defy
The king and us, let's forth with torture him.

Apelles.—He is now wroth, his mind is ill-disposed For argument. Set thou, Ammonias, Example to thy countryman, and show How simple is the task the king commands.

Ammon.—(going to the altar)

Come Mathathias learn of me and see

What evil will befall me.

Judas—(To Jonathan) Lo! what ire Inflames our father, how his reins do tremble

Math—Tarry awhile! for I must sacrifice.

Mathathias' Party. How?

Menalaus' Party. What?

Jonathan.—(to Judas)

What wilt thou do?

Judas,—(turning his back on the others and drawing his sword.)

I know not,

But what will he do? Should he smirch the house

Of Joarib, I'll stab both him and thee,

And shed my bowels. (Mathathias goes to the altar.)

Math.— Give the knife, is't keen?

(He tries the blade, then suddenly stabs Ammonias who falls dead.) (Exclamations of surprise all around.)

Math.— Moses commanded; "If thy brother, son Or friend persuade thee, saying: "let us go
And serve strange Gods, thou presently shalt slay him."
The sword of Phinees! (upsetting statue)

Down with stocks and stones.

(Apelles advances.)

Apelles.—Hadst thou but killed a man, I'd have thee stabbed

To the earth, but thou hast dared to raise thy hand

Men.— Treachery!

To the camp for reinforcements!

Math.— Everyone That's fired with zeal will follow me.

Men.— With ring

Of steel enclose them in.

the soldiers.)

Math.— Follow you this knife
And bloody fist. Make way for liberty!
To the mountains! (Mathathias at the head of his party
whilst brandishing his knife, breaks through the lines of

Math.— Off the zeal of God consumes me (Mathathias and his party depart while chanting.)

Better a freeman in jewry than a helot in world ruling Greece:

Sweeter the hardships of battles than the ease of a cowardly peace;

Fairer the tent roofs of shepherds than the gold-fretted arches of crime,

Purer the breezes of hill tops than the bog air of Antioch's slime;

Nobler the company of jackals in their darksome recesses of glens,

Than to rejoice with the heathens in their sumptuous exercise dens.

Curtain



At night I hear thy plaintive cry
When other birds are still,
Thou saddest of our woodland birds—
Thou mournful Whippoorwill!
Thou mindest me of vengeful souls—
A sorry herd are they—
Thou nursest long some bygone wrong
In such a brooding way.

Art thou a broken-hearted bird

That hath some treasured wrong
Which day by day is made thy dream

And night by night thy song?
Thou grievest to the woods around,

To lonely vale and hill,
But aye the burden of thy woe

Is cruel "Whip poor Will!"

Now, tell me what did poor Will say,
And what did poor Will do?
Or was he once thy plighted mate,
And did he prove untrue?
Else why that never-ceasing cry
That breaketh from thee still
For some avenger of thy cause
To come and whip poor Will?

Sad bird, methinks, I'll go to-night
Down by the moon-lit rill
And hear from thee the reason why
I should bewhip poor Will.

Then should I find that he has helped
Thy cup of woe to fill
With unrelenting hand I'll ply
My whip on naughty Will.

Come, tell me did he crush thy eggs,
Or steal thy tender brood?
Or was he e'er a greedy bird
Nor broke with thee his food?
Ah me! sad bird, despite thy word,
I think thou lov'st him still,
And that for all thy seeming wrath
Thou wouldst not whip poor Will!

Ah no! the stars shall cease to shine,

The birds no longer trill,

The rushing river rave no more,

The sea become a rill,

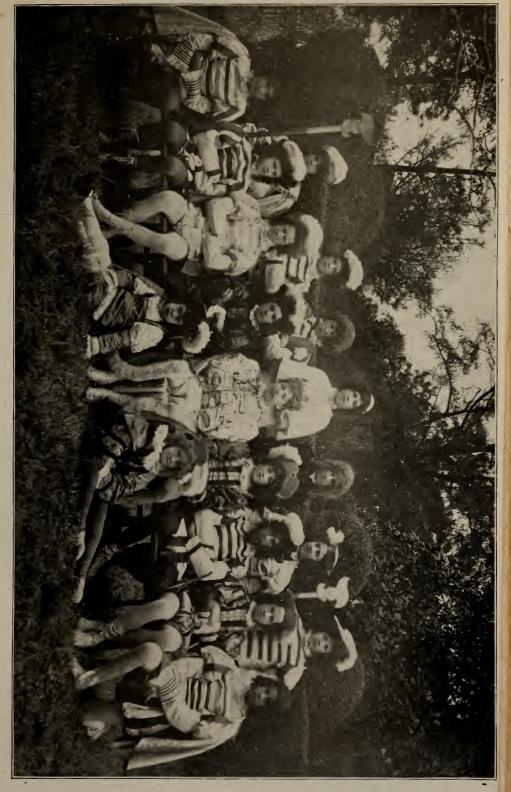
Ere thou, good, gentle, loving bird

Shalt my request fulfil

And tell me of thy secret woe,

And why to whip poor Will!

EYON.



The Cast in "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."



Elocution as an Educational Feature

DUCATION deals with the several faculties of the soul. It trains them sympathetically and systematically until it produces that finished product we call an educated gentleman. It has its essentials to be sure—but these by contrast require accidentals to give them the master touch. Some necessarily steal into the schooling process when the young mind —still in its plastic form—is turned into the mould. Others are mere accomplishements and may be omitted at pleasure. The purpose of this essay is to prove conclusively that elocution is not merely an accomplishment but a useful art: as useful to the business man as it is necessary to the professional orator, an essential factor in any well-defined education.

Elocution I believe to be the outward expression of a person's inner feelings. We might define style similarly and express our idea of the 'beaux arts' in the same manner: for what is an art but this outward expression of the inner workings of a man's soul.

In painting we see the fervid concepts of a vivid imagination thrown hot, as the molten metal into the mould, upon the dull, lifeless canvas—and lo! a masterpiece that charms and entrances by its close resemblance to the inimitable realities of created nature.

Architecture expresses tangibly the realistic conceptions of master minds who copy the secret beauties of the visible world around us and instil warmth and feeling into the cold marble or sigranite. You have your Gothic cathedral that reminds us of those distant cycles when our forefathers met in dark, silent, sombre forests to pour out their religious feelings to the Great Deity. We see the Grecian fane with its symmetrical outlines—a reflection of that wonderful nation so prolific in wonders of every branch of knowledge. Take the Moresque and those countless varieties of styles allied to it since the Italian Renaissance—and you imagine you feel the character of the people by the warmth of coloring and fairy airiness of those magnificent structures.

Music of course is essentially the art of expression. Be it vocal or instrumental you feel tangible modifications of mind and heart with the ebb and flow of the wavy cadences. Joy and sorrow may alternate here in the most rapid sucession and the tender emotions of your soul will keep in sympathetic touch with this audible expression of some inner feeling.

It is exactly in this that elocution is more than an accomplishment. It is an art; a factor of paramount importance in any systematized education.

A rational being is a sociable being thrown into that society of which he is a well-defined component. He differs from other created beings of the animal kingdom. His reason acts with a well-defined purpose and supplants mere instinct without however destroying it. Now to communicate with those other members of the body social a host of conventional, manifestative signs are required and a careful training is needed to foster, nurture and develop them. Rough-hewn as they are in the infant a guiding hand is necessary to graft or lop off as the case may be. To imagine that elocution as such has for its sole purpose the making of an actor or an orator is quite beside the point. Its purpose is more catholic, its aim more universal. Conversation—the medium we are all called upon to utilize in our daily intercourse—presupposes a careful training in this oft-neglected art. Thought is the product of the inner, spiritual man. 'Tis the formal cause of those subtle changes we call sympathetic feelings. Speech and gesture are its natural outlet and call the physical organs into play. This intimate connection between thought and expression is the basic pivot whereon hinge the different arts. Upon it ordinary conversation depends for strength and picturesqueness, its ready flow and vivid coloring. Hence the complete mastery of the principles of that art which conveys thought, sentiment and emotion in the most natural and effective manner enables the rational being to express thoughts clearly and easily. helps him to so vivify and illuminate those thoughts that his hearers see, hear and feel the earnest truth of his statements.

An orator who seeks to convince an audience and persuade them to side with his views, an actor who 'mid startling, stirring situations unfolds some master passion and sweeps us along with him to the denouement of his plot, is more or less successful according to the intense feeling he conjures up and the impassioned earnestness with which he manifests it outwardly.

Apart from these more remote benefits accruing from the study of elocution others which affect the masses are visibly evident to the casual observer. A systematic practice of elocution trains the voice in a striking manner. When in his teens your boy inva-

riably finds his voice weak, tremulous, changeable. There is nothing well-defined about it. It gathers strength with fits and gustsperiodically its rasping huskiness, inflexible with an appalling sameness, galls upon the sensitive auditory nerves. Melody it has-but rough and unpolished. Elocution taught with systematic perseverance remedies these defects and the voice acquires clearness. It clothed with a sustaining strength. It possesses a true, metallic cadence and is imbued with a melody—silvery in its beauty. The other organs of the body are likewise benefited in a marked degree. We acquire a bodily pliancy at once graceful and charming that moves and sways to the will of the speaker like the keys of an organ under the fairy touch of an accomplished artist. We command an active vigor and harmony of motion and become graceful, natural and effective. The mind is schooled by this study. The student who makes an honest, earnest effort to improve his natural gifts is brought in touch with the master minds of all ages. Memorizing pieces of elocution and imbibing their true meaning he impersonates for the nonce the heroes of by-gone ages and necessarily assimilates traits of character peculiar to the times depicted in the selection. schools him in a deep knowledge of character and enables him to reproduce a vivid and graphic manner the highest virtues and noblest aspirations that throb with the beatings of the human heart. We see your speaker glowing with this divine fire move the stoic to action and the sage to tears.

The world—that social circle, small, petty, pinched, in which we live—narrows down the scope of our aspirations. It necessarily contracts our views and plays a prominent part in the estimate we form of the persons we meet and the events that transpire during the short span of our lives. What is better adapted to widen our sympathies, to teach us the value of a broad-minded, catholic charity than this educational factor which affords an insight into life as it really was in the past and is necessarily in our own

Education, we said, develops all the faculties—physical and intellectual—by a well-defined, systematized process. Physical culture deals solely with the animal and seeks by a thorough curriculum of graded exercises to develop the student physically and fit him for the wear and tear of his life-career.

Moral culture handles the soul of your boy. It impresses on his young mind the essential difference between right and wrong. It shows him the whence and the whither of his calling and schools

him in that all-essential fact: the accountability of a rational entity. Other branches exercise his memory and strengthen his will Elocution utilizes them all and stamps a finishing touch on this process. It strengthens the lungs and respiratory organs and gives to the voice purity, power and flexibility and imparts to the body grace and ease in its every movement and attitude. It cultivates the youth's taste and judgment and quickens his perception and apprehension. It endows him with a strong will and self-possession not obtainable by any other process and fits him for his life-work. Brought in touch with the vicissitudes of life as exemplified in the distant past and the engrossing present the tyro imbibes a philosophical view of things and becomes possessed with a vigor of mind and courage of spirit that enable him easily to surmount the difficulties small and great that are strewn along his way. No; it is not merely your lecturer, your actor or your orator, your instructor in art or science, your man of God who expounds the stern realities of time and eternity, not your student of law, who seeks to win over his jury to acquit or condemn, not your statesman in house of representatives or dignified senate. that needs this schooling process. Art is mimetical and elocution essentially so. When the youth sounds the note of human passion, when he portrays the subtle, shifting, ever-varying inner workings of the human heart, he touches a something common to all ages and to all time, to all professions and to all callings. It is the art of arts, an all-necessary adjunct to any genuine curriculum of studies, a factor of paramount importance—as we said—in any well-defined education. It is the pivot on which hinge the other components that fit the youth for life's battle ground. With religion in the background coupled with a keen, intimate knowledge of the workings of the human heart—the youth is father to the man; his success is assured. The way "Homeward" is a comparatively easy one to cover. Baffled and rebuffed-he will meet difficulties with a stoic philosophy. He will submit to sorrow as a necessity and await the sunshine of joy and pleasure as its necessary counterpart. He will prove a blessing to his family and a joy to his friends, for he will be endowed with the dogged, determined energy of the old Spartans and the sublime, fearless courage of the Romans. He will possess fortitude of the Christian Catholic ancestors and seek the goal undaunted, undiscouraged, undismayed.

Realizing this fact our Alma Mater has wisely instituted a literary academy for the younger and more advanced students who seek to imbibe within her classic halls the pure food of unadulterated education. It is customary for these academies to give a dramatic reproduction once every year and call into play the histrionic talent of the members. Parents and visitors are loud in their praise of the ease and grace exhibited by the tyros on these occasions

This was especially noticeable in the semi-annual exhibition given under the auspices of the Junior Literary Academy.

The play selected for the occasion was the Prince and Pauper dramatized from Mark Twain's novel by Mr. J. F. Synnott, S. J. of the St. Louis University, Mo. Various showy scenes, more immediately suited to younger boys heightened the effect of the drama and came as an agreeable surprise to the enchanted audience. was indeed amusing to see the boy-dancers extricate themselves from the mazes of a labyrinthian may-pole dance, tripping nimbly and merrily around the stage with careless gait and pleasant smile. A complicated mechanism was never more rhythmic in its varied movements.

The Prince impersonated by G. A. Whipple, a little tot some four feet in height, took the audience by storm. He read his lines with pleasing voice and ready gesture.

A. G. Touart as Tom Canty, the Pauper, was a happy counterpart to his little friend the Prince. To see him at a regal repast was a feast in itself. These two young gentlemen may well feel proud of their efforts.

T. S. Walmsley as Miles Hendon, Edward's staunch friend, proved a genuine Damon in his loving friendship for his young Pythias. His rendition of his part proved very conclusively that he possesses a good fund of histrionic talent that will be easily developed in the immediate future.

John Canty found in N. L. Vickers a real villian. With Sykes, represented by J. J. Brown they had the audience at the highest pitch of excitement every time they appeared.

From stately King to dwarfish page the cast was indeed happily blended. Defects there were to be sure. Still this performance brought home to the writer the salient fact of the wisdom of these academies. It emphasized the truth of our assertion that Elocution taught in a systematized manner is fraught with the best results—and proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that it is a necessary adjunct to a college curriculum of studies-an all-important factor in our modern education.

THESPIS.

TO THE WILD JASMINE OF SPRING HILL.

How brightly on my gladden'd eye, Sweet flower of the vernal wold, Clad in the radiance of thy gold, Thou flashest 'gainst yon blue of sky!

O child of incense-breathing spring,
Thou gladsome ornament and rare;
Of greening boughs companion fair,
Sweet mem'ries of thee round me cling!

Eye-catching is thy golden dress

Mid bosky shades of deepest green;

To me thou bringest joy when seen,

Air-scenting, on thy pendent tress.

I love to watch the robber bee
Into thy honey-laden heart
To spoil thee of thy riches dart;
This pirate of the flower-sea.

I lie beneath the greenwood tree

And prize the charms of vernal day;
I listen to the soulful lay

That wakes the slumbers of the lea.

The flutist of our Southern woods
From blush of morn to darkness late
His blithesome notes pipes to his mate,
While in her nest she list'ning broods.

The mocker's lay, thy fragrance sweet Are joys to me beyond compare; Still greater, when on throbbing air His melodies thy fragrance greet. I hail thee on thy parent stem,

Bright daughter of the blooming spring!
Thy color and thy fragrance bring
Rich argosies of joy with them.

My heartfelt thanks, my pretty friend;
The priceless lesson thou hast taught
Suggests to me my life be fraught
With holy deeds that Godward tend.

K. Rounds, '07.

MARIE PHILIPPE

I. A CONTRAST.

EAR reader—we are witnessing a few incidents of an upheaval-titanic in its force, satanic in its ferocity. Human blood-hounds glut their savage hate in the pure blood of their brothers. The lowest passions of a degraded, degenerate nation are freed and let loose to tear up and pull asunder, to burn and demolish, to supplant order with ghastly ruin and smear the fair face of a once maidenly nation with the foul frothings of frenzied vice. The lair of the wild beast strewn with the mouldering carcasses of ravished prey were as a princely demesne compared with the country at this crisis of the world's history-for France during the Revolution was dead and hell claimed the land. It was enkindled by the atheistic teach-

ings of the encyclopedic school and fanned by the stirring eloquence of that mighty demagogue Mirabeau, whose ponderous physical frame was a fit receptacle for those overwhelming mental qualities that made him a leader in this unprecedented political convulsion. Tyrannical Rome with its Nero, its Domitian, and its Caligula was fittingly duplicated in the Paris of the revolutionary era when a Robespierre, a Danton and a Marat vied with sleepless jealously to watch their colleagues in crime and immorality and claim pre-eminence in this el honor: that of pampering every disorderly crime and catering to the depraved tastes of a debauched mob. O had Clovis and his faithful legions been there to sweep aside the vile rabble! But no! Paradise lost was retrieved by the bloody agony in Gethsemane's star-lit garden. So was it to be with France when a Montmartre would rise on the martyr's hill to command the blood-strewn streets of the infidel metropolis.

It was a few weeks after the actual outbreak of this dreadful revolution. A fair lady of some fifty summers was seated with her petite daughter Marie in a gorgeous caleche. They had been to Notre Dame and were on their way to their stately mansion in the Faubourg St. Honore. they were emerging from the Place de la Bastille their progress was impeded by a large crowd of rough-looking men listening to the flaming declamations of an impious orator. He was just concluding his impassioned harangue as they strove to drive forward. Traffic was at a standstill.

"Ventregris,' broke forth one of the mob, Gustave Dubuisson. "Voila! An aristocrat wearing her fine jewels while we sweat and die of hunger!"

"Good afternoon," sweetly spoke the lady as she gave a stately bow. "How are mes cheris," and she threw a few gold coins among the crowd.

"Keep your tin," growled a voice, "we're not dogs!"

"At your pleasure." And she gently urged the pony forward.

"Not so quick ma grande dame," angrily cried Gustave, and he seized young Marie's hand. "A shake to the future prosperity of the people!" He brought the tears to the girl's eyes as she writhed with pain under the torturer's clasp.

"Oh, oh! Parbleu! You dislike the touch of an honest man! W we'll meet again Madame Philippe and perhaps your fair daughter will remember me."

Gustave Dubuisson was a former servant of Madame Philippe. He had been educated by her and given every opportunity to cultivate his tastes. Degrading, immoral literature replete with disgusting naturalness soon found its way through his mind to his heart and the poison found no antidote there. The once faithful servant became ere long an habitual drunkard and fell an easy prey to other numberless vices. ardent advocate of the revolutionary platform he at once claimed pre-eminence with his easy flow of Parisian French and his classic lore stood him in good stead. His most hated enemies were his former friends: Madame, her sweet daughter Marie and her devout son Paul. Christ had his Iudas who used that most sacred bond of true friendship—a kiss to bring his Master, his loving Master-to Calvary's rock-bound Gustave Dubuisson repayed kindness in a similar manner and dragged his former friends to the foot of the guillotine.

"Mama," sobbed Marie, as she nestled to her mother's heart, "I



PAUPER: "I am but young to die: Speak one word and thou canst save me." (ACT II)



am afraid of that man. Mischief lurked in his bloodshot eyes and malice hid in the ugly curve of his lips. I'm afraid—afraid. A storm is brewing!"—

"Take courage, dear. God and His blessed Mother are with us." And the fragile lady urged the pony forward.

Are you an observer of the celestial phenomena that occasionally sweep upon us? Mayhap you have witnessed a tornado tear along like a maddened monster and sweep before it every vestige of a once peaceful community. Ere it came a peaceful stillness reigned through field and woodland, through shady vale and moss-covered hillock. The cloudless sky bespoke a pleasant day. The feathered warblers chirped incessantly as they watched their little offsprings, fearful and trembling, flitter from branch branch as they gazed in mute wonder on the new world around them. Away in the distance the lowing of a grazing herd charmed you as the echoes rehearsed the notes. Everywhere peace! Of a sudden a dark speck appeared on the horizon like a huge bird sailing gracefully through the air. It came near and nearer as a rumbling noise presaged the dire reality: a tornado pouncing upon the defenseless and unprepared, scattering broadcast devastation, ruin, aye—and dark despair. Violent convulsions are shortlived and in a few minutes where peace profound there the cries of the wounded, the agony of the dying, the despair of the survivors.

Natural phenomena have a frightful reality about them, but still, inanimate as they are, they cannot compare with those moral upheavals that occasionally change the history of a nation. Here we have the rational element that works for a well-defined purpose. It devastates property. It upturns law and order. It gluts its savage, drunken rage in frantic bacchanalian orgies and spills the blood of the law-abiding, the pure and the innocent until the rivers of the country are reddened with a ghastly hue. Such was France in those days: the arena where met the debauched and the profligate denying their Christ and bowing their atheistic knees to the goddess Reason. My God, my God, why hast Thou abandoned me-the daughter of Clovis Charlemagne—France the fairest daughter of Thy Church!

Madame Philippe arrived at her chateau on the outskirts of the city. The sun was setting in a glorious west tinged with a blood-colored corona. To the east the clouds were darked with fantastic tints: mauve, and green and yellow, and shaped themselves into bizarre, ghoulish forms serried in battle array. The stifling heat of the day was soon succeeded

by a violent storm and the thunder with loud reverbrations shook the woods around the house.

"Eh bien, Jean," sweetly spoke the lady. "You're a little sad this evening! why such a gloomy face, my son?"

"Ah, madame," returned the grey-haired old man, "I fear, I fear! This afternoon while you were at your devotions some four or five dark-eyed sans-culottes were hovering around our home. When I went to meet them they disappeared as quickly as they came."

The pelting rain put an end to further talk as the ladies were ashered into the drawing room by mere Jeannette the faithful old bonne who had been with her mistress for many a long year.

We won't analyze the cause of the following scene, but Marie threw herself on her mother's breast, and Jeannette dropped on her knees while they sobbed and sobbed in silence. Not a word did they speak. Their hearts fluttered. Calvary was here at last! Consummatum est?—

About nine o'clock that night a faint rap was heard at the door. As it was unbarred a young man entered, a picture of robust health and quiet peace of soul. He was some six feet in height, stately as a soldier, wearing a classic head—keen blue eyes enhanced the clearness of his complexion and his thin lips spelled an artistic tem-

perament. His accoutrement would have deceived you as to his profession. He wore a gaudy suit of the latest Parisian pattern and his frilled cravat sat becomingly on his clear, full throat. He was withal a minister of God. Just two days before he had been ordained a priest of the Church Militant and was to say his first mass on the morrow. In those troubled days a priest lived in hiding and proved a worthy successor to the heroes of the Catacombs.

"Well, Paul chéri," asked the mother as she received his loving kiss," busy again?"—

"To be sure. My first sick call. A poor old fruit vender dying of hunger down in one of the ratholes along the Seine. My sweet God! How consoling to send a soul to heaven! And to think of it: she laid her quivering, palsied hands on my head as she gave her last gasp, to bless me an unworthy priest of the All-High!"

"How did you manage to get back in safety?" asked Marie. We had our own troubled experience.

"Oh I joined in a few songs I heard and fell in with a lot of old doting drunkards I met. A dark alley here and there helped me along although I had to run for my life more than once. I was just leaving the Place de la Concorde when a colonel—an erstwhile friend of ours—espied me by the light of a sputtering torch and gave me the chase, Well

here I am safe and sound, thank God. They are still in the city somewhere cursing their ill-luck I suppose.

Old Jeannette crept noiselessly into the room where the small family was discussing the future and announced supper.

Woo-oo-oo, whistled the wind through the woodland, woo-oooo!-and it swept along a pelting rain. The windows shook before the onslaught and the curtains rustled with ominous warning. The faithful old watch dog looked up wistfully at the young priest's face and growling with guttural sound lay at his feet. The three little kittens forgot their antics and seeking shelter on the rug near the fire nestled together for mutual protection. The darkness thickened. while thunder lightning played havoc in the country round about.

"Paul, Paul," whispered the mother, "is the end of the world at hand? Listen." And with a crash a tall, stately, robust oak tree was dashed to pieces by a fiery bolt.

Marie dropped her glass and nestled close to her mother.

Poor mother! Poor child! Each feeling strong in the other's weakness.

"Thy kingdom come!" quietly whispered Paul as he crossed himself." Courage, mother, God is with us!"

The meal was ended in silence

and after their fervent night prayers were said they retired for the night.

But Paul slept not. Like the valiant chevalier of old, he kept his vigil pondering on the awful reality of his first mass. At his word the God of hosts would descend into his trembling hands; his victim, his Christ, his God! Yes; do this Paul for a commemoration of Me!—

II. THE FIRST MASS.

"Ventre gris, but those canailles of aristocrats will pay for their folly! A mort is our watchword! Vive la liberté." And the glasses flashed in the dingy tavern.

Gustave Dubuisson was there with his faithful horde of debauched, filthy vagabonds, spendthrifts, looters, castaways from every slum of Paris. Unkempt, unshaven they presented a hid-Lewd women eous sight. around in large numbers and quaffed the poisoned alcohol in frantic glee. We must omit any description of such scenes. They were hell-born, satanic. Born in the very depths of the abyss the French Revolution held undisputed sway with the degraded rabble of those troubled times.

"Eh bien, Gustave," croaked a filthy old cobbler, one Pierre Letelier, "is there anything worth doing these days?" "Mais oui!" Interrupted a young stripling of some twenty summers." Pere Dubois has a fine aristocratic residence out in the suburbs. He's got a little tin that would keep us supplied for a few days. And his wine! Mille tonnerres! it is good enough for the gods!"

"Bravo, mon 'tit chéri," yelled old Dufour, a one-legged villian. "Why, the old doting prayer-sayer has been feeding me for the last twenty years. We'll nab him sure!"

"One moment," and Gustave filled his goblet. "Pere Dubois has skipped I guess since his house was reduced to ashes. Can't be found; so we'll have to look elsewhere for a sure job."

"Why how about Comte de l' Epine over in the foubourg St. Germain?" queried a debauched, drunken youth. His clear-cut classic features stamped him as a well-beloved son fallen from a noble lineage. Why he might have been a leader in a grand cause with his stately bearing. "Yes, I know him well. He refused his daughter in marriage so I guess I'll have my revenge."

"You're too late, cheri," whispered a wizenfaced old hag whose ugly features easily told the life she led. "We cut his throat last night and sent his family to the guillotine."

"Tout doux," laughed Gustave, "only a few miles tramp and

I'll give you all the wine and money you want. Madame Philippe is an old acquaintance of mine and she'll do her best to give us a warm breakfast tomorrow morning."

"That's the stuff!" yelled the mob. "En avant—for the glory of our cause and the freedom of all true Frenchmen."

-It was four o'clock the next morning: dark, damp, dismal-Nature seemed wrapt in a deep mantle of mourning. Not a warbler to enliven the early hours. The wind sighing with fit and gust shook the pearly drops still clinging to the trees and made the fireside all the more comfortable. Within a smal room in the third floor of the chateau a scene fit for God's angels spread itself before your gaze. Near a window stood a small altar. What loving hands had adorned it? It was a bank of flowers where mingled the fragile lily and the blushing rose, the stately palm and humble fern, strewn with numberless pure, white candles that fluttered to and fro as living, holy souls burning out their short, ephemeral lives to the glory of the God-head. Madame Philippe and her sweet daughter knelt in devout prayer mere Jeannette the tears of joy that streamed down her honest, wrinkled face. Young father Paul was vesting for his first tremendous ordeal-his first mass. Faithful old Jean was there—an altar-boy once more—glad to revive the days oh, the sweet days—when he served the daily mass of the venerable old Curé now gone to his reward

Not a step! Not a word! We are near the Holy of Holies.

Ah Paul! I understand the trembling hands. I realize the cause of that glistening tear. I feel the meaning of that stifled sigh. Thou art a priest forever according to the order of Melchisedech.

With slow step, led by his faithful old friend Jean, the priest advances to the foot of the altar. I think I hear them sing, those angels of Bethelehem that adored the Babe-King on that frosty night while shepherds knelt in heartfelt adoration.

"Angels we have heard on high Sweetly singing o'er our plains: And the mountains in reply

Echo back their joyous strain: Sing, oh sing, oh sing this blessed morn

Jesus Christ today is born: Gloria in Excelsis Deo!"

The mass—the sacred mass begins in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

"Introibo ad altare Dei!"

I shall go to the altar of God, to the God who is the joy of my youth.

But see: the mother is startled. With a scream she sinks to the

floor.

Carried on the angry wind howling through the woodland, the notes of that awful song—the revolutionary war-hymn—were brought to her ears.

Yes! The Mass! Mother and daughter, priest of God and faithful old servants, Calvary is here at last. The Cross was the altar Christ willingly chose for His sacrifice and at the foot of that Cross He saw the faithful daughters of Jerusalem, His loving mother and young priest of God. "Ye sons of France, awake to glory!

Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!

Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary—

Behold their tears and hear their cries!

Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,

With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,

Affright and desolate the land, While liberty and peace lie bleeding?

To arms! to arms ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!

March on! march on! all hearts
resolved

On victory or death!

The priest went on-

"Quare tristis es anima mea et quare conturbas me?"

Why art thou sorrowful my soul and why disturb my peace?

The notes of the song grew louder. It was a medley of harsh, discordant sounds welling from the throats of a frenzied mob.

"Introibo ad altare Dei!———— And the priest kissed the altar.

"Open in the name of the law," loudly commanded a voice. It was the traitor Dubuisson with his debauched horde of cutthroats.

No answer! No sound except the reverberating echo rushing through the house.

"You curs! We'll save you the trouble of disturbing your slumbers," and an angry sansculotte—a butcher by trade—smashed the massive door.

The mob rushed forward.

In a trice the parlor and various reception rooms were a mass of tangled debris. The iconoclasts did their work well. Nothing escaped their rage. The sacred emblems of our Faith were torn and lacerated with maddened joy. Verily the flood-gates of hell were open.

Madame Philippe was now herself again. A woman's heart will quail before imminent danger—but as it rushes onward you find in her a heroine whose masterly courage is seldom if ever equalled by the stronger sex.

She came forward.

"Mais, bon jottr, mes amis," she calmly said, as she met her tormentors.

"Why yes! Just take this; a loving present from an old friend of the family," and Dubuisson—Judas Iscariot—ran her through with his sabre.

The mob dispersed through the house destroying and pillaging to their heart's content.

"Down here, down this way," clamored a rough voice, "wine, wine and plenty of it."

The word caught like wild-fire and the crowd rushed down to the cellar. We will omit the scene. They emerged transformed into human bloodhounds thirsting for more blood. Later on a dark-eyed monster named Cheval rushed among them leading Paul still clad in his sacerdotal vestments and his sister pale and trembling like a frightened fawn. The two faithful old servants were left at the foot of the altar weltering in their blood—in their martyr's blood-reddened with the fervor of a divine charity.

"Un pretre, a priest! Yelled the mob. "We'll have a mass, we'll have a mass!"

"To the guillotine! A mass on the guillotine! A new show for the lovers of liberty!" And the mob yelled in wild delight.

"Tout doux!" spoke Gustave.
"Before we depart we must leave
our official stamp on this den. It
has shielded aristocrats long
enough. Let it be burned to—!"
But he didn't finish his sentence.

Faithful old Jacquot, Paul's favorite mastiff, had followed his young friends. With keen instinct

he remembered the once faithful servant. With a growl that terrified even the drunken mob he leaped forward, caught him by the throat and shook him as he would a rat. The vengeance of an angry God was visible here. A gasp, a gulp as the blood clogged his throat and Dubuisson fell at the feet of the lady he had murdered with terrified hate and fear glistening in his glassy eyes. The dog still held his victim until a bullet sealed his heroic act. Truly the beasts of those days were made of sterner stuff than the men that walked the land.

"Burn! burn the house!" clamored the mob. "We must avenge the death of our noble chief!"

And the dark sky was soon reddened with the reflection of the conflagration, while the once fair chateau crumbled into a charred, unsightly mass of ruins.

III. THE GUILLOTINE.

Ere they left they rummaged the stables and secured a horse and wagon. This was to be the triumphal car that would carry our priest-hero and his loving sister to the foot of the guillotine. The motley procession moved on 'mid curse and jeer. It reminded one of that sad, sad procession through the streets of Jerusalem when the God-martyr covered with bruises, panting and trembling from exhausting loss of blood wended his weary way to the

summit of Calvary. And listen to the war-hymn—that spread from lip to lip like the billows of an angry, foaming sea.

"With luxury and pride surrounded,

The bold insatiate despots dare Their thirst of gold and power unbounded—

To mete and vend the light and air.

The beasts of burden would they load us,

Like gods would bid their slaves adore;

But man is man, and who is more? Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

To arms! to arms! ye brave!

The avenging sword unsheathe!
March on! march on! all hearts
resolved

On victory or death!"

"Mille diables; but we'll have a show! guffawed a drunken sansculotte. "I'd pawn my soul to witness a mass on the guillotine!"

"And look at the girl! Fit for an empress with her flowing hair and pearly eyes!" sighed his neighbor, a lad of some sixteen summers.

"You bet," added a third. "We'll make her our goddess yet."

Poor Marie! She clung with passionate fondness to her priestly brother. He was her only hope in such diabolical surroundings. Oh what a picture of despairing hope! Her dishevelled hair was

blown around her like a protecting shield. Blanched like a weird being from beyond the grave she was now tearless from heart-rending sorrow. Her eyes were bulging out of their sockets and gave her the appearance of one insane and demented. She heard not the curse! She saw not the frightful scenes around her! The form of her murdered mother clogged her gaze. She barely realized the presence of her loving brother.

Paul wore a sweet smile. He would meet his death like a brave warrior of the Church Militant. Come what may—what cared he! He was at peace with his God.

As they proceeded through the streets of the city, the crowd increased. A priest clad in his vestments! A mass on the guillotine! Why! it was a feast to eclipse the gladiatorial contests of the old Roman arenas!

Lewd women were there in serried numbers, vile drunkards rollicking in maddened mirth, street arabs eager to emulate their elders with here and there a selfconstituted lieutenant on horseback who proudly gave his orders.

"On to the Place de la Bastille! The guillotine is ready: it is still dripping with the foul blood of aristocratic traitors."

And the mob surged forward. At last! at last the guillotine loomed up—silhouetted against the storm-clad sky, red with bespattered blood. It was the revolutionary monument erected throughout the length and breadth of France, in the cities and in the provinces, in the towns and in the hamlets. The young couple was driven to the foot of this terrible contrivance.

"Get out, you brutes," howled one of the leaders! "Out I say and be quick about it!"

Paul raised his sister gently and would have helped her out—but a vile cutthroat leaped forward and knocked her to the ground.

"Bravo! Bravo!" shrieked a thousand fiends and the streets re-echoed the cheer.

Marie arose with a ghastly gash in the head. But now her strength was at its best. She looked at Paul who was already at her side.

"A kiss, sweet mademoiselle," asked a dirty ruffian, as he laid his filthy hand on her arm.

"Back you fiend!" cried Paul.
"One step and by the God I adore
I'll kill you as I would a cur!"

As if impelled by some supernatural power the mob surged backward.

"Proceed to you steps!" growled a colonel as he struck Paul a blow across the face with the flat of his sabre.

The youthful man of God obeyed.

"And now to your old woman's prayers! Begin your mass!"

Paul clasped his sister's hands,



looked into her pure, sweet eyes—oh! with what a world of meaning.

"One kiss, my own darling sister—and au revoir in heaven!"

Then he quietly folded his arms while a deathly silence held the crowd.

A chalice was placed near the guillotine. Two candles were lit on either side while a mutilated crucifix covered with dirt was hung above.

"Well!—to your prayers!" came the order a second time.

But the priest remained silent. Of a sudden with a last look towards heaven, he seemed inspired.

"Ita Pater," cried he. "Introibo ad altare Dei." "Yes Father! I shall go to Thy altar," and he solemnly mounted the steps of the scaffold. He kissed the chalice, blew out the lights and in a trice the executioner had slipped the sharp blade from its fastenings and his head rolled on the platform.

A thousand hands clapped in frantic approbation. A thousand voices yelled with mad delight. Another martyr in heaven. Another cry for vengeance on the perpetrators of these bloody deeds. Ah! Danton, Robespierre, Marat! Beware! beware! A mysterious finger is tracing your fate on that hidden wall. Mane! Thecel! Phares! Beware! Your days are numbered.

Marie was kneeling near the

prostrate form of her dear Paul. Not a tear; not a sigh! The heart refuses this solace when rent with overpowering grief. She took the bleeding head in her pure, small hands, looked long and lovingly into the still smiling face and imprinted a farewell kiss on the now livid lips. Then seizing the chalice she allowed the blood of the martyr to drip into its cup while the crowd was mute with wonder. A whisper flew from lip to lip. With a fond look towards heaven she arose, clasped the chalice to her heart and dashed down the steps. The mob hardly realizing what it was doing made an exit and followed her with mute wonder. It soon closed again as other heroes were to redden the gutters with their hallowed blood. The maiden walked on and after a long, weary march arrived at the charred ruins of the once happy home. Climbing to the highest wall left standing after the fire like a faithful sentinel guarding the demesne she deposited the chalice on its weird heights. Then with a smile she picked her way back to the ground. A few faithful old peasant friends of the family soon gathered around. She was unaware of their presence. With hands clasped passionately she was heard to repeat the last words of her brother Paul.

"Introibo ad altare Dei!"

They begged her to go to their poor hovels. As well try to move

the imperturbable rock. She gave them a blank stare and repeated the fervent ejaculation: "Introibo ad altare Dei; Introibo ad altare Dei!"

A few moments later she sank

to the ground. A short gasp and she went to rejoin her family in the realms of peace beyond the grave—the martyr of a broken heart.

OBSERVER.

AN EASTER CAROL

The silver chimes
In soft, clear rhymes,
Ring out the blessed, joyful times;
The angels sing
And to us bring
Sweet tidings of the risen king.

Apollo's char
A flaming star

Sneds light on verdant fields afar;
With fitful beams
It shines and gleams
On tranquil lakes and rippling streams.

In wearied hearts
A pleasure starts
To know that sin now crushed departs;
E'en children gay
Far happier play
On this fair, gladsome, sinless day

On Easter fair
All offer prayer
And place their souls in Jesus' care
Both Seraphim
And Cherubim
In heaven joy to welcome Him.

Joseph A. O'Leary, '07

A MOTHERS INFLUENCE

T was in the hush of the evening hour. The broad, red disc of the sun was slowly sinking behind the swelling hills, and in the valley beneath the parched flowers were lifting their drooping heads and calling upon the twilight. Softly she came, giving them to drink from her cup of invigorating dew, and like a tender mother, throwing with touch so light, her shadowy mantle over them; bathing each leaf and petal, and bidding the fitful night breeze winnow with its cooling wings the languid rose-bush, and lull the baby blossoms to their nightly dreams.

It was at this hour when all around was silent that a mother sat at an open window which fronted on a lawn, where now, in the gathering gloom, the fire-flies were tossing amongst the shrubs their golden argosies of light. But her gaze rested not on the freshened loveliness of Nature; she thought not of the glooming of the twilight; nor marked how star after star came out in the brightening heavens. Her thoughts were all too sad, for there beside her was her boy, her only child, the pulse of her heart, the joy of her home, with, face abashed and eve-lids drooped beneath her questioning glance. The lad had sinned, why or how it matters not, and now at twilight's sacred hour had come to tell, in broken words, his mother of his sin.

His soul was racked with the recollection of his fault, and the cloud that follows in the wake of sin (Ah, who that has known what sin is, has not felt that chilling gloom!) had now for the first time settled darkly over his youthful spirit. It was his wont at eventide to come to mother and tell, in boyish fashion, what had befallen him whilst away from her presence; often had he come to tell her of his success in school, and of his triumphs in the games among his fellows. And he felt that tonight he could not lay his head in quiet sleep upon his pillow before he had unbosomed himself to mother. So there he stood breathing his tale of sorrow sadly in his mother's pitying ear. Her arm encircled him and pressed him tenderly to her bosom, and she spoke the while in accents low, yet pleadingly earnestly, of Him whose eye is ever on our souls, and "in whose sight no living man is justified;" bidding him remember how each sin of thought and word and deed is written by the recording Angel on

the Judgment scroll. And then in the holy silence and silent holiness of a mother she knelt there and prayed, as only a mother ean, beside her wayward child that God might forgive him and keep him ever in His love. The boy was touched to the very soul; large tears welled up in his eyes, tears that sparkled and glistened, brightly as stars, coldly as diamonds, but possessed of a value far beyond either, for they were tears of sorrow for sin. kissing his mother good-night he went to rest with a deep sense of peace within his soul.

Years passed away and with them came the passing of his everloving and beloved mother. No longer was she beside him at early morning to rouse him from his sleep what time the golden sunlight flushes all the hills; no longer was her gentle head laid upon his wavery tresses when evening brought him to her side; no longer her sweet voice cheered him at his going out, nor her winning smile welcomed him at coming in; no longer was there the nightly hearing of his lessons, nor the tender kiss that used to make him feel so happy when he bade her his good-night. These things were all now gone, and in their place was a new-made grave, where under the flowers he had planted over it, mother was resting till the Morning.

The weary months dragged on .

and the orphan boy found cheer only where his mother lay. At early morn was he found there while as yet the sparkling dew fought with the sun over the grave, and he used to watch it slowly dry as the fresh wind breathed over it. Then would he kneel and pray and talk in his boyish way to his mother, begging her, oh, so pleadingly, to come once, even once and tell him that in Heaven she still remembered and loved him.

Years came, years went, and the boy had shot up into a man in all his gracefulness; but with his early manhood came a change over his soul, deep in the flower of his heart was the canker-worm that gnawed away its bloom.

He was an officer in the army and had been detailed on foreign service. He lived in a sin-beguiling city of a land far, far away from the dew-bespent grave of his mother; and he had almost forgotten that he ever had a mother; and were it not for the photo on which his eyes sometimes rested, as he turned over his papers, there was naught to remind him of the lessons she had taught him in his childhood. Reckless, ave, wicked had been his life; the world with its concupiscences had ensnared him. He had drunk in at every sense her sinful pleasures; and to-night he was on the verge of filling up his cup of iniquity.

A tempter, whom he deemed

his bosom friend, had been with him that very hour and had urged him to do a Dreyfuss' deed, and then like Judas had slunk away in the darkness of the night. would come again in the morning he hoped, the "trifling thing," as he called it, would be ready. This "trifling thing" was nothing else than the handing over to the enemies of his country the duplicate of the secret map of the fortifications of the island. It was urged upon him by his friend that there was nothing to fear, no living being save themselves would ever know aught about it.

It is midnight, the candle on his table has burned to the socket —the young officer is alone in his chamber-temptation's power is strong upon him, and soldier though he is, he quails beneath that power. The "still small voice" of Conscience whispers not to do the deed of shame, but Passion in a voice that drowned the low, soft whisper of conscience, bids him do it. A frightful struggle now goes on within his soul. He wishes to yield and so escape the terrible conflict of further suffering, and yet Conscience holds him back from giving final, willful consent. But Passion grasps Conscience by the throat and swears that with his iron grip he will throttle her unless she keeps silent. The struggle is over. The "still small voice" is hushed within him, his mind is made up to do the deed. He opens a secret drawer of his escritoire and, in the flickering rays of the candlelight, searches for the fatal documents, when lo! he starts back in shrinking fright. A moment and he would have accomplished an undying deed of treason, but there, he knew not how, upon the fatal document was his mother's photo with its saintly, pleading eyes looking up at him with a gaze like that which years ago she had fixed upon him.

No words of warning fell now from the silent lips, but yet they seemed to say to him: "God's ever-waking eye is on thee!" Like trumpet tones through all the silent years her words now ring within his soul—the candle with a last lingering flicker goes out, yet in the thick darkness he seems to see his mother's pensive face, and to feel her tender arm around him now as it had been on that sad evening of the far-away childhood when for the first time he had sinned. And he bethought him how often in the years past he had at his mother's grave asked her to come but once, just once and tell him that she still remembered and loved him in Heaven. And lo! his prayer was now strangely answered. Thick and fast, as when first she gave them, rushed the memory of his mother's counsels over his sin-seared heart; and rising up he cast the

fatal duplicate map into the fire, and then kneeling there in heartfelt contrition he prayed to God for pardon of his meditated crime, and in the bitterness of his soul bewailed his sinful years.

The small hours of night dragged on and yet he knelt there—he seemed to feel that passion and sin and iniquity were slowly untwining themselves from his sin-stained soul, creeping out of his bosom, crawling away like wounded snakes and concealing themselves in the blackness of the night. Morning dawned and yet he knelt there; and when his false friend knocked at the chamber

there was no voice to bid him enter. Cautiously he opened the door, within he beheld a kneeling figure with a crucifix in the clasp-de hands and a look of serenest peace upon the marble face. Drawing near he touched him lightly but immediately shrank back in horror, for he had laid his hand upon a corpse.

In his protracted vigil the strong soldier's heart had broken through perfect contrition for his sin, and his soul had gone at early morning to join that of the mother who had saved him.

I. N., '06.

A SONG

Sing me a pleasant song tonight, Sing me a song to cheer; For my heart is sad, and the light Has faded on the mere.

Sing me a song to soothe this pain, Sing me a song of hope; Oh! I long for joy, and would fain Against my sorrow cope.

N. Vickers, '07.

THE SOUTHERN SOLDIER

MEN OF THE SOUTH!. CHILDREN OF DEATHLESS HEROES!.

HIS large assembly is a verification of the words of Collins in his beautiful tribute to the last resting place of patriots: "How sleep the brave who sink to rest

By all their country's wishes blest!

There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,

To bless the turf that wraps their clav."

We are gathered together today in a graveyard, in a city of the dead, the most fitting place to . celebrate the glory of our Confederate heroes.

Two great motives inspire me in my efforts. I am not one of those who fought, but I have the good fortune to be the son of one who fell in battle when opposing the invader and whose grave is on one of the hillsides engirdling our historic city. I consider it a great honor to make this address and to be allowed to proclaim the glory of those whose fame will be as deathless as the fame of that great struggle which shook this mighty republic to its very foundations. A second incentive is the sight of this countless multitude before Your looks of expectation and your smiles of encouragement

lead me to hope that every utterance of mine will be received with hearty approval.

My theme is rich, no matter from what standpoint I view it. There are many ways of examining it, and after casting about for one phase interesting to my listeners and within the grasp of my powers. I have chosen the devotion of the Southern soldier to his cause and principle.

Forty-five years ago a black cloud hung over our country. The hurricane of war swept with headlong fury over our devoted Southland from the rugged hills of Maryland to the prairie wastes of Texas. Passion was at a white heat when the news flashed over the wires that Fort Sumter had fallen. The North buckled on her sabre for hostile invasion; the South, nothing daunted, encased her beauteous limbs in steel to repel the invasion. She would fight for the hallowed principle of state sovereignty. The issue of this mighty contest, decided by the arbitrament of the sword, is familiar

Who were they who took part mighty contest? They were men from every grade of society; the refined and cultured, the man of letters, the lawyer and

merchant, the humble son of toil who had guided the plow in the field, or had swung the hammer in the village forge. The young and old. Boys burning with the fire of youth, eager for war, longing to hear the screech of bullets and roar of cannon. For these war had as yet had no terrors. They did not understand its full meaning. Old men went to the front, men whose passions had died out except the noble passion of love of country. They knew that war was a scourge, a curse laying waste the smiling field, the happy home, whose path was marked by carnage and bloodshed. Some considered the war as a robbery of free born Americans of their most precious birthright. The Southerner believed that his rights were trampled upon and, rather than relinquish them undisputed, he preferred to shed the last drop of the red life blood which coursed so generously through his veins. With his rights lost, he preferred not to be rather than be less than what he had been. His more humble and illiterate companion could not grasp the principle so clearly. He understood that his State had been invaded and his home attacked. This was cause enough for him to fight the more valiantly. The pain of separation from the loved ones was as keen for the one as for the other. Both were leaving the old homesteads, their wives and children, their sisters and brothers. They parted

with the fear that perhaps there would be no meeting here again.

Our Southern soldiers marched to battle with joyous hearts, often jesting and laughing at death as if it were a far away object. The roar of cannon and the fire of musketry had few terrors for them. The crash of the bursting shell, the roar of the artillery, the steady muffled tread of the troops hastening forward to grapple with their foes; the shock as man met man and beast met beast, were as familiar to them as the occurrences of everyday life. The grim powder-begrimed combatant often welcomed the battle with its harvest of death for it made him forget his hunger and other sorrows.

I shall not attempt a description of the fierce battles of our unnatural war; I leave this to your imagination to call up before you the harrowing scenes of carnage. But let us in thought enter the homes of those who were far away on the blood stained fields of honor. The columns of the daily paper teemed with the eulogies of the heroes of the fierce engagement. How eagerly the families read the account of the battle! How anxiously the aged mother, the trembling father and the tear-bathed sister scanned the list of killed and wounded to see if their dear one had been taken away. How many broken hearts and desolate homes did not that mighty death-grapple of North and South make?



VIEWS





Is not this a manifest proof of the devottion of the Southern soldier to his cause? At a reunion of the 7th Cavalry, at Covington, Tenn., June 26th, 1876, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forest said: "You readily realize what must pass through a commander's mind when called upon to meet in rethe brave spirits who. union through four years of war and bloodshed, fought fearlessly for a cause that they thought right, and who even when they foresaw, as we all did, that that war must soon close in disaster, and that we must all surrender, did not quail, but marched to victory in many battles and fought as boldly and persistently in their last battles as they did in their first." Even in the dark days of defeat when his country lay gasping and bleeding at the feet of the conqueror the Southerner still fought. Although starved, naked and enfeebled by hunger and disease, he marched unfalteringly behind his matchless leaders, until his worn frame tottered and staggered by the roadside and his heavy musket fell from his nerveless grasp.

The war is over and will go down the future ages as one of the greatest struggles that ever disturbed a nation. The mighty contest is a thing of the past and the North and South have again clasped hands over the graves of their deathless heroes. Since the

day of reconciliation, many of our brave champions have passed away, and are resting in their graves over which wave the banners of immortal glory. Their sacred dust has been tenderly gathered by reverent hand wherever it could be gathered.

The glory of their achievements is our heirloom, an heirloom to be prized as nothing else is to be prized. We must guard it most jealously, even as the light of our eyes, and with our lives if need be. It is our solemn duty to help in rebuilding our ruined and beautiful Southland, that Southland for which our fathers so bravely and generously fought, and over whose smiling face war has left its ravages. Every now and then to light the fires of memory we should imagine that we stand on the verge of the spirit land, whence, along the broad highway of undying ages, we gaze upon the phantom hosts marching past in endless line, inviting us to follow in their glorious footsteps. As we look upon them from our coigne of vantage we shall see them bathed in the effulgent halo of their transcendent glory, beckoning us as they pass, to imitate their peerless love of country by a broad and unselfish devotion to the welfare of the land of our birth—our beautiful Southland.

JOSEPH H. NORVILLE, '07.



A Trio of Sweet Mords



Among the myriad words that man To human speech has given, The dearest, sweetest of them all Are Mother, Home, and Heaven.

Mother, ah! it is the sweetest word That infant lips can speak; And still as dear as priceless yet, To man with tottering feet.

No gold can be, nor gem nor pearl So precious to the heart; No wafted gales from scented groves Such sweetness can impart

Within that word enjodled lie
The beautiful and grand;
'Tis loved as well in arctic zone;
As in the torrid lan.d

O'er wide, wide seas in distant climes, Man's lot may be to roam; But faithful mem'ry still recalls The "Angel of the Home."

Home, thou alabaster box!

Of richest fragrances,

That fills e'en sorrow stricken life

With sweetest memories.

Within thy scented boundries,

The choicest perfumes lie—

The tenderest thought, the brightest hopes,

The joys of infancy.

It matters not whate'er thy state, A cot or palace grand; A mansion proud, a mountain hut, Or cabin on the sand.

'Tis woven round with deep romance
That deepens with the years;
'Tis shrouded with a golden mist
Of bygone joys and fears.

But Heaven, thou blest abode of love!

What word can equal thee?

For there sweet home and mother dear,

Shall blend eternally.

E. I. F.

SOME THOUGHTS ABOUT READING

I T seems rather strange to ask whether reading be beneficial to the young. The only reason for a doubt, in my opinion, is that it is liable to be abused. Like all good things it may be put to a wrong purpose; hence, in this article I wish to show the importance of reading.

Although I am yet young, I have had some experience in the way of reading. To me, the boy who does not read is very much like a shipwrecked man on a lonely island with but scant hope of a rescue. The boy who does not read will know very little of the great events of history, nor will he enjoy those sublime thoughts

of the great masters of thought. Reading develops the mind of the boy, broadens his intellect, and teaches him many lessons, that would otherwise cost him many years of experience to learn. Again, the influence of a boy who reads is easily seen and felt; in the class room he is generally ready to answer the question his teacher may put him, and does so in an intelligent manner. Then, too, in conversation with those older than himself, or at a social gathering, he is able to hold his own and entertain around him, due to his intelligent reading.

I am not unaware that there are different ways and different standards of reading. All boys have not the same mental acquirements, and what suits one may not suit another. As the majority of boys are on about the same level, consequently we can attempt a division which may suit their different ages. Our division might run in this way: 1st from the ages of ten to twelve; 2nd, from twelve to fifteen; and 3rd from fifteen to eighteen. When a boy has come to the age of eighteen he ought to be able to read with intelligence and master what he reads

The purpose of this division is more to pick out certain standards of literature suited to various ages. Good literature is always good, no matter whether it be a fairy tale, or the works of Scott or Shakespeare. As I have said before the mind of every child is not equally prepared for every kind of literature. Take a child that has been reared in the city and has never visited the country what must be his pleasure and surprise on first beholding the grandeurs of nature. A child must therefore be gradually led into the rich and fertile field of literafure.

The question may be asked: What kind of literature is best fitted for the different ages of which I spoke above? The world is something new, and beautiful in the eyes of the young child; it gathers knowledge from the con-

versation of those around it, as also from reading. As the child advances in knowledge the whole world seems to be a world of extraordinary beauty and enchantment. We all have more or less been through this experience, and still remember our sensations. The more extraordinary the fact or incident related, the greater is its interest for the young reader. Therefore the logical conclusion to be drawn regarding the reading for this period, is that it should consist principally of fairy tales.

I have now reached the next stage with regard to the young child, which approaches nearer to real life, so the reading should be selected accordingly. Nevertheless there must still be a great admixture of the wonderful; however, always within the bounds of probability. Books of adventure, travel and the like form the reading matter for this class.

We go to the third period. The boy has now outgrown the stage when he only takes delight in the wonderful. He no longer treads the flowery mead where fairies revel; no longer is he eager to rescue some beautiful princess from a fierce ogre; no longer does he take wild delight when his hero extricates himself from an almost impossible situation. Travel still has its fascination, but romance must be more calmly tempered. He has now begun to take an interest in the realities of life. His mind is sufficiently developed so that he can appreciate the sober

ness of history, but even history should be enlivened with the charms of romance. The little blind god has now shot a few arrows at him. He knows he must prepare himself for the struggle of life, that soon he must decide what line of business he will pursue. His efforts consequently become more earnest as they are now directed to some definite end. He aims at improvement as he

seeks pleasure. His efforts and his pleasures are directed to one final end. If a proper balance be kept, the result will be that a young man, healthy in mind and body, will come from the class room into the arena of life to do battle for the betterment of man and himself.

HINTON TOUART, '07.

MAHOGANY

British Honduras is a small English colony in Northern Central America, having an area of about 8,292 square miles, and a coast line of about 240 miles. Along this coast are scattered many towns and villages. The mainland along the coast is low and swampy, gradually however becoming more elevated towards the interior, until at the Cayo, its highest point is estimated to be about 900 feet above sea level.

The inhabitants are mostly negroes, but Indians and Caribs, though not in great numbers, also make it their home. The white inhabitants are mostly of Spanish descent, but there are also a few English settlers. The Caribs are a people peculiar in language, appearance and dress, and as a rule are the most skilled hands in the work of mahogany.

The soil of British Honduras is very fertile, and consequently almost any plant can be cultivated. The chief trees that grow there are mahogany, logwood, cedar, ironwood, ebony, sapodilla, pimenta, pine, oak and poisonwood. Of all these mahogany is the most valuable.

The mahogany is a very large tree with broad spreading branches, and pinnate leaves. It acquires a very large size, 80 to 100 feet high; and I have myself seen some trees that were 5 to 6 feet in diameter. The slow progress in its growth indicates that the trees which are cut for use have reached a very respectable age— 200 years has been assigned as an approximation. The timber is generally sound throughout even in the largest trees. The wood is of a very fine grain, with a reddish color, having thick rough

bark, and is easily and most beautifully polished. It is much used for furniture. In British Honduras the best and most plentiful mahogany is found in the Cohune ridges, noted for their gigantic trees and thick undergrowth. Mahogany (West Indian, mahogné, a native name) is indigenous to tropical America, and is found principally in the West Indies. Cuba and San Domingo supply a very fine quality of this wood, and it is very abundant on the coast of Honduras and around Campeachy Bay. It is from these two latter places that most of the mahogany used in Europe is obtained.

The task of cutting this timber and transporting it to the coast for shipment is exceeding laborious and gives work to a large number of men and oxen. I will endeavor to explain the difficulties encountered in getting it ready for transportation.

In the first place the employer needs a good and reliable hunter who is to find and mark all the mahogany trees on his lands. In order to do this he must have a trained eye. He climbs a high tree, and then from his lofty position he beholds around him a huge forest of trees of all kinds. Among these he takes in with his experienced eye the mahogany trees. Then he descends and makes trails leading to each mahogany tree, and skillfully connects these to a main trail which leads to the tramway. Next, the hunter takes out a band of men and assigns to each a task at felling the timber already located. As a general rule each man gets for his share to fell two trees a day, but when the tree is of an extraordinary size he is only assigned one for a task, after felling which he is free to do what he pleases for the remainder of the day. The way the men (who are mostly negroes, and who use an axe in preference to a saw), go about this work is as follows: The woodsman sees to which side the tree is inclined to fall, then on the opposite side he clears a spot about 10 feet square for the purpose of landing on when he has to jump from the "barbecue." The barbecue is a kind of shelf made of sticks all around the tree on which the man stands to cut. Its height from the ground varies from 6 to 12 feet acording to the size and height of the spurs of the tree.

The workman takes his position on the "barbecue" and cuts deeply into the valuable timber. He first works on the side on which the tree is likely to fall, which operation is termed "bellving." He continues to cut on this side until the tree begins to crack, then running around, he gives the other side some vigorous strokes with his axe and almost simultaneously jumps from the barbecue to the spot he had previously cleared. The noble giant of the forest staggers, cracks and waves his branches as if unwilling to give up life; but nevertheless he comes down

with a thundering crash splintering everything in his way.

Now let us see how they get these valuable and heavy logs out of the woods to the tracks. Men are put to open roads over the trails which the hunter made when seeking the timber. Then they take a wagon and oxen to where the logs are, and load the wagon with the help of the oxen. The country in these Cohune ridges is generaly hilly, and consequently gives great trouble in taking out the logs. When a loaded wagon arrives at a hill-top, the drivers unhitch the oxen, only leaving the tongue oxen (those that bear the weight), and yoking the others to the back of the wagon, begin their slow descent. This is done in order that the wagon might not run over the ones that are in front. Once the wagon arrives at the track, it is not so hard to get to the "bank." The bank is something like a village where the workmen leave their wives and families when they themselves go to the camp. Here all the wood is stored until a tug comes for it.

There are cars which make two

trips daily to the bank, carrying a log or two, according to the size, every time. When they arrive at the bank they are dumped from the car and go rolling down the hill. Thence they are taken through a canal to the river, where they are tied together into a raft and towed by a tug to Belize, the capital and principal port of the colony. From Belize the logs are shipped to the United States and the European countries.

A few words on the workmen. These are hired for a year, or some specified period before the law, and are paid from 10 to 12 dollars a month with rations. The overseers receive 25 dollars a The men are paid the month. value of three months work in advance to buy what they need; but many of them spend it all on liquor. Therefore when they go to their work the employer has to furnish them with cooking utensils and other necessary articles. They sometimes give an immense amount of trouble before they can be got to work.

HENRY R. KEVLIN, 2d Com.

A SICK CALL

FATHER Newely, the parish priest, had just returned from his day's work and taking off his overcoat, sank into a comfortable low chair before a cheerful, warm, fat-yellow-pine-wood fire that crackled as though welcoming the good Father once more, and made his cozy little study all the more comfortable.

A fierce snow-storm raged without, the strong wind shrieked and moaned through the chimney, and the good Father chafed his chilled fingers before the warm blaze; he was engrossed with his thoughts when he was surprised to hear a sweet piping little voice sorrowfully say:

"Oh! please Father, Dad's so sick, oh! very sick, and he needs you right away."

Father Newely turned his head and perceived a small, fair-haired child whose frail form was bespattered with large, soft snow flakes, a light shawl around her weak, young shoulders, but which afforded little protection against the raging, icy wind that howled without. She raised her sweet little blue eyes appealingly to the kind Father's as though entreating him to go, cost what it might.

"But where does your Daddy live? my little girl," asked Father Newely.

"Dad lives at No. 13, Foxwell Court, in the garret," responded the little girl between sobs.

"Well," said Father Newely, "wait here by the fire, my little one, and I will go with you immediately."

Thereupon the good Father went to his little chapel to get the articles needed for the administration of the last sacraments to the dying. On reentering his study, Father Newely was surprised not to find the little messenger, but, thinking that she had gone on ahead, he sallied forth into the storm.

He looked about for the little girl, but in vain, she was nowhere to be seen; only a cold blast of wind and snow met him: he then decided to go directly to the stricken man's bedside. On arriving at No. 13 he inquired if there were any sick or dying person on the premises, but on being told that there was no one, he said: "That I must see for myself," and seizing the smoking oil lamp he darted up the rickety old staircase, and on arriving at the top asked in a loud, clear tone: "In the name of God, is there a dying person here?"

"Aye, Aye," responded a weak trembling voice, coming from an old cot made of rushes, and by the dim lamp-light Father Newely saw large beads of sweat on the dying man's forehead.

"Ah! 'tis a priest, a Father,

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Fa— — Father who brought you here, in— — this wretched den?"

"Why, my good man, you forget, you sent your little daughter Mary, and she, brave girl, came to me."

"'Tis impo— impossible. My lil' Mary died six months ago." Then Father Newely recognized that his messenger was a little angel and his heart was strangely moved, and during his homeward journey he felt not the icy sleet that dashed in his face, nor needed the warmth afforded by the still active log-fire in his study.

J. DUPAS, 2d Com.

IDEALS

MONG the many truths so conducive to the welfare of mankind there is one we should let sink deeply into our minds, and it is this: Wisdom is not what we know, but is what we are. From this truth springs a second, very important, indeed, and invaluable to the young: The necessity of ideals. "And why this?" you may ask. For a very good reason; the steady pursuit of lofty ideals is the formation of character, and though the ideal itself may never crystalize, the result will be something worthy of the admiration and imitation of the true-minded.

I was very much impressed by a story I once heard, and as it is much to my purpose, I will make use of it here. The story was of a blacksmith living in a wayside hamlet. The word blacksmith at once conveys the idea of an humble station in life. Though not

occupying an enviable position in life, he had a sound mind and good reasoning powers. As he pondered over his daily life and that of his fellow-men he fell to reflecting on the meaning of it, and his thoughts took this turn. "God," he reasoned, "is the highest wisdom, and consequently all his acts are done for a certain end. Now that he has put me in this world I must be here to accomplish something. Now what can this something be? As I am a blacksmith it must no doubt belong to my line of business."

When this conclusion was reached he came to a full stop as he could not imagine what he should do. His lot might be that of an inventor astonishing the world by the great achievement of his brain. "But no," he said to himself, "since I am a poor blacksmith it must also be something simple I am to do." But he could

not decide what it should be. This perplexing thought was constantly uppermost in his mind during his work and during his daily walks home to his meals. One night he had a dream. person, whom he did not recognize as one of his acquaintances, seemed to address him, making a great effort to tell him something. He listened very attentively and this is what he thought he heard. The person, and he afterwards came to the conclusion it must have been an angel, told him that he was in this world to forge a chain, so strong that nothing could break it, so finely wrought that it would be of a piece. This he finally decided was his vocation. So the next day, when he had some spare time, he began the forging of his chain. He resolved to draw on all his experience and to spare no pains in the perfecting of his life's work. From this time on, during odd moments, he would work on the chain, forging it link by link; and as each link was finished he felt that he was that much nearer the accomplishment of his purpose. At last it was completed and lay there before him in all its rugged strength, a monument to his skill and perseverance. After a few years the blacksmith died and was laid in his grave in the village churchvard. In the course of time the chain was sold and finally found itself on an ocean-vessel as an anchor chain. The steamer on which it was had already been out three

days when suddenly a storm arose. The clouds went hurrying across the heavens in black masses, sometimes pausing in their mad career to hang threateningly over the ship. The white topped waves buffetted the stout ship, striving in their madness to engulf it. Nor were their efforts altogether vain. First one mast and then another went by the board. The merciless waters were driving the ship toward some reefs. In a vain effort to save it, first one anchor and then another was let down only to be wrenched from the chains which held them fast. Only one anchor was left. It was fastened to the chain the old blacksmith had forged. With this, when it was let down, went the last hopes of all on board. If it failed all was lost. Presently they felt the ship stop, then it went forward again, again it stopped and the terror stricken wretches held their breath to see if the anchor would hold. A gasp of relief went up when it was known that the anchor was held fast, and the old chain that so many had passed by unnoticed as it lay resting on the deck was bearing the mighty strain to which it was being put. Stiff and taut, like an iron bar, it stood. It was the old blacksmith fighting the storm; and he conquered. The ship with its cargo of human lives was safe. The ideal of the blacksmith made known to him during the hours of slumber, had been a blessing to some hundreds of his fellow-men. No station in life, no matter how humble, is exempt from its ideals.

What I understand by an ideal is a standard of perfection to be reached or at least aimed at. is the setting of an idea before a person, the final accomplishment of which is the crowning moment of his ideal. Of course I do not include in what I have just said. that a person must consider only his ideal, and in his endeavors, ride rough-shod over the rights of others. Far from it. A man can follow an ideal and do it successfully and still have a regard for the rights of his fellow-men. Ideals do not take an immediate and strong hold of one. They are the result of deep thought, and the final adoption of them comes from sincere conviction. ever, it is not to be denied that they may sometimes spring from an inspiration. Of a sudden they may flash on a person; but generally speaking this is very rare. It is evident, then, that the older and wiser should hold up ideals and teach them their true value to the young and inexperienced.

The prosecution of an ideal means constant devotion to it, and not infrequently consequent suffering and sacrifice. No one can accomplish anything unless he be willing to deprive himself of certain things and sometimes even of much pleasure. The men of this practical age smile at tales of chivalry; still there is at least one good thing they have achieved, that is,

the reading of them has often inspired the young with thoughts and dreams of an ideal. Should a young boy have an ambition to succeed in life, and he were to use these tales in the proper spirit might he not say to himself, "others have done these things, why can't I?" This enkindles in him the first thought of an ideal. It makes him think of his object in life and the final result may be the adoption of one main pursuit which will finally culminate in his ideal.

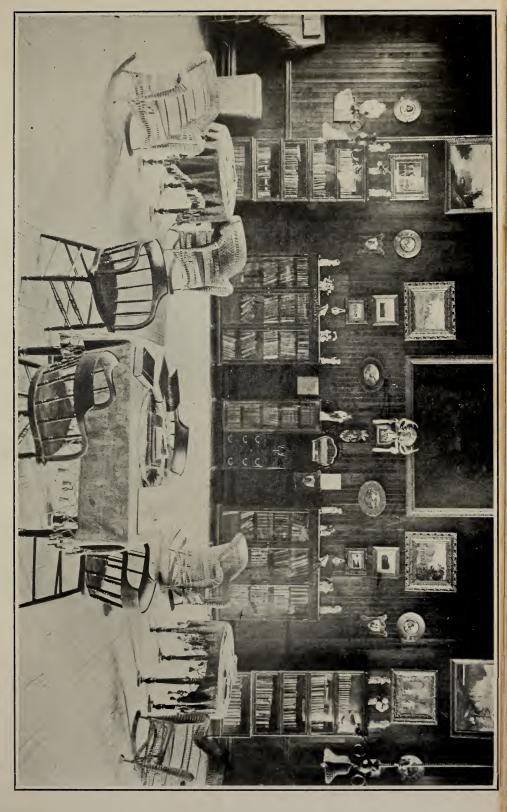
All great movements, for weal or woe, have been the result of an ideal; all great lives have been actuated by ideals. As an example we will cite, in literature, Tennyson. We know from his life that he had set an ideal before himself. He had made up his mind to succeed despite the adverse criticism that was hurled at him from all sides. When his first volume of poems was published a storm of sarcastic witticism was excited by them. the critics, with few exceptions, took this chance to show how well they could pick a young poet to pieces, and they succeeded pretty well. But they did not attain their object. Instead of cutting off the budding genius of this new poet they only contributed to its perfection. Tennyson took the criticism in good part and immediately set to work with untiring efforts to correct his faults. For ten years he labored and, at the end of that time, republished most of his first poems, some of which were so changed as scarcely to be recognized as the same poems. All during his life he pursued the same course and in time his productions became almost faultless. A higher and nobler example and one doubtless familiar to my readers is the life of St. Ignatius or St. Francis Xavier. How they achieved the great ideals they set before themselves need not be here written at length.

He who would pursue ideals should be the possessor of those sterling qualities we call principles; and these should be based on justice and right reason. He should be a just man, fair to every one, respecting the rights of others even when in the pursuit of his most cherished ideals. If he be a man of prejudice, passion, or partisanship he can never possess very lofty ideals, as these last are hindrances rather than helps. In very truth he should be the possessor of lofty principles, who would aspire to the highest in everything.

As the formation of a person's character and ways of thinking are moulded during his youth, it can be easily seen how necessary it is for the young to have ideals. Their possession is not to make him a dreamer, but a man of energy and action, guided by the loftiest principles. They are to give a motive and end to all his

actions. Everything he does in life should be for the furtherance of some ideal, for if he do not do so, his actions will be very much like those of a man who would shoot without aiming and who might once in a while hit the target. Hence it seems to me that the loftiest ideal should be that of religion For what can be nobler than a man worshiping his Maker? If we are grateful to our parents or those over us for the kindness and interest they take in us, so much the more should we be thankful to Him who has given us all we possess. The second ideal is that of the noble husband and father, of him who is always respectful and kind to his wife and solicitous for the welfare of his children. What a happiness it is for children to look up with reverence, and pride to their father, knowing what a treasure is theirs. The man who is the good head of a family is a good citizen, and for this reason I put it as the second ideal. The third is the love of one's country. The man who does not take pride in his country's welfare cannot be a lover of the other two higher ideals nor can he be the possessor of any true ideal. To be a model citizen is to be a worthy member of society. The typical American is a lover of his country no matter what his condition in life may be.

R. KENNETH ROUNDS, '07.





BIENVILLE

THE FOUNDER OF MOBILE

N Sunday, February 25, 1906, a large granite cross, a memorial to Bienville, the founder of Mobile, was unveiled in the beautiful square which bears his name. This memorial was erected by the Colonial Dames of Alabama. To them Mr. De Leon pays the following eloquent tribute:

"Honor to Woman! To her it is given

To garner the earth with the Roses of Heaven!

"After two hundred and six years, it was left to the precious hands of the women of Alabama to erect the first monument to the memory of the gallant French noble and preux chevalier, who discovered the "Province of Louisiana" for the Grand Monarque; who planted the Lilies in the first soil of "the New France;" then ruled it well and wisely for nearly thirty years.

"February 24th, 1906, will live as red-letter day in the annals of Colonial history. It will stand rubricked by the thought and the prompt action of the National Society of Colonial Dames of Alabama, directed to result by the patriotism and research of Madame Hortense Batre, widow of the late loved and respected Alfred Batre, of this city; long succeeding herself, by their unanimous

vote, as President of the Society. "Since his death, at Paris, in 1768,—in comparative obscurity and almost poverty—the bones of the great explorer have slept in an unmarked and unknown corner of the famous and crowded Cemetery Montmartre.

"In two centuries, the brave adventurer, gallant sailor of France in two wars, the daring explorer, who with his brother. Pierre le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, Captain of Frigate in the Navy of France -sailed into Mobile Bay, thence founded Biloxi, and discovered the mouth of the Mississippi; the great diplomatist, fearless Indian fighter, and wise Governor for King Louis XIVth-this immortal has had no stone raised to his honor-no cross reared to recall him to the memory of generations that glibly call his name, unknowing!

"From the 24th day of this month, of the year of Grace, 1906, this ignorance shall no more have excuse. In the little Bienville Park, in the old Gulf City he founded, a "Wayside Cross" of native granite—strong as his nature, enduring as his valor and simple as his soul—shall arrest attention of the careless passer. On its front, letters of lasting bronze, tell his story briefly; on

its rear, the signet of the Colonial Dames recalls the lines of the great German, introducing these words of record that claim the gratitude of a nation, and aid the Muse who teaches by example!"

The following account of the celebration is taken from the Mobile Register:

With the beautiful square in his memory crowded to its utmost capacity with the representative citizenship of Mobile, the gaily colored costumes of the feminine contingent lending color to the picture having as a background the green of nature and the varicolored globes of the network of tangled lights, the splendid granite cross in commemoration of the heroism and accomplishments of Jean Baptiste Le Moyne Sieur de Bienville was unveiled Sunday afternoon, and formally presented to the city of Mobile.

Strikingly beautiful where the ceremonies attached to the unveiling, emblematic of the life of explorer. the discoverer and founder, and eloquence rare flowed freely, filling the willing ears of the multitude with welcome eulogy of the life and times of the creator of the metropolis that was the first capital of Louisiana.

Long before the scheduled hour, beautiful Bienville Park, made even more beautiful for the occasion of the visit of Felix III. began to be peopled with the expectant throng, and the solemnity of the honor to the memory of the soldier, sailor and statesman permeated the farthest ranks of the banked up people, and when Right Rev. Bishop Allen stepped forward and formally began the exercises with appropriate religious observation, hats were promptly removed and high and low, Jew and gentile, every grade of citizenship, stood uncovered, while the few eloquent words fell musically from the lips of the noted divine that consecrated the noble cross to the perpetuation of the memory of Bienville.

Invocation by Bishop.

Following is the invocation offered by Bishop Allen:

"O Almighty and Eternal God, we humbly praise and adore Thee! Thy majesty fills heaven and earth and Thy glory and power permeate the universe.

"O king of ages, immortal and invisible, to Thee be honor and glory for ever and ever.

"Establish Thy kingdom in our hearts and rule there forever.

"To Thee we offer the homage of our love and to Thee we submit our will and our intellect.

"O Lord Jesus Christ, who by Thy death on the cross didst bring salvation and redemption to the world, grant Thy grace and blessing to this city of Mobile whose noble founder, Jean Baptist Le Moyne de Bienville, we strive to honor today by unveiling this memorial cross, and as he first planted and honored the cross in this land, grant that the exampie of this just and wise ruler this intrepid and chivalrous leader of the people may ever prompt our citizens to deeds of virtue and patriotism."

The Lord's Prayer.

Dedication prayer as follows: Our help is in the name of the Lord

Who made heaven and earth.
O Lord, hear my prayer,
And let my cry come into Thee.
The Lord be with you.

Let us pray.

"We implore Thee O Holy God Father Almighty and Eternal God, to deign to bless the cross and to grant that it may be a sign of salvation to all men; strengthen them in faith; advance them in good works and be a protection to them against the assaults of the enemies of their souls. Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth world without end. Amen."

As the words of the Bishop lingered in the air, the splendid First Regiment Band awoke new echoes with "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and the veil was torn from the massive structure that bespeaks the love and reverence of the Colonial Dames of America, as well as of the citizens of the city of Mobile, for the memory of the founder of the first colony.

Hon. Joel W. Goldsby, upon whom the choice of the ladies fell for the honor of formally presenting the monument to the city, eloquently told of the motives of the organization and the objects of the donation. His remarks were delivered in a familiar, forceful and eloquent vein. He said:

Mrs. President and Fellow Mobilians:

We are here on this beautiful day under the noble oaks and magnolias of this historic place and in the presence of this distinguished gathering upon the invitation of the Society of the Colonial Dames of America in Alabama to witness and take part in a most appropriate and beautiful ceremony.

The Colonial Dames are worthy descendants of nation makers Every member of this distinguished society has the proud knowledge that the ancestor or ancestors, through whom she claims the right to membership has made material and unselfish contribution in the conception and establishment of our great nation.

In times of a nation's gloom, travail and sorrow, always showing the way in bravery and fortitude and in unmurmuring and heroic self-sacrifice; now, in the day of sunshine, prosperity and civic happiness, womanlike, they are uplifting the public mind to the contemplation of the achievements of our departed heroes, reminding us of our duty to our country, arousing our hearts and souls to the desire to make our contribution, as good citizens, to the general welfare, least we be too unworthy of the forefathers.

To inspire love of country, to stir the fires of noble emulation, to show appreciation and gratitude for deeds done and lives spent in devotion to the civilization, liberty and advancement of this great country and the upbuilding of our nation—such are some of the chief purposes of this society.

They confine their efforts to no particular section nor to the commemoration of the deeds or lives of any single nation.

Upon the rock of the Pilgrim Fathers they have placed a memorial tablet. Scattered about the New England States are monuments which commemorate and mark the sites of many a bloody conflict for liberty and right waged in the earlier days.

In Stockbridge, in the Berkshire hills, is a lasting monument, of majestic simplicity, carved upon the living granite, in memory of the Stockbridge Indians, is engraved this eloquent, touching and nobly simple inscription: "To the Friends of Our Forefathers."

In Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, Texas and in Arlington national cemetery, and in other states throughout the fair land of ours, these patriotic women have marked the footprints of many of our heroes upon the highway to the nation's greatness.

And so we are here today upon the invitation of this society to give homage and render respect to the memory of the founder of our own beautiful Mobile.

With a Catholic patriotism and with grateful hearts they turn to

the glorious French colonial record which lies before us and today unveil this memorial.

Upon me, Mr. Mayor, has been conferred the rare and deeply appreciated honor of presenting the Bienville memorial cross to the city of Mobile on behalf of the Colonial Dames of America in Alabama.

May be cherished as a fitting tribiute to the memory of him to whom it is dedicated, and may it be a constant reminder to us to strive to do our civic duty.

Mayor Lyons fittingly and feelingly accepted the gift of the generous organization, and referred, characteristically, to the hope of the administration that the future generations, at least, would be able to care for it in a becoming manner. Mayor Lyons' address is as follows:

"Right Rev. Bishop, Ladies and Gentlemen:

"Respect and honor for the noble ones of our race that have gone before us is a feeling that should rise spontaneously in every breast. This has been a universal trait in organized civilization-Christian or pagan-from time immemorial. The reason for its existence is manifest. Like all all other noble attributes of men, its object is to urge us onward and upward to emulate and surpass the accomplishments of our great predecessors; and is the outcome of the general tendency of our race to raise itself to higher planes of civilization.



REV. E. DE LA MORINIERE, S. J., ADDRESSING THE MEETING
IN BIENVILLE SQUARE



"In accepting for the city of this beautiful cross, commemorative of the illustrious Bienville. I do so with devoted and appreciative recollection of the man who underwent great hardships and overcame almost unsurmountable obstacles to found our beloved city in the wilds of a new land. My only regret is that we have not a more fitting place to install it. In a manner it is at home here in Bienville Park, but as it partakes of the personality of him to whom it is dedicated, I would rather prefer that it be installed in a more conspicuous place at the intersection of some of our main thoroughfares in a little plot of green by itself. It is, so to speak, the corner stone of our city, and as such, should be prominent before the ye of every one. However, in the time to come, we may be able to deal more meritoriously with this memorial. which is a mere token of our affectionate appreciation of the founder of our city than a memento to keep his memory before us. The latter needs no reminiscent stone or mark. As long as Mobile shall remain a city Bienville will not be forgotten.

"It is but fitting that the Colonial Dames should be the organization to pay this gentle tribute to Bienville's memory. Who better fitted to perform such an act than the descendants of those hardy pioneers of frontier days who carried on the war of civili-

zation and Christianity after their leader had passed away?

"During the two hundred years of our existence we have encountered many vicissitudes that have retarded us in our upward growth, but the clouds have now lifted, disclosing a horizon bright with a prosperous future; and if we will but display the courage and persistence of our noble founder, we will yet succeed in building a city of which he, himself, would have been proud."

ADDRESS OF REV. E. DE LA MORINIERE, S. J.

Right Reverend Bishop, Reverend Clergy, Ladies of the Colonial Dames Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:

We are gathered here today in such goodly numbers to do reverence to the memory of a man whose future though not cast seemingly in that heroic mould which is wont to rivet the bewildered gaze, to stir the blood and quicken the heartbeats of the student of history, yet looms largest among his peers in the pages of our early annals as the sturdiest of pioneers, the most indefatigable of explorers, the most persevering of toilers, the most scornful of hardships, the most skillful of organizers in his triumphant efforts to make of a wild waste a rich and fruitful soil, of the hunting ground of the savage, the

bright home of the peaceful settler, of a strange and unknown land the cradle of a new and widespread civilization. Years, privations, persecutions, disappointments, and, what is far more galling to a high-tempered nature, the slander of men and their ingratitude, did the chevalier of France pay down as the ransom for the goodly heritage which we now enjoy. To that we and the future owe the noblest domain upon which the sun now shines.

Hence my conviction, citizens of Mobile, that I voice your sentiments when I say that spanning as you do today in spirit the space of two centuries, contrasting, as you cannot fail to do, the shadowy past with the radiant present, the sowing with the harvesting, the seed with the fruitage, the splendid growth and attainments of your beautiful City of the Gulf with the painful strivings of her infant years, you gladly seize the opportunity to testify, in the face of America and the world, your gratefulness to him who alone made possible such growth and development; whose wisdom in planning and dauntlessness in achieving alone crowned effort with success and struggle with victory—Jean Baptiste Le Moyne de Bienville.

A noble land lies in desolation. Years pass over it, leaving its aspect only more desolate; the barbarian takes possession of the soil, or the outcast makes it his place of refuge. Its palaces are in ruins its chieftains are in the dust; its past triumphs are regarded as the exaggerations of romance, or the fond fantasies of fable—at length a man of intelligence and vigor comes, delves into the heart of the soil, breaks up the mound. throws aside the wrecks of neglect and time, opens to us the foundations of palaces, the treasure chambers of kings, the trophies of warriors, and gives the world the memorials of a great people in the grave. Such a discoverer is deemed famous, and loud hailed with acclaim throngs of enthusiastic worshippers. Shall not a man who, like Bienville, comes in obedience to an instinct well nigh equivalent to a heavenly command, to subdue a land and replenish it; who comes with unerring sagacity to discover and settle it: who with stalwart strength, intrepid heart. high resolve and unconquerable will, comes to claim a valley world as a heritage for civilized mankind, who with unconscious prescience comes to win from battle, self-denial and toil an empire for coming generations; shall not such a man be greeted a conqueror worthy of cap-sheaf in the temple of fame? Around that man's name we should think that time must surely have summoned the arts to do him honor and homage, that the sculptor must have invoked the chisel and imperishable marble to perpetuate his form, the painter employed color and canvas to transmit his looks and features, the sage with iron pen and adamantine tablet graven his feats of endurance, and that the poet, divinest of all witnesses, must surely have woven for his brow the perennial garland of And yet nothing of the song. He who in the twentieth kind. century would speak of Bienville at length and intelligently is doomed in his pursuit of material for the task to a disappointment equal only to his wonder. He must perforce be content with such fragmentary information as may be gathered from scattering chronicles which, while dealing exhaustively with the events of his career, leave in disheartening gloom the distinguishing features of the founder and master builder of two important cities of our Southland-Mobile and New Orleans.

"Our surprise ceases, however, in a measure, when we reflect that the earlier history of the Southwest, bitter as were the controversies which were provoked by the expansion of the republic in that direction, and voluminous as the literature of those controversies has grown to be, still awaits the careful study which has been given to the winning of the Northwest. The explorers and builders of French Canada, bootless as was their work, are invested with a picturesque and romantic charm in the pages of Parkman. All of

us have followed his soldiers, his priests, his traders, in their heroic journeys over strange rivers of the frozen land which they sought to turn into a new empire of France. But how many of us have followed that other and more promising effort to build up a French empire in the lower, warmer, more fertile region which the Spaniard had in vain trodden and then left to a century and a half of utter darkness and mystery. The splendid and bloody pageant of De Soto's masterful expedition first revealed to savages more powerful and warlike than the Hurons, Chippewas, even the Iroquois, the very existence of civilization; and his search for gold, vain as it was, first lifted for European eyes the veil which hid the most fruitful land of the new world. When after a century and a half, the veil was once more lifted, Spain, her Armada long since scattered and her imperial power weakened, was falling backward in the Western race, and England and France were the chief competitors for the upper coasts of the gulf, the broad valleys of the Alabama and the Red river, and the still broader valley of the Mississippi. It was the young La Salle who stirred France to a sense of the greatness of the prize; but how many of us, who associate the name with Canada, the lakes, and the narrow Mississippi of the Northwest, remember that he himself meant to crown his life work with nation building on the great Mississippi of the Southwest, on the coast of Texas? To the heroic sons of the house of Le Moyne, D'Iberville and Bienville, La Salle's task was left. These names may be unfamiliar, but we know how well they accomplished their labors, and how more permanent in our own history was the work of those men than the work of the Canadian pioneers. What that work was, you know.

Amid the designs of providence and the unfoldings of history, the moment had at last arrived when that magnificent expanse named the valley of the Mississippi, sweeping away from the foot of the Appalachian chains to the head waters of the Missouri and the gigantic shadows of the Rocky Mountains, from the Balize to the Itasca lake, that illimitable praiocean, dotted with noble groves of later birth, was to be wrung from the greatest empire of Christian civilization. That object was worthy the prowess and ambition of any race assuredly. Spain, as I have already hinted, had tried to achieve it, but Ponce de Leon, typifying Castilian romance, found in the attempt only a death wound, and his flowerland of immortality denied him even a grave. Hernando de Soto, representing its chivalry with steel clad warriors, with silken pennons and braided scarfs, with lance and mace and battle axe came next 'conquering and to conquer' as he thought. Leaving a trail of tears, fire and blood from Tampa Bay to southwestern Missouri, he reared upon a noble bluff of the Mississippi, in the northern corner of what is now the State of Arkansas, the first cross ever planted within the limits of this republic, beneath whose shadow the august sacrifice of the mass was offered sixty years before French ascended the St. Lawrence and eighty years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. But alas for human hopes! he too perished in the wilderness and his body was committed to the keeping of his own Rio Grande: its yellow waves his shroud, their moan his requiem, their depths his unseen monument. A hundred and thirty years after the burial of De Soto the saintly Marquette reached the upper Mississippi and named it the river of the Conception. Seven years later La Salle traversed the liquid highway of the gulf, and called it the River Colbert. The Iesuit sleeps at Mackinaw, the commercial soldier in the plains of Texas. Though not fruitless their quest, they had missed the goal held in reserve by the God of the nations for Iberville and Bienville.

"Some men have no childhood records. Their history begins with their fighting majority, which they fix themselves, according to their spirit and physical endowments. So was it with Bienville Born at Ville Marie, in Canada, on the 23d day of February, 1680, and completely orphaned at the age of ten, we find him at seventeen a midshipman at the side of his elder brother on that Titanic expedition against the English on Hudson Bay, where, amid the grim terrors of the polar regions, the Canadian commander sunk or captured three of the enemy's ves-That memorable sea fight seems to exert a singular fascination on the old chroniclers, who, laying aside for the nonce the usual frigidity of their narrative and unfettering their fancy, indulge in a warm portraval of the lionheartedness of the two young giants and their tender brotherly love for each other. A very limelight of description is by them flashed on Iberville, him of the eagle glance, as he stands on the quarter deck and electrifies by his scorn of danger and firmness of command the sailors behind the guns of the gallant Pelican. We are made to gaze upon the youthful Bienville, the daring stripling, on whom peril seems already to throw a strange, potent spell as he falls amid a shower of broadsides which seem the condensation of all the lightnings of heaven. Anon we see the invulnerable Iberville with convulsive start and deathlike paleness sobbing aloud, unmindful of the lookers on, and moaning like a mother over the senseless form of the child who had linked his fortunes

to that of his elder brother. The young midshipman, however, was not yet to die. When on their return to France Iberville was offered by Maurepas, the misister of Louis XIV., the commission to discover and take possession of the mouth of the Mississippi. we find that 'par nobile fratrum,' that noble pair of brothers partners in the perils of the enterprise. Both were young, but how much the younger Bienville! And it is this very youth which makes him a figure apart and well worth studying among the early discovers who tracked the rugged soil of our continent at the end of the seventeenth century. Others, as we saw, had preceded him-De Soto, La Salle, Tonti of the iron hand, but they had brought to their aid in the hardships of their undertaking the experience of ripe years. That they should have displayed in the thickest of crowded perils the fearlessness of self-poise of seasoned sailors or soldiers is no cause for surprise, but that a mere boy should at once and unschooled by circumstances have walked abreast with the stoutest heart, proffered counsel to which hoary heads bowed approval and submission, nay, leaped almost at a bound into unchallenged and unquestioned leadership, this to me is a marvel of itself sufficient to render famous the name of Bienville. Iberville had tested to the full mettle and fibre of the young midshipman's nerve, for,

in the three relations which have come down to us of the eventful expedition, Bienville is invariably well in front when there is a boat to be manned, a message taken, or an adventure attempted.

"Time will not serve to follow in detail the progress of that little fleet of two frigates and two smaller vessels which, under command of Iberville, left in October, 1698, the port of Rochelle, from which the ill-starred LaSalle had sailed fourteen years before, and on the first of January, 1699, made land in the gulf. Stopping of nights and during fogs, it took the squadron two days to arrive opposite the thin strip of land which half inclosed Mobile Bay on the south. Their terra firma proved to be a low, flat sand island, ghastly with ahideous heap of skulls and bones, bearing witness to some recent barbarity of Indian warfare, and which, from this event, was named by the brothers Massacre Island, It now bears the name of Dauphin Island. Previous to reaching it they had bivouacked on the crystaline sands of the ridges that fringe the placid waters of Lake Ponchartrain, then taken shelter from the storm and wind of the gulf in the Island of Chandeleur, so called from the recent feast of Candlemas: then later crossed to the mainland and where the village of Biloxi now stands built a fort of four bastions, upon which were mounted twelve guns, and over which waved the lilies of France. in token of supremacy. leaving Sauvolle in command of the new fort the daring brothers at last reached the opening of the majestic stream of which they had heard and dreamed so much we may imagine the flood of emotion which swept over the souls of the Latin pilgrims, and the song of thanksgiving which they made to ring in the ears of the Creator. who had framed wave and woodland in a setting of solemn and gloomy grandeur on which the vision of Dante would have revelled. But where shall the first town of the new world be made to spring into being? the banks of the stream for many leagues from the sea are only an oozy quagmire; to the landward forests and tangled morass. resting seat but the swamp. Here it is that this lovely city of the gulf steps forth on the stage of time and history, and moves on steady of limb and graceful of mien under the gentle guidance of Bienville, long before the same nursing hand of that 'Father of Louisiana' had cradled the infant form of her sister city, New Orleans. This first capital of the Louisiana Province bore at first the eve rests long and searchingly destinies are solely in the hands of Bienville upon whom alone now, in this retrospective glance, they rests long and searchingly. I said alone advisedly; for that hundred handed monster, the yel-

low fever, imported from the West Indies, has stalked among the defenseless settlers, spread consternation and ruin, until hardly enough living are left to bury the dear. Sauvolle i samong the earliest victims, and before six years are passed, Iberville, magnetic Iberville, whom, says the chronicler, Father Charlevoix. the men under him would have followed to the confines of the universe. Iberville himself is sacrificed, and the hopes of the future empire rest on the wise guidance and skillful management of that younger brother upon whom supreme command is the nascent colony is now conferred. Ladies of the Colonial Dames Association in the State of Alabama, to the memory of that man buried in yonder France, and not, it is to be regretted, on the soil which his forty-four years of labor have consecrated, you haveraised on this sequare which bears his name no towering statue, no glittering effigy, but a simple cross. you have done well, exceedingly, admirably well. Your minds have been wisely counseled, your efforts divinely inspired. In that cross Bienville has a monument which will do him as much honor as the colony he has planted, the empire he has founded; for it is a memento and an emblem. A subtle memento to those other cross beams bearing the arms of France which, after the example of La-Salle and Tonti, he reared in rev-

erential faith as so many mile stones of his toilsome journey from the head sands of Pascagoula Bay to the marshy plains of New Orleans. And better still. an emblem of the trials he endured at each and every period of his perilous enterprise. On hearing that I had the distinguished honor of being selected as one of speakers on this occasion, some of my friends, not wholly unfamiliar with our colonial records, smilingly predicted that I should find it hard to discover any real greatness in the life and character of Bienville. Gracious heavens! Has not the wisdom of ages declared the spectacle of a man laboring unflinchingly under adversity to the noblest object that can be offered to human contemplation? When was the cup of all bitterness far from Bienville's Among typical figures of illustrious men celebrated for their sorrows, the younger son of the house of Le Moyne stands before my mind's eye as the most wonderful. More violent calamities have fallen upon other human heads than those which marked his life off into troubled epochs. But who, among our early explorers, had Bienville's burden of disappointment to carry through life, and to the very threshold of death? Not his own brother; for though the closing days of the life of Iberville were deeply sad, he had some joy and content in his time. His whole existence was not a thwarting of his nature, and a warping of all the instincts of his manhood. Bienville might turn his eye on that brother, and ask of him what were his griefs compared with his own. And the historical student of the present day, trying to read his story right, by the cross lights of chronicle and legend, trying to make out the man, to get an image of him against the lurid background of invective and calumny, the growth of prejudice long after his time, the accumulated fables of rancour and political hate, looks at the typical figures which have arisen since, and is disposed to regard his as more eminent in trial than any of them. They have had sucessive defenders, to whom, through the years, their name and fame have been dear; but who has cared to break a lance for Bienville? Invest the simplest gentleman in America with Bienville's nature as it comes out in the testimony of those chroniclers who came nearest to his own time, or even by that of historians of later periods, in all that concerned his life in the colony; wring his heart through every actuality, recollections, delusion and illusion of a long career; fill his soul with a quenchless yearning for agreeable and refined companionship; deny him that, substituting for it coarse content, cruel abandonment, cross and insolent infidelity, and there is a pathos in that man's story which the poet's imagination can hardly surpass. This is the simple truth of Bienville's story. sooner did he, a young man of twenty-two, become the chief executive, virtually the first governor of Louisiana, with headquarters in Mobile, than he proved a shining mark for the shafts of the gratuitously malevolent. His very youth was imputed to him as an unpardonable crime. Charges of immaturity and inexperience were promptly laid at his door. Immaturity forsooth! Was that man immature who at that very time wrestled with one hand with the English and Indians, cajoled the Spaniards for the territory he occupied, fought the suspicion and distrust of those beneath him for the authority he exercised, and with the other warded off famine and disease and controlled and guided his leash of turbulent Canadians? Was that man immature who, at that very time, was inaugurating that series of brilliant and effective campaigns against the savages which, after thirty years, only insured the stability of his relations with them? good Failing to make their groundless accusations on that head, the contemptible, mishapen dwarfs that were busy gambling away the giant's reputation played, as they hoped, their trump card. He was held up to the eyes of the mother country as sordid and rapacious, pursuing his selfish aims and personal interest in utter disregard of the claims of





the crown. Sordid forsooth! Was that man sordid who even could write to the French minister: 'It is thirteen years that I have been here. I have passed my youth and used up my health here, and I certainly, my lord, have not made any profit. Far from it, as I can prove to you, I have been obliged to contract debts to sustain the expenditures which I could not dispense with making.' And in a postscript he adds: 'After all my exposures and suffering, and not having received a cent of my salary for seven years, I think I merit the favor I ask for.' In one majestic sentence Gayarre had branded upon the brow of Bienville's foes the curse of posterity when he wrote: 'It would be as idle to expect them to understand the workings of a noble heart and of a great mind as it would be to imagine that a worm would raise itself to the conception of a planet's gravitation.' But, as it often happens, the noble heart and the great mind were not only misjudged and misrepresented, but openly disgraced. Twice dismissed from office. Bienville realized with Shakespeare's fallen cardinal that 'Wretched is the man who hangs on princes' favor.' Truth to tell, he was as often returned to the colony, restored to his pristine command as the only leader whose keen eye could take in its involved situation, whose strong hand could unravel its woefully tangled elements, and whose practiced wisdom could conjure order out of chaos and prosperity out of threatening decay; but the years had stolen a march upon the once stalwart frame. white-haired veteran of 1742 was not the young midshipman of 1699. Yielding at last to untoward circumstances, he resigned into the hand of his successor, Vaudreuil, the sceptre which he had wielded for forty-four years. Inexpressibly sad are his last words to the French minister of marine, written from his beloved New Orleans, which he was never more to see. I can but quote these few: 'A species of fatality for some time pursuing thwarting some of my best concerted plans has often made me lose the fruit of my labors, and perhaps the confidence of your highness. I have not thought, therefore, that I should strain myself any longer against my misfortune. I wish that the officer chosen to succeed me may be happier than I.'

"Was I not right when I said that the cup of all bitterness was never far from the lips of Bienville? And now, if you ask me, what is it gave him the courage to drain it bravely to the dregs? What was it solaced the melancholy hours of his retirement in the French capital, as it had propped his intrepidity in the frozen swamps in the Red river country? What was it enabled him to bear without a murmur the scornful neglect of that voluptuary king, Louis the Fifteenth, who, amid his wanton revels, had forgotten that he had ever had a Bienville or possessed a Louisiana? I will tell you. His trust in God, his hope of heaven, the practice of his grand Catholic faith.

"Hence, if the voice of the heroic dead could reach our troubled world, Bienville himself would gladly commend your thoughtfulness, ladies of the Colonial Dames Society, which assigned today, in the person of her bishop and ministers, the place of honor to that church which he revered as a queen and loved as a mother. In the provisions you made for this celebration you were led no less by your knowledge of history than by your large-mindedness. For none but the willfully blind or the unacountably ignorant can fail to catch glimpses of the Catholic Church, mark her activity and trace her influence on our coast already at the dawn of those centuries of colonization from De Soto to Bienville. It was the cross, her palladium, raised in the hope and confidence over the head of the daring explorer, that made unflinching his resolve, unvielding his nerve, stout his heart, strong his arm, and unwavering his step in his irksome march through dark forest and tangled brake.

"It was her ministering care that smoothed his path and softened his hardships. It was her voice crying onward and forward that urged him on when faltering nature whispered halt and rest. It was the light of that divine faith which she flashed along his dismal way that scattered the shadows so often conjured up by despondency and despair. It was her hands clasped in supplicating prayer that crowned his efforts seemingly unavailable with ultimate and unlooked for success. It was her selfish devotion which often shielded him by night and day through flood and field, the trackless waste and the stormy sea, like a mother's benediction. It was her selfless devotion which would be at his side, in the person of her priests, to strengthen him if he grew faint, to cheer him if he dropped, to shrive him if he fell, to open heaven for him if he died, which gave to many a youth the courage to leave home and native land in order to brave the baneful effects of unwholesome climes, to plow the broad bosom of the ocean or the unfriendly surface of inland lakes, to plod over the Indian trail through summer's blistering rays and winter's ice-laden blasts-in a word, to dare the decds and achieve the feats which have rendered famous in the bead-roll of the world's famous heroes the names of our early pioneers.

"That pride of your city, Mr. Hamilton, the distinguished author of 'Colonial Mobile,' never

expressed a truer, nobler sentiment than when he wrote: 'The French, like the Spaniards, wished to convert, as well as rule, the natives. Besides Iesuits among the Northern Indians, these missionaries of the Seminary of Quebec, Father Montigny at the Natchez and Davion on his bluff lower among the Toncas, were the advance guard in the great valley for the lilies and the cross.' Aye! an advance guard those sons of St. Ignatius and St. Francis, who ministered to the spiritual wants of the yonder Crescent City, in the days of her infancy. An advance to the people of the far away American in this very city, in the days of her early youthto use once more the language of Mr. Hamilton-'said mass, baptized children and slaves, married the living and buried the dead with the imposing ritual of their church, forgetting their French home and earthly ambition in ministry to the people of this faraway American parish.'

"And as that advance guard was the first to witness his exploits and to admire the valor it was meet that their successors should be first to lead in this tribute of praise to the daring explorer.

"Let me close this address with the hope that the cross reared on this 24th day of February, 1906, to the honor of their father and founder by a loyal and grateful people, may carry to all generations of future Mobilians the name and fame of Jean Bap-

tiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienvills."

The monument erected to the memory of Bienville, the founder of Mobile, is a massive one of granite, and stands on the south side of the great square that has been set aside as a place of recreation. It surmounts a gigantic base of the same material, each corner of which is capped with a polished ball. On the pedestal facing the north, is a bronze tablet bearing the simple inscription, followed by a coat of arms:

"Erected by the Colonial Dames of Alabama February 24th, 1906 In Everlasting Remembrance."

On the reverse side of the pedestal, on a similar tablet of bronze, is the following dedication:

"To Jean Baptiste Le Moyne Sieur de Bienville Native of Montreal, Canada, Naval Officer of France Governor of Louisiana And Founder of the First Capital, Mobile, 1711.

Born 1680—Died 1768. With the Genius to Create an Empire, and the Courage to Maintain It, Patient Amid Faction and Successful Even in Defeat, He Brought His Settlement. The Prosperity of True Civilization and the Happiness of Real Christianity. He who Founds a City Builds Himself a Life-long Monument."

THE BAY

STROLLED leisurely down to the north end of the veranda, there I stopped musing on some trifle, a mocking bird was singing in the top of a magnolia tree near by; along the walk in front of the house, leading to the beach, the rose bushes were all in bloom, not the slightest breath of air stirred the atmosphere, not a ripple was seen upon the waters; down the bay I could see a vessel coming up, I turned then and looked at Mobile; dimly across the waters I could see the smoke going straight up from the great mill chimneys, never did I recollect so calm an August morning, I turned then back and letting my gaze fall upon the vessel wending her way into port, dimly could I see her so far away, she seemed as if a mere speck floating upon the waters, my curiosity was aroused, I wanted to know of the vessel, I went into my room got my spy glass. Focussing it upon the vessel I remained some time there with the glass to my eye. I seemed to have been carried off into a kind of dream, I forgot my surroundings except the vessel far out in the channel, when suddenly I was startled from my reverie by a hand laid upon my shoulder. I turned to see who was the intruder upon my meditation. I found it to be my dear old friend Captain Gasdon. There was a troubled look upon those calm weatherbeaten features, I noticed that his eyes were red. It made me sad to think of the dear old gentleman being in trouble; for he was a friend to everyone. By his sad looks I knew some old memory was haunting him, never had I seen him so cast down.

"John," he said to me, "sit down I want to tell you something that happened thirty years ago today at this same hour."

I sat down and he took a chair beside me. Long did he gaze at the bay, so long that I become uneasy and began to feel a little nervous; finally he turned to me and said: "John did you ever have a friend whom you loved most dearly, see him die, and you the only one to lament over his dead body? I had a friend and it is about him that I wish to speak."

"It was thirty years ago today, a day similar to this; the day was perfectly calm, not a ripple to be seen upon the waters, a stillness reigned, but to the southeast some clouds had been gathering. I walked to the end of the veranda, there I stopped, gazing at the sky I said to myself, 'there is some wind in those clouds, but I

don't think much rain. Charley! some one called to from inside the house, 'come here.' I went in and found my friend dressed ready for a sail. As I entered, he said to me, 'Get ready and come with me, I am going to sail down to Tatonville, the bsricks I was looking for yesterday did not arrive on the Annie, perhaps she will bring them over when she makes her trip today, I will be back in plenty of time to receive them.'

'No,' I said, 'and neither will you for there is going to be a blow on the bay before noon.' He laughed and kept on making preparations.

"James Kaiser was then constructing the courthouse Daphne, at that time the county seat of Baldwin county; the building was almost erected, the roof was about the only part yet incomplete. The material for the completion did not arrive by the evening boat the day before. The day being Saturday James told the workmen to go home, he had no material to work with, but that he hoped for evehything to be ready for Monday morning. He then returned home, and I suppose he conceived the idea of taking a little sail to Tatonville.

"As I saw he paid no attention to what I said, I turned sharply upon him, and said, 'Jim there is going to be a squall, I think you had better remain home!' He looked at me, will I ever forget the look, and said, 'Oh it is all blowing off over to the western coast. I have nothing to fear.'

'Who is going with you. I would like to know,' I said.

'No one, can't 1 manage a little eighteen feet skiff, you would not accompany me, so I go alone,' he answered, and walked out of the room. I joined him, together we went down to the stake where the boat was tied. I watched him shake the sails loose, set his rudder and prepare for the trip. Again he turned to me and said, 'Charley, come on we can have such a pleasant sail.'

'No,' I answered, 'Man, what are you doing, can't you see how the clouds gather, look off Point Clear there is a regular gale blowing, see it is moving up the Bay, you are going to get the full force of it, furl your sail, come let us go back to the house.' He was persistent, walking to the bow he hauled aboard the anchor, took the rudder in hand and gave the sail to the wind. Standing up in the stern, he waved his hand to me and said 'Good bye old man, I am off.' I watched the wind fill out the sail, and the little craft go cutting the waters. I stood there watching her until she had passed beyond the piers to her course.

"The clouds grew blacker and darker every minute, the wind freshened, lightning would run down the clouds and seem to disappear in the deep. I began to feel some anxiety for my friend. I now walked over to the Shorts Wharf, it was the longest pier on the shore. When I arrived at the head of the pier, I could behold the little craft coming off her first tack and about to go on the second one. I exclaimed aloud, 'O God help that little boat out of the storm for another half an hour!' Why had James done that? He has always been a prudent man. I turned again to look at the boat. I became weak, a sickening feeling stole over me, the storm has swallowed her up. Had he time to furl the sail? If he did he was safe, if not he is now beneath the billows. The squall did not last long, it passed off going down the western coast: half an hour afterwards the sun was shining. I retraced my footsteps back home. Will I ever forget the time that I spent on Shorts' old pier that morning? As I reached the house dinner was about to be served. After dinner I strolled out upon the porch to smoke my pipe; there was no sign of the squall visible, never had I seen the weather clear off more beautiful, there was a gentle zephyr stirring, all nature seemed alive on that peaceful evening, but somehow I was anxious for the return of the little skiff, it was now time for it to be appearing, I again walked out to the end of the wharf, far off upon the bay I could see a little white sail heading for Daphne, I thanked God the boat had made its trip safely. I returned to the house, I felt a little tired so I determined to take a siesta, surely he would be home before I awoke, I knew he would tease me on account of my fears.

"During my sleep I saw James as if sinking below the waters. I saw his hand, then it disappeared. again his head arose above the waves, he cried for help, suddenly he disappeared, I could see nothing but the waves. I waited for a long time, but he did not again come to the surface, he had found a grave beneath the billows. I sprang out of bed with a scream, could the dream have been the phantom of James Kaiser asking for help? I was almost bewildered. What should I do, I would get a horse and drive to Tatomville, it was only five miles. As I stepped out of the house to go to the stable a servant came up to and said 'Captain Gasdon some one wishes to see you at the side gate.'

"When I reached the gate I found Edward Nelson a resident of Tatomville, he said to me, 'Captain Gasdon are you the owner of the skiff Amy? I turned pale at the words, and trembled, but I managed to say, 'I am.'

'Did it sail from here this morning,' asked Nelson.

'It did,' I replied, 'about eleven fifteen.'

'It was caught in the squall off Fairhope, and upset, the man who was sailing the boat was drowned,





I came to you because you might inform me who he was.'

"I staggered and would have fallen had not Nelson jumped off his horse and caught me.

'What's the matter Captain Gasdon, are you sick.'

'It was James Kaiser he has been drowned.'

'What,' cried Nelson, 'not Mr. Kaiser who is builidng the court house?'

'Yes,' I answered, 'Nelson, has the body been found?'

'No,' he replied. 'I came here to get help to search for the body.'

"I walked slowly back to the house, I was sick. Soon all Daphne knew that James had been

There was a bot with some drowned. There was a boat with some searchers going to look for the body. I decided to go with them. We searched and dragged the bay the rest of the evening, and long into night. That night I felt wearied and tried to sleep but could not. I paced up and down Fairhope Wharf, watching the spot where James had gone down, as if I expected him to rise out of the water. Never did the silver moon shine so bright, nor were the heavens ever so brilliant, nor did the phosphorus ever sparkle so brightly on the salty brine, that marked the grave where James Kaiser lay buried beneath the billows.

"The next day we continued our search for a long time, but finally gave it up as fruitless. I returned to Daphne heart-broken. James beneath the waves and I going home without finding him. When I reached home, I wanted to rush into the house, call James to talk to him, then the thought came upon me where he was, my heart seemed to stop beating.

"After I was home for an hour I was seized with a fever, the doctor came, he advised me to retire. Every day while I was in bed news came that no body had been found. On the third day news came that a negro woman while out fishing had discovered a body floating down the Bay, she had tied a rope around the body and towed it to shore. weak condition, for I was now convalescent, I went to the stable got a horse and hurried to Fairhope, I viewed the body it was hardly recognizable."

"I made it out to be James' body, I sent it to Mobile, where an undertaker embalmed it, to send home. I accompanied the body to New York, where I placed it on a steamer for his old home in Saxony. Several months afterwards a heart-rending letter from his heart-broken mother told me his body had been interred. "This was the last of James."

I saw I could not console the dear old Captain, after he had told me this about his friend, so I fell into silence thinking how many more would lose their life in a similar manner.

THOMAS J. BURNS, JR., '08.

THE ECHO!

Listen to the echo
echo!
Listen to its strain,
As its notes resounding
sounding,
Peal a glad refrain

Here a sylvan solo
so low
Chirps the mocker gay
Joy and pleasure Bringing
ringing
Warbling in its play.

There the streamlet splashing,

plashing

Rolls along in glee;

In and out rebounding,

bounding,

Happy, gay and free.

And the zephyrs swinging,
winging,
Merrily e'er blow
With a tune appealing
pealing,
Whisp'ring soft and low.

Oh! the dulcet echo,
echo!
Listen to its strain,
As its notes resounding,
sounding,
Peal a glad refrain!

-Observer

UNCLE TOM TELLING HIS STORY



OUR YEARLY PICNIC

WHAT joy for us college boys is the thought of our yearly picnics! what greater joy in the realization! Our Academy Picnic, the one which ushers in the season, obtains it over all the oth-The Senior Academy Picnic comes off the day we have Latin competition for the premium. At eleven A. M. the picnickers gathered at the southeast corner of the yard, eager for the moment of departure. Our Reverend Father director soon makes his apearance and gives the signal to start. With a whoop of joy we rush madly through the woods and down the long fllight of stairs leading to the lake, nestling in the hollow of the hills. In feverish haste we fling off our clothes and before one can count sixty we are in our bathing tights waiting for the signal to plunge When it is given we dive headlong into the crystal waters of the lake, and vie with one another in an attempt to be the first to swim across. As usual there is always some amateur naturalist in our party, who, instead of indulging in a swim, wanders off into the forest, crosses a swamp or two of clear running water, and seldom fails to return with some poisonous snake he has had the good fortune to capture. He returns to the spring displaying

his trophy with the pride of a conqueror. After an hour or so of pleasant swimming we get out to enjoy a woodland lunch. The long bath has given us a keen appetite, and we await the time of each meal with impatience. On these occasions the classical boys never fail to recall Horace to great fondness mind—his for green fields, for the shady recesses of the forest, and his never-to-beoverlooked glass of sparkling Massic or Caecuban wine, which in our case is a bottle of Mobile beer. Is not then a picnic day, a day of joyful anticipation? Should any one think I am stretching the truth somewhat, let him ask any old Springhillian who has been through this pleasurable experience.

The long expected day had come off and with the pleasures I have just mentioned. Our rambles were over, the bathers had had enough, and a nondescript crowd had gatheeed at the spring waiting for beer and sandwiches. We made a picturesque group lying on the green grass, half dressed, with only tights on and an undershirt to protect our backs and shoulders from the hot rays of the sun. The echoes of the lake flung back our silvery laughter as we told our jokes at the expense of some unfortunate comrade. At this moment there came upon the scene an old darkey, an historical personage on the Hill, whose name is Tom Hardwork, more familiarly known as Uncle Tom.

Uncle Tom is an old time darky and bears with great ease the weight of his seventy years. His costume is unique; a pair of pants conspicuous for the number of its patches in marked contrast with the color of the original article; an old red flannel shirt, with many a rent, for fresh air, a slouchy hat so old and full of holes that we boldly assert it has been in service since the war, and sometimes though not always a pair of old boots complete his outfit. He is a great favorite with us boys on account of his readiness to tell stories. Tom keeps himself well informed on the subject of our picnic days and never fails to put in an appearance at the right time. He shows a decided partiality for beer and sandwiches. We know his weakness and he knows ours.

As Tom came on the scene we cordially invited him to partake of our lunch, because thereby we would be able to get him to tell us a story.

He received the beer and sandwith with a "Thank you, sah!" Gathering around him we asked for a story. Uncyle Tom scratched his head, took a long pull at the bottle, engulfed half a sandwich, scratched his head again, and after some

hesitation asked us to accompany him a short distance from where we were, promising he would show us something of interest and then tell us a story in connection with what he wished to show us. We were always fond of Uncle Tom's stories, and from his offer we surmised he would far eclipse all his other stories on account of its local coloring.

Starting from the spring, Uncle Tom led us across the Little Boys' Plain and turning to his left went about a hundred vards or so towards the college along the road which leads from the small yard to the Little Boys' Plain. He stopped before an old dead oak, once a mighty king of the forest, but now shorn of its It stands decrepit and crumbling, in striking contrast with its former beauty. Seating himself on the green sward and bidding us do the same, Uncle Tom had as attentive and eager an audience as any story teller could ever wish to have. Before entering on his subject he gave us the usual preliminaries of old plantation story tellers, and to have him come to his subject the sooner we kept what the old Romans would have styled "a sacred silence."

"Well, boys," he said, when he had fairly launched into "medias res," "I reckon you've all heard tell about de famous Copeland gang. They was a set of bad fellows, they was, sure, and some-

times killed folks if they refused to do what they wanted 'em to do. They had their headquarters at Wheelerville; you all know where Wheelerville is, don't you?" (a grunt of assent from us and a smile, for several boys who have friends on that road.) "This gang used to work mischief even in Louisiana and Mississippi. Wall, one night I went out on a coon hunt, I like coons as you young gemmon knows. After much trouble and huntin' I had the good luck to cotch two, which I put in the sack I was totin' along. Then I started for home, I passed by the spring over yonder, case I'd been huntin' in the swamps back o' the lake. After a good drink at the spring I cum along this way. I was gwine quietly along, when all of a sudden I heard a number of men talkin'. I laid low, bet your sweet socks, case I was skeered. Peering through the thinck bushes I seed a big number of men on horses and immediately recognized that terrible Copeland Gang. Jake Copeland himself 'peared to be 'dressing a white man standing under dis yar tree with a rope around his neck; de signal was given to hang him. Andy Glum said de Copeland fellow "you is a traitor to our gang and I will be—" and he slapped out some

right strong words, "if you don't hang for it. You'd better say your prayers, fur as sure as my name's Jake Copeland you'se gwine ter hang on that tree." Here the old darkey stopped and pointed to the dead oak said, "This here's the tree, boys." We all looked and imagined we saw Andy Glum hanging from an ugly bough not very high from the ground. "Wall, during all this time my heart was a thumping like a sledge-hammer. My! But I was skeered; and I just a laid lak one daid. By um by, the men went away, and then I showed my rabbit blood, and scooted fur home, fur I was young and active then. The next mawning I went and told the Fodders at the College, and they fetched the coroner to take charge of his body. After this here sad 'currence the folks used to say that at night dat daid man's ghost comes around.

"Did you ever see his ghost," queried one of the boys.

"No, sah," said he. "Dis here niggah wasn't gwine to be caught around hyar at night."

The story over, we returned to the lake for an afternoon dip. Since Uncle Tom's story, the small boys look at that tree with a feeling not unlike to fear.

WEBSTER WHIPPLE, '07.

HOW BUTLER WAS FOILED

I T was a bright sunny morning in the April of '62. The clock had just struck eight when a knock was heard at the door of the Jenkins' home. The door was opened and in marched ten Union troopers headed by a corporal. The Jenkins were true Confederates and at the time of our story were looked upon as the wealthiest people in New Orleans.

As the men grounded their guns the little corporal clicked his heels together and said that he would like to see the lady of the house. By this time everybody in the house was excited—Mrs. Jenkins especially, for she feared she would lose here beautiful diamonds.

When the servant came to tell Mrs. Jenkins that she was wanted she calmly walked to the head of the steps and called down:

"What is it you want."

Without even tipping his hat the important-looking little corporal declared his object in a loud voice:

"We have come for your diamonds and jewelry. General Butler has given orders for us to call and not to come away without them."

A loud moan was heard throughout the house and old Mammy Knet was seen coming from her mistress' room with her head bandaged up declaring that she had the 'misery' in her teeth again. No heed was taken of the old negress by the brave soldiers who in the heroic discharge of their noble duty scattered throughout the house.

The searching party had now entered Mrs. Jenkins' sleeping apartments. That lady almost broke down when she beheld her privacy thus rudely violated and thought of the prospect of parting with her diamonds which had been in the family for several gen-After a great deal of erations. grumbling, during which every nook and corner of the room was searched, the corporal came upon the little casket of jewelry. He opened it only to find it empty. Turning angrily upon the lady of the house he required her in an austere tone to deliver up her jewelry or leave her home.

Mrs. Jenkins did not know what to make of this. She was positive that she had left her jewels in the box a few days before, but now they were not there and her family was in danger of being turned upon the street in consequence of their disappearance. To say she did not know where they were would only increase the soldiers' anger and yet it was the plain truth. A hundred plans for explaining the situation flashed

THE TABLEAU



across her active mind. Suddenly it dawned upon her to tell the officer that as several of her slaves had deserted her during the preceding night it was quite possible that one of them had carried them off. Strangely enough this explanation satisfied him. "If that be true," he said with an air of one who had triumphed, "it shall soon be in the hands of the General, for the negroes reported at the camp this morning as we were leaving."

After this grand speech he departed with his braves and went to other houses in the neighborhood to carry out similar orders of his gallant chief.

After the excitement had blown over, Mrs. Jenkins began to ques-

tion her faithful slaves as to where the jewelry might be, but they could throw no light on the subject. At last old Mammy Knet came into her room moaning most pitifully. When asked about the missing jewelry the look of pain vanished from her wrinkled face, her eyes twinkled with joy and she exclaimed triumphantly:

"Dem Yankee fools is slick, an' ole Spooney am slicker'n 'em all, but your ole Mammy done lef' 'em all in de shade."

She then untied the great bandanna that was wrapped about her jaw and deposited the diamond rings and lockets in the lap of her mistress.

T. SEMMES WALMSLEY, '07.

A CRITICAL STUDY OF THE 4TH ODE OF THE 1ST BOOK OF HORACE

H ORACE has claim to the gratitude of all men of letters. The freshness of his poetry is such that any one of a literary turn of mind can never tire of it. It has been the delight not only of his own time but of the centuries that followed and will continue to be to the end of time. He holds a prominent position among the lyricists of all ages. From humble origin, the son of a freedman, he rose to the pinnacle of fame. His father spared no efforts to give his son the best

education and Horace never forgot it. His gratitude is always breaking out in his works.

United to talents of the highest order he combined qualities which endeared him to all his friends. His poetry partook of his genial spirit, and though he was always ready to share with his friends the pleasant things of this life, he could understand and appreciate the serious side of things, a fact exemplified in the present ode.

This ode is addressed to Ses-

tius. Sestius had been an enthusiastic partisan of Brutus and fought with him against Anthony and Augustus. It was probably during this time that made his acquaintance. always remained faithful to the memory of Brutus but, in spite of this, he acepted the new order of things under Augustus and became consul suffectus on the retirement of Augustus from that position. Sestius was advanced in age at the time of the writing of the ode and very wealthy. On the retiring of winter Horace invites Sestius to a feast. The season of spring with all its accompanying beauties and the new life which it inspires in everyone suggested the thought to Horace. He says that life is short and that we must all die, so while we have the chance let us enjoy it.

The ode is but a simple invitation to his friend to come and dine with him. "The cramping fetters of winter," says the poet, "are bursting under the warm breath of spring, and man and nature are full of fresh, glad life. The season invites to enjoyment; and life is too short and death to sure for us to count on many such opportunities. Nature is feeling the first warm burst of spring and already the early navigator is launching his ship. The cattle in the stable are impatient for the broad, green fields and the farmer eager to till the thawing globe. Venus leads the comely graces to dance in the forest in the light of the overhanging moon. Meanwhile, Vulcan, her husband, is toiling the overheated workshops of the Cyclops, forging the thunderbolts of Jupiter. Death knocks at the door of all, rich and poor, so we shall not be exempt. Therefore while we have the chance let us enjoy ourselves and not wait until we are in the land of shades where we shall not have the generous wine we sip on earth."

The ode, like all of Horace's productions, is very artistic, abounding in allusions and descriptions of the highest classic and poetic nature. Examined according to our ideas of what such an ode should be, we find that the treatment of the subject is in perfect accord with the predominating thought. The ideas, images, and suggestions of the poet to the reader's fancy are productions of the master mind of Horace.

Evidently the first thought to occur to the reader, is the beautiful antithesis of two tableaux of surprising poetical beauty. The first represents Venus leading the graces to dance in the forest. Here everything is light and gay—the language itself aiding not a little to the general effect:

"Jam Cytherea choros ducit, imminente Luna,

Junctaeque Nymphis Gratiae decentes

Alterno quatiunt pede—" and, meanwhile, Vulcan is busy

in his shops forging thunderbolts for Jupiter:

"-Dum graves Cyclopum

Vulcanus ardens urit officinas."
The second the picture of death knocking for admittance at the hovel of the peasant, as he does at the palace of the rich with the unwelcome summons to come to the cheerless life of the land of shades.

"Pale death with equal pace impartial fate

Knocks at the palace as the cottage gate."

To the pagan the moral of the

poem is merely this: "Behold how the gods and nature rejoice at the advent of spring. But amid all these joys bear in mind that death is dealing his blows with absolutely impartiality. There is and can be no safeguard against his attacks and therefore, ere he come upon you, get the best out of life." Evidently this is what Horace meant to say to his friend Sestius, and there can be no doubt that old Sestius understood and accepted the invitation.

R. K. ROUNDS, '07.

THE BEGGAR

T was on a cold, frosty winter's night, when I was not yet in my teens, that I sat beside my grandfaher listening to the many wonderful stories which he had to relate of by-gone times, when a sudden rap was heard at the door. I arose cautiously, advanced and opened it; but instead of meeting my father, as I had expected, there stood before me a form, haggard, forlorn, and in short a personification of the lowest type of our race. I made a sign to my grandfather to advance, as I felt suspicious of the stranger, who had thus suddenly broken upon my peaceful dwelling. But as soon as my grandfather caught a glimpse of the person standing without, he bade

him enter, and presented him with a chair, which he drew near the hearth, where glowed a comfortable fire, whose flickering flames cast dancing shadows upon the floor. When once we were seated he remained motionless statue, while the frozen garments began to thaw and envelope him in a cloud of vapor. After a time his garments became dry, and the heat began to penetrate his chilled and benumbed body. When my grandfather saw that he could now speak without pain, he addressed him thus: "My good friend, what sad fortune has brought you here, miserable and haggard, to my door this cold and bleak winter night?"

The beggar seemed dumb, but

on hearing the question repeated, answered:

"My good sir, if you will have the patience to listen to my miserable story, I will tell you why I am here tonight."

My grandfather gave consent by a slight nod of his head.

The stranger then began his story: "I was born in the small town of M-, of high-bred and wealthy parents, whose only fault —God forgive them—was lenient manner in which thev brought me up, and the neglect to apply the rod when it was required. When I had reached the age when most young folks are sent to school. I was entered in the small day school of our town, but soon becoming weary, I began to play truant, which I managed to keep secret from my parents for several months; at last I was discovered, and worse than all, I was detected in telling a falsehood, in trying to excuse my conduct.

"A few years after that event, I was sent to college, where I conducted myself admirably for a year or more, until alas! I had the misfortune to be trapped by the intrigues of several wicked companions, who gradually led me on from one bad deed to another until, before I was aware of it, I found myself implicated in—not an ordinary college prank—but a deed which causes me to shudder when I think of it.

"To extricate myself I found was

impossible without betraving others, and this I pretended was beneath my dignity. Everything promised well for the execution of the foul deed, until the night before it was to be perpetrated, when one of the accomplices more treacherous than the rest, revealed the plot to the superior of the college, hoping by this means to save himself. The next morning we were all expelled, and carried with us that shame, which is ever to follow us. What should do? Whither should I go? home? and there live the remainder of my life in disgrace? My heart failed me, and I resolved never to revisit that spot, which had been the scene of my youthful pleasures, and where dwelt my kind parents, who were so soon to have their bitter cup of grief filled to the brim. I determined to spend the remainder of my days, in some place where I should be unknown, and with that intention I have continued wander about this world, which seems to me a land of exile.

"I attempted to work, but not being accustomed to it, I was obliged to abandon even that last resource for a living, and to depend upon charity for my future support. This, my good sir, is the reason why I have sought shelter under your roof this night, and what I have said just now is as true as I speak."

My grandfather who had listened with deep interest to the



A. J. TOUART, as THE PAUPER, in "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."

G. A. WHIPPLE, as THE PRINCE, in "THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER."



stranger's story, said to him: "Friend I believe your story as you appear to be an honest youth, and henceforth, if you wish, you may make your home in my family."

The young man was almost as much astounded by these words, as he had been when he received his sentence of expulsion. He accepted my grandfather's generous offer, and from that night he began to reform.

After the lapse of several years, he married in one of the most respectable families of our little queen-city; resumed his correspondence with his much grieved parents, who received him back again into their home as the prodigal son. He is at present one of the most promising young lawyers and upright citizens of the progressive little city of —

ROBERT M. BREARD, '08.

THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE

There stood before a flow'ring bush A tiny maiden fair, And on her damask cheek the flush Was red and passing rare.

"Now, prythee, sweetly blushing rose,
O prythee! tell me true;
To be a sweet and blushing rose,
What should a maiden do?"

"To be a sweet and blushing rose,
A little miss like you,
Just grows, and grows, and grows, and grows,
And that's what she must do."

O many thanks, sweet blushing rose, Full many thanks be thine! I'll do my best to grow, sweet rose; Thy sweetness, too, be mine!''

-Nestor Keith, '07.

SIR THOMAS MORE

TRIAL AND DEATH

THE courtroom was crowded long before the appointed hour for the convening of the court, that day. Crowds had assembled there to witness the trial of one of England's noblest, most illustrious and renowned men. Sir Thomas More, Lord High Chancellor. He had been chosen in 1530 to succeed Cardinal Wolsev, and had filled the office for three years with scrupulous integrity, and won the king's highest esteem and friendship through merits. But his own personal now alas!

All eyes were turned to the entrance of the room, as the long line of stern and grave-faced judges, followed by More, filed slowly through the aisle and took their respective places upon the All looks are centered on the prisoner. He is tall is stature but slightly bent with age. majestic face shows signs of care and pain, his silken wavy hair falls matted upon his temples and His outward appearance shows the greatest composure. He only waited—waited the sentence of the court, which he knew too well would be death. trial began, witnesses were examined-men whose very soul seemed hardened against pity; they cannot look upon the countenance of the honorable and upright man; the cowards and renegades are fearful to meet the eye of noble Thomas More.

The sentence is pronounced. More is cast into a dungeon of the Tower. A room dark, dingy and dirty. A tiny ray of light entered through a small window above his head. It was evening, he could tell. Lighting his little candle he cast his eyes around his present abode. His bed once hung with silken tapestries, now a heap of straw, his walls frescoed with paintings, now black and dirty, his floors covered with velvet carpets, now the damp cold earth itself. More sat musing in his prison cell alone. The recent downfall of Cardinal Wolsev came to his mind, and the same thought suggested itself that Shakespeare immortalized so many years later the beautiful words, "how wretched is that poor man that hangs on prince's favor."

He thinks of his beloved wife soon to be widowed, and his dear children to be fatherless, and dearest of all these his daughter, Margaret. One word would have restored his home and family, but his conscience forbade it.

The day of the execution was at hand. A great crowd of spectators had assembled around the

place of execution. Margaret knowing that she would not again be admitted within the precincts of the Tower, had paced the wharf for more than an hour. When she at length perceived him being led out to execution, she burst through the line of billmen, and throwing herself on his neck, murmured in a broken voice, "O mv father! 0 my father!" "Where is thy fortitude, my best jewel," said More. "It will all be over in a moment. Let this console thee, Margaret, that I suffer in innocence," tenderly pressing his lips to her cheek, "and by the will of God, to whose blessed pleasure thou, my child must accommodate thyself, and not only be patient under the loss, but lead thy poor, weak mother and thy sisters to follow thy example. And now retire I would not have thy best feelings become the scoff and gibe of a brutal guard."

His daughter prepared to obey; but she had gone only a few steps forgetful of all fortitude and self-control, she flew back and falling on his neck kissed him repeatedly. Sir Thomas remained silent; but notwithstanding all his efforts at firmness, tears fell rapidly from his eyes, and it was not until his adopted daughter Margaret Clement had loosened her arms by force, that she could be separated from her father.

Margaret swooned and was borne to the edge of the crowd. A stillness, stiller than death spread through the mass of people, as the ax descended upon the noblest head in all England.

Lifting her eyes Margaret asked if it were all over, at the very moment the head of her dear father rolled before her feet, she looked down into those tranquil eyes and for the second time fell into a dead faint.

Henry VII had thus sacrificed another victim to his insatiable pride and lust.

ROBERT M. BREARD, '08.

A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY ADVENTURE

BOYS, as a rule, have a fondness for relating any adventure that may have befallen them; and, as I am only a boy, I am no exeception to the rule. Although only an eye witness to the following incident, I was a very interested one.

On my journey home for the Christmas Holidays, my brother

Willie, and myself stepped from the train at B—. Willie, being a boy of twelve, was as serene and gay as his age could demand, but I, being his senior, was full of my own importance, and thought it became me to fume at the railroad company because the train was five hours late, which caused us to miss connection with the ing into the already overcrowded train that was to land us in our native city. The travel was very heavy and you can imagine how glad we were, when we heard some shout: "All aboard; special for A—." The station was crowded and in my haste I scattered a family. Had the havoc I made been seen by a football manager, I would have been signed as center immediately. This carelessness aroused the ire of the Paterfamilias, who immediately challenged me to a pugilistic encounter. But as I had neither time, inclination nor ability to try conclusions with him, I made a rush for the special we found good seats, and then a pleasant wait for forty-five minutes, which seemed like hours in my excitement. Meanwhile people of all description were pourcar. They were a rough set, and looked as if they would shoot you for sport. As noon drew near, the inner man began to crave for food. The only precaution we had taken against this bane of travelers, was to secure a few sandwiches from the lunch counter. The first sandwich was fine, and I was thinking what a pleasure it would be to eat a dozen, when I was aroused from my revery by a harsh voice saying:

"Here, Buddy, give me some of them vittles, Mandy an' the children ain't had nothing since yistidy."

He was a fierce looking old

fellow, and though his voice had enough persuasion in it, still his looks were more impressive, and I answered with all my remaining nerve:

"Sure, help yourself—I am only too glad to be able to help you in any way. Anything else I can do?"

With an empty stomach yearning for more of the sandwiches, I saw him take our whole dinner and walk calmly away. I turned to Willie and said: "Well, Willie! that was an act of charity. It is good to help the poor."

I fear Willie's views did not coincide with mine, regarding the corporal works of mercy, at that moment, for hunger had blunted his finer feelings. Our farmer friend had scarcely left us before another person spoke up. I had noticed this person before and was greatly interested in his appearance. He was long and lanky with all the characteristics of a cowboy or a desperado. When my attention was called to him he was holding a flask of whiskey in his hand and with a sneering smile upon his lips made a deep, graceful bow to his fellow-passengers, and said: "With due respect to the ladies." After a drink, as much as I thought would kill a horse, he politely asked if any one would join him. Several did.

"If nobody don't like my ways, let him step up," and as he said this, he dived into his telescope and jerked out two of the most dangerous revolvers I have ever seen. Now my readers, especially the ladies will probably wonder why I permitted this bullying ruffian to act like this in a car filled with ladies. I had several reasons for keeping quiet. first place, I am no hero, only an every day sort of a chap. In the second place my people were expecting me to come home, not to be carried there, and finally because Willie begged me not to interfere. We were about half an hour from B-, when this strange man took another big drink. The whiskey seemed to warm his heart towards us, for he stood up in his seat and began to address us in a most confidential manner. He had been in the saddle for the last five days, overlooking his plantation. He owned more land and raised more cotton than any one else in Texas. His name was Bill Ryder, and breakfast was served to him at exactly five o'clock every morning. cook was a minute behind timewell, he was not a man to be trifled with.

He continued: "I am a lawyer by profession. I was born in M— in '65, and graduated at University— in '87. Lived next door to the Goodyear family for ten years. The old man was a gentleman, but his son Charlie, was a scoundrel. No, sir! Charlie Goodyear

was no gentleman. If any one wants to deny my words, why I will take great pleasure in proving them to his satisfaction."

The thought of Charlie Goodyear seemed to arouse his anger, for he continued, while his catlike eyes sparkled and his teeth gleamed beneath his contemptuous smile: "This is a pretty bunch, ain't it? You get scared out of your boots by simply looking at a real man like me. There ain't a man here has the grit to say I lied about Charlie Goodyear.'

"Yer lied, Pardner."

I looked around for this new actor in the play and saw a gawkish looking countryman rise up with a gun in his hand. Both men fired together, and Ryder got a slight wound in the shoulder. The passengers now stepped in and took the guns from the combatants to prevent them from doing any more damage. Ryder was in a rage and it took four men to hold him in his seat. He contingued to struggle for about a quarter of an hour, but the whiskey he had taken soon overpowered him. When I left the train at A—, I saw him sleeping as innocently as a child. I was very glad to leave such a rough crowd of men and I am resolved never to visit that part of the country again.

THOMAS DALY, '10.

My First Coon Hunt

ONE day last vacation I felt very miserable. As I sat lounging about the veranda I felt so miserable that I almost wished I was at college again. All of a sudden a brilliant thought came to my mind; that of a coon-hunt. I jumped up and went to a friend's house near by and asked him what he thought about it.

"Why, that's fine," he answered. "Let's go this evening, and I will take my dog Rover along as he might be of great help; he can manage any old coon we may come across."

"All right, I'm willing," I answered; "but what kind of sport is a coon-hunt? I have never yet been coon-hunting."

"Well," he said. "You see the coon's eyes shining in the moss; you set a dog at him and then the fun begins. Just wait till this evening. Come over when the sun goes down and I will have sticks, gun and everything ready."

Well, it seemed as if the sun never would set. I waited patiently until the sky was getting grey and then made my way to my friend's house to start on my first coon-hunt. As we started, Rover ran along in front of us wagging his tail in high glee, as if he was thinking of the grand fight he was to have with a coon. We had made the torches of pine

and straw dipped in oil in order to have a good strong light. I had an old rifle and my friend was carrying a long and stout stick to use in killing the coon. We had also taken a hunting knife for any emergency that might arise.

After awhile we came to the We then lit our torches and began to examine the trees. The big massive oaks with long thick branches looked like ghosts in the darkness and canused one to hold his breath in suspense. The torchlight made the woods more gloomy than ever and one bunch of moss especially which very long and slowly waving, looked like some giant of the forest ready to pounce upon us and make a fine supper of us two. But this did not frighten us and we continued our search.

All of a sudden Rover stopped and began barking. My friend went forward to see what was the matter. He soon came back and told me that he saw two bright spots in a large bunch of moss a little above the ground just in front of us and that he was sure that they were the eyes of a coon. "Come and see how a coon looks at night." Anxious as I was to see a coon killed I was not overjoyed to go up to one and see his eyes shining from between the



moss. My friend saw that I was afraid and he began to laugh at me and tell me that there was no danger. I went with him and he pointed out to me two very bright spots just in front of me.

"Now watch the fun," he said, and calling Rover he began to poke his stick into the moss.

The coon came out and before we knew it Rover came from behind and gave the coon a vicious bite. A grand fight followed; at times both would stand still watching each other; at other times I could distinguish neither coon nor dog. The ground was torn up and bloody. There was nothing for us to do but to watch and see what would be the result. After some time the coon managed to get away and took refuge in a hollow at the root of an old tree. Rover walked round and round, barking and sniffing but he never dared to enter or

even to come near. He had a pretty bad bite on his shoulder and his nose was all scratched and bloody. My companion drove Rover away and with his stick tried to get the coon to come out. The poor coon at last put his head out but no sooner had he done so than my companion struck him on the head and killed him.

Rover now was very brave and we had to keep him away from the coon as we wanted to preserve his skin. We started for home in great glee. I carried the coon hung over my shoulder. When we got home my companion suggested that I should take the coon's skin as a trophy of my first coon hunt. The skin has since been made into a rug and as often as I see it I think of the dark oaks, the long streaming moss and the fight between Rover and the coon.

PAUL J. TURREGANO, '10.

MY ADVENTURE IN FLORIDA

A TRUE STORY

B OB! Oh Bob!" came the melodious ring of Will's voice. The possessor of this voice was a fine, hardy-looking young fellow of about fifteen, as sunburnt as an "Alabama coon" and as strong as any young tiger could be.

"Well!" came the quick response from Bob, the most fear-

less of our crowd, also a boy of good dimensions, but nothing like Will. "I m coming as fast as I can."

"Of all the saints where have you been all night. You must have left us at one o'clock, didn't you?"

"I left you about 2:30 this morning and have been having a

fine, cool rest in the top of a small pine. Not to hold you in suspense any longer, I was watching the alligator, the niggers call Big Joe."

"Well, how have the fates treated you today; or rather last night?" put in John, a more quiet fellow than the rest.

"Badly John. He stays so far from the bank that I cannot possibly get a shot at him."

"Well, why not try to catch him," said I. "It will not be very hard to allure him with a good decoy. What say all?"

"Agreed," cried the group in fairly regular unison.

"Say," said Bob to Ben, our cook who was engaged in peeling some potatoes. "How long before the first call? We are all as hungry as wolves."

"Or perhaps alligators," put in Will

"Well, Marse Bob, only about ten minutes, sah!"

So we had breakfast which went on merrily and every one was unfolding his own plan. It was Ben's turn. He spoke like a sage.

"Well, marsters, the way to do it is to take a big, fat cow's liver and put it on a bunch of shark hooks and set a big line, and fix it to a tree. Mr. Alligator, he up and grabs de libber and also de hooks an' swallows dem, den he is ours."

The close of Ben's speech was greeted with generous applause

from all sides and was generally accepted by all. It was agreed that, Will and Ben would go after the liver. The remaining forces were to fix up the line.

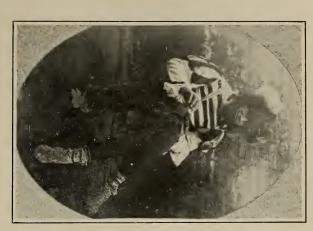
"Well, Will, Ben will be ready now and you can go," said Bob.

While Will and Ben wended their way through the wood towards the butcher pen, the sun rose high in the heavens and before they got back it was dinner time. When we had finished and lain about for about an hour or so, Bob said:

"Well, boys, as Sol is tiring of his day's work, let's have a little pull around the point."

All agreed and soon we took our positions in the boat. Each had his post in the skiff, and each had something to carry. I was to steer our little craft and direct the expedition, Bob carried the oars, Ben the bait, Will the hooks and line, while John labored under the weight of his head and a small four-pound rifle. Half an hour after pushing off from the bank, we rounded the point and began to cut our way through the swamp rushes that encircled Joe's habitation. A few minutes later we beached our boat on a small island quite near Joe's marshy abode.

After some little preparations we tied the line to a stout baytree, and then, with a mighty swing, Will cast the baited hooks far out into the stream. We then pulled back into camp, had sup-



T. S. Walmsley, as MILES HENDON, in "The Prince and the Pauper."



The PAUPER, describing to The Prince the joys of the urchins of Pudding Lane.



per and rolled in for the night.

I arose very early next morning thinking I would get ahead of the crowd, but as Will's cot was empty, I concluded that he had stolen a march on us. I then shook out John and Bob—no easy task, I assure you, for they are both heavy sleepers. Dressing was an affair of two or three minutes and soon we were standing on the wharf? But where was the skiff? Ah! Will had made off with it.

Seizing a paddle, I jumped into our canoe which was resting at ease under the wharf.

"Bob," I cried, as I pushed out into the river," you and John bring the launch down as soon as you can get it ready. I'll hurry down and help Will."

"Don't worry about that," came the answer from both.

I was now going down the stream rapidly. My little craft cut, or rather skimmed the placid water with ease and grace and the cool morning air fanned my face as I sped on. I followed the path through the rushes made by our passage on the day previous, entered the swamp and finally came upon Will. He was standing in the stern of the boat tugging mightily at the line we had set.

"Hurry up, Tom," he cried, as he saw me coming up; "we've got the old fellow at last."

In a few minutes I was beside him in the skiff. Then taking the oars he told me to sit astern and keep old Joe off with the gaff. The old fellow did not like to be hauled with four great hooks tearing his stomach. But as he suffered less by allowing himself to be thus towed along than he would have by resisting, his instinct told him to come with us peaceably. We soon reached the stream. But here our victim thought proper to resist and then the trouble started.

Joe began to hold back and Will had to pull with all his might. After a little while Will missed his stroke and went head over heels in the boat, and in a second Joe's head was within a yard of me. I jumped up and rammed the gaff in his eye and before he could recover we were under headway again. This little accident so frightened me that I suggested to my companion that we would give up this dangerous kind of business and let the alligator go free. Just then Joe let out a whoop that made me shiver, but the next instant I felt greatly relieved when I heard the shrill whistle of the launch as it rounded the point.

In a short time our friends joined us. We threw them the line of our boat and jumped in with them.

We put on full speed, dragging our prize after us. When we arrived at the wharf poor old Joe was so badly used up that we dragged him ashore and killed him immediately.

P. D. BEALL, '10.

The Heart of Love

Heart of Jesus! Men thou loved
And lovest. Yea this hour as hour of old,
When Thou throbbed on Galilean
Lake-marge, vineyard, mead and mount and wold

Warred the waves and leaped the levin:
"Peace be still," thou bade, and slept the flood.
Bode thou tooe'er spear of Calv'ry
Hushed Thee, vineyard nectar be Thy Blood.

Other yet eterne memento
Reared Thy Heart of meadow whitened wheat:
'Bread before, but now My Body.
Fishers Twelve! believe, take ye and eat.'

Lead Then out where silent swaying
Rocks the fathom-flood—where seen of eyes
Wisdom lit, are vassal jewels
Warder Ocean hoards to guerdon toilers wise.

Come to me, ye sorrow smitten!
Ye in Life's May, ye in Autum leaf!
As my Cross Cyrene's Simon
Bare oj old, so Heart of mine thy grief.

Lo! we come, and pray when syren
Passions, lock our souls in Circe's den
Spell us with thy vestal charming
Heart, Thou Way, Thou Truth, Thou Life of men.

FORTY YEARS AFTERWARDS

THE, train had just left Sacramento on its long journey eastward. It was the Overland Limited. As I could not retire until I received the telegram from the post commandant, my berth was not made up. Leaning back upon the soft cushions of the Pullman I began to glance over the evening paper. 'For some time my thoughts were divided between the results of the baseball games and of home so far away in the sunny land of Dixie. In fact, I was on the point of dosing off, when the brakeman from the next coach velled out-"Change cars for all points north." Dropping my paper I peered out of the window. We were in a small town on the border of California. Around a little shed which possessed the threefold honor of being depot, express office, and lunch room, a group of men and boys were loitering. A few kerosene lamps flickered in the surrounding darkness. Here and there a dog barked and the loud guffaw, the consequence of some outburst of a country swain, all help to add noise to the scene. Indeed it was a typical country town. My attention wandered to a rapidly approaching figure. On nearer view beheld a tall, gray-headed, though very erect old man. His

high forehead was overshadowed by a broad-brimmed felt hat. drooping mustache, once a mass of jet, now covered with the snowy seal of age. His full neck was clasped by a low loose fitting collar, whose whiteness seemed more immaculate in contrast to the dangling string-tie of black which fell over a soft pleated shirt. A long black coat reached to his knees, and in one hand he carried a small satchel, the other grasped a large silk handkerchief. On reaching the station platform he suddenly turned, shook hands with a comrade and boarded the train.

We were whirling along at a very rapid pace, one by one the fading lights of the village melted into the all-present darkness. was about to resume my paper when on glancing up I recognized the old gentleman whom I had seen at the station. He was followed by the porter who directed him to his berth, which, with the exception of my own, was the only unoccupied one remaining. So coming to me the porter inquired whether I would object to a stranger sharing my seat for a few moments. Finding I had no objection, the old gentleman carefully carrying his small satchel sat down by my side. Without any ceremony we were soon in-

troduced and conversation drifted from one thing to another. I was just thinking of asking him whether he had ever been in Alabama, when the train suddenly rounding a curve threw the satchel from his side. It fell to the floor, and quickly the stranger made a motion to regain it, but as it dropped at my feet I was the first to reach it. As we again took our seats the stranger remarked, "I may have seemed a little over anxious about that satchel, but it contains something sacred, something lost for over forty years. To tell the truth. for several years, its owner has slept beneath the green." On hearing this I was greatly aroused and begged of him to disclose the nature of the package. "Well, he began, if you don't object to its great length I shall be pleased to relate its history.

"Jefferson Davis had just issued his call for volunteers, and, as you know, from every side came that clamorous answer to his appeal. It was then I met Dan Shuman. He was the first colonel of the 60th--a regiment whose deeds have adorned history's fairest pages, and whose fame has reached from end to end of both continents. Our colonel, for I too was of the regiment, was a woman in gentleness of bearing towards his friends and at his fireside, vet on the field of battle he was the stoic, unknown to pain or fear. His courteous manner.

his greatest regar 1 for truth and virtue made him the idol of his regiment. How we adored our "Red" as the boys all called him! Where "Red" led we would follow—to annihilation if necessary.

"Well do I remember the evening of our departure! Amid the waving of handkerchiefs, the roll of drums and the last of farewells, our train bearing the very flower of the southern host drew out of the station. Who pictured, who among them ever thought of the horrors of the country's struggle. Oh, the return of these heroic men! Some to return as officers of rank, won on the field of battle, some on the arms of their comrades to linger for many long days in the dismal wards of the hospital, while some wrapped in the flag for which they fought were tenderly borne to the newopen grave on the sloping hillside.

"We were ordered to Chicamauga. On every side the roads were covered with glistening films of ice. From the far north came a shieking blast which swaved the dismal trees to and fro. Mile after mile behind as our weary, footsore boys tramped doggedly onward. We were now in range of the enemy's fire, away to the east came the heavy rumble of cannon, the singing minnie balls rent the frozen air. We could see the flash of the artillery, and in lulls that came in the firing, the quick, hoarse cries of the Federal

officers could be distinctly heard. Imagine, if you can, our untold dismay when turning a sharp curve in the road we beheld a swollen creek rushing headlong between the charred ruins of a bridge. The burnt supports of which glistened like black diamonds of ice. Great clusters of crystals hung from the pillars, the cold was excruciating. The roar of the cannon was now deafening, great chips were flying from the trees in all directions. Gap upon gap was made through our advancing lines by the ever killing shrapnel.

"There on the bank of that stream stood our colonel, hat pulled down over his eyes, sword gripped tight in hand and round his waist sparkled his ice covered sash of crimson. 'Boys,' he cried, 'we must cross this stream or per-There is but way to gain the other side. Let him who dare not follow, fall back to the rear!' Then with a cry of, 'After me!' off into the raging waters he plunged. My friend, if ever there was a regiment who obeyed its leadesr, it was the old 6th when, like one man we answered our colonel's command with a headlong leap into the icy waters of that frothing stream. coats, and knapsacks, at least all that remained of them, were floating round and sround in the mad whirl. A yell, a muttered curse, a gurgle, and a man would go down to be quickly jerked to his

feet by his more fortunate comrades. Far out in front of the struggling mass our "Red" with master strokes, was swimming for the opposite shore. Friend, I have heard the applause of multitudes ring to the echo, but no shout of joy, of gladness, of triumph can ever equal that grand old rebel yell which greeted our mud begrimed colonel as he climbed upon the slimy bank. How he looked! grasping the dripping hilt of his sword, the old hat crushed into a shapeless mass from the impact of the water, while from his curly locks, the vellow-brown water trickled. His once bright uniform of gray, now all soaked with the muddy water blended with the dyed crimson of his sash to form a russet brown. How different, all wet and soggy, was that sash, from the beautiful one which his young wife had dubbed him knight of the Southern cause. 'Boys,' turning to us he cried, 'we are now across, every one to the front:'-

"How we fought that day? Well, I am sure you know history—

"It was evening. The firing had ben incessant, we had formed for the last charge. Far in the van of the regiment his sword gleaming in the twilight dashed our fearless leader—

"The horror of it all made a woman of the man. We could not, would not be consoled. The warm glow of the camp fires flame brought no comfort that night. Our noble, generous hearted colonel was among the slain, no word of him had we received since that last grand charge. To strengthen the report a soldier bearing his well-known sash of crimson was known to be among the slain, just as he started towards our lines.

"For days we heard nothing of our loved commander, yet no one had the courage to forward a message to his young wife. Surely we would get news of him! Several days later a courier under a flag of truce galloped up to our outposts. He bore a message from the Union leader telling of a Southern colonel found by the Sisters of Charity on that shambled field. To all appearances he was dead, a minnie ball had ploughed its ragged path through his left lung. He was expected to die at any moment and his only wish was to send a message to his wife and regiment. To tell of the joy occasioned on receipt of this glad news, though overshadowed by the darkening thoughts of the approaching death, would be entirely out of place. He died? No, for many a weary month, lingering in a Washington hospital he was nursed back from the cruel clutch of death by the tender hands of the Sisters of Charity. Not only did they nurse him back to health but made of him at his earnest prayer and desire a Catholic, the equal of whom I have

never seen. His staunch, high sense of honor made of him a Catholic as he was a soldier, without peer. I am wandering from my subject, however.

"Scarce had the war passed into history when Dan Shuman climbed the steps of his old mansion, kissed his longing wife and babe and started a new, a fiercer struggle the battle of life, the battle to keep the wolf from the door. Time, however, was the kind guardian of his efforts. Like the sparkling wine of ancient fame the older he grew, the grander, nobler, man was he. His worth as a soldier, mellowed only by the tender cares of a father, now shown forth in every civic virtue. In the words of Lincoln he lived, "With malice to none, with charity to all."

"It seems but yesterday, standing beneath the rustling oaks I heard the last sad notes of taps, wafted on the twilight air, summoning our leader to the last great muster.

"Last month, while stopping in San Jose, in conversation with an eminent physician of that place the subject of surgery in the Civil war came up. Many interesting anecdotes were related and old times long ago, forgotten were recalled. Finally as I was leaving he remarked, 'Come here a moment I want to show you a relic I have of my service in the war. It was given me by a dying confederate whom I had attend-



REVIEW STAFF



ed. His dying request was, 'Return it to our colonel's wife,' but before I could obtain any address he had breathed his last. Being a Southerner, however, I am sure you would enjoy seeing it.' With that he opened a silver mounted case and handed me this—the crimson sash of our old Colonel, the sash made by the tender hands of a loving wife, the self-same sash which led us through so many a deadly conflict to victory. This sash for more than forty years resting in strange hands, is

now at last on its homeward jour ney, to once again meet the hands of its maker. From the far distant past comes this singular message.

"So you can now understand why it is with such infinite care I handle this little hand-bag."—

The porter came and the old gentleman withdrew into his berth. For many miles indeed, my only thought was of the dashing leader and his sash of gold and crimson.

D. T. HAILS, '06.

FATHER RENE HOLAIND

ON the nineteenth day of April, nineteen hundred and six passed away at the Jesuit Seminary of Woodstock, Maryland, a man of more than exceptional gifts and rarest attainments, a veritable genius—Reverend Father Rene Holaind, S. J.

To those whom the chance happenings of life had brought within the sphere of his influence not less than to those who had enjoyed the privilege of a close intimacy with him, the news of his death must have come in the shape of unfeigned surprise and profound regret—surprise, that one of so buoyant a nature, so ardent a spirit, so actice a temperament, so untiringly alert, a mind should be no more; regret, such a light should be that

quench, such a force be withdrawn. All, whether lay or clerical, who knew him at all feel that moons may wax and moons may wane but upon his like they shall not cast eye.

It is true that when the summons came Father Holaind had well nigh reached the allotted three score and ten, and that the impaired state of his health had, for already some while, kept him intellectual aloof from those fields he had so long and so successfully cultivated, yet as we do not hear that the vigor of his mind had diminished, we cannot help feeling that the earthly years of such a man were too few, his span of life too brief.

Neither will the purpose of this Review, nor the limited space

at our command enable us to present our readers with a detailed history of the learned Tesuit. These fragmentary notes are merely a brief tribute of admiration and grateful affection offered by Spring Hill College to the memory of the man who among that host of brilliant, gifted and painstaking Tesuit educators whose names have graced her staff for over half a century, may be justly said to have stood highest in general estimation and to have had a more than even share in the furtherance of her progress and the spreading of her fame. For a period of fourteen years, with a very short interruption, from 1864 to 1878, that profound scholar who had few peers in an Order noted for its eminent men, was content to apply to the instruction of the young Spring Hill grammarians, poets, rhetoricians and philosophers committed to his charge, those vast and varied treasures of erudition which later on were to win for him a place second to none among the leaders of thought in this country. That the task must have been irksome at times, none who has the faintest notion of the exacting duties of a college professor-can deny or even doubt; yet never for a moment did Father Holaind deem his wonderful intellectual powers "cribbed, cabined and confined." His interest in his pupils never flagged. Always on the watch for the best

methods to stimulate their mental activity and the best means to spur on their endeavors; always bubbling over with kindliness and unswestvingly tactful, he possessed the incomparable art of imparting knowledge with seemingly no effort on the part of either giver or recipient. vouths who were blessed with the boon of such a training, not a few of whom have achieved distinction in the learned professions, will remember with tearful emotion now that he is dead, his witty sallies, his playful husmoothed remonmor which strance and blunted the edge of rebuke, his exquisite perception of the ludicrous, his power of awakening that sense in others and of drawing merriment from incidents which occur every day, and from little peculiarities of temper and manner such as may "We all be found in every man. felt the charm of Father Holaind's genial nature and gave ourselves up to it," says one of his pupils of those days, now an eminent member of the New Orleans bar, "and very often exposed ourselves deliberately to the humiliation of a false quantity or an absurd translation just to hear Father Holaind laugh. That laugh which will never wholly die out of the ears of those who were privileged to hear it, was peculiarly his own, not to be duplicated. It began with a gurgle

deep in his throat, rippled off into indescribable cadences, and finally terminated with a sharp report not unlike that of a repeating rifle suddenly exploding. The man is not born that could be proof against it. It was positively infectious and never failed to fling into a state of hilarity bordering on convulsions the sternest among us. It was warranted to cure the sorest sorehead.". Trifling though all this may seem, it nevertheless points a moral and serves to emphasize the very wholesome truth that harshness and unbendingness are not indispensable factors in the make-up of an instructor and that the most satisfactory results may, as a rule, be obtained by a reversion of the old adage, "Scientia cum sanguine," into, "Scientia cum risu." Besides. Horace's dictum will eternally remain unchallenged.

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci."

When assigned to the chair of Poetry or rather Belles Lettres as it was then set down in the catalogue, at Spring Hill College in 1870, his discerning eye in matters literary could not fail to detect in the text books in use in the colleges all over the country a woeful incompleteness and numberless flaws. The precepts they professed to set forth were jejune to a provoking degree; the examples adduced, few, trite and lamentably outworn; the canons of good taste and sound criticism

shaped tentatively and in very hazy fashion. Not only were such guides unsafe but they were undeniably repellent. Father Holaind arguer that no one could ever hope to climb the ladder of literary perfection on such rickety rungs. Besides, the authors of such manuals seemed utterly ignorant of the necessity of definitions, and so the student was left to the device of constructing them for himself at the inevitable risk of constructing them wrongly. Be it remembered that all this was long before Father Coppens, S. J., had published his two admirable volumes on "Literary Oratorical Composition," which have gone a fair way towards correcting these deficiencies and supplying the want here alluded to. So Father Holaind set to work with all the earnestness which characterized him, and had, before many months, written a treatise singularly clear, logical, and in a manner quite original. The old precepts garbed in a novel and attractive guise, illustrated by selections from our most celebrated American authors and speakers. chapter on Figures of thought and words, especially could not This work not excelled. the least remarkable offspring of that fertile brain, was known at Spring Hill as "Father Holaind's Rhetoric," for many years was used in the classes of literature in both the classical and commercial courses. It was, however, never printed, and in the course of time suffered the fate of most manuscripts. It may be doubted, in fact, if to-day a single copy of it could be found; a deplorable loss assuredly, as the Professors of Poetry and Rhetoric are thereby deprived of substantial and valuable aid which they vainly look for in recent publications of the same kind.

Any one tracing the history of Spring Hill College back to the early seventies can hardly have forgotten the literary triumphs achieved by the members of the Senior Literary Society of those days under the leader hip of Father Holaind. A fact is here brought under our observation which is somewhat uncommon and hence well worth recording. Though not in the least endowed himself, with the manifold gifts which go to make up an orator; though not versed himself in any of those laudable tricks which it is customary to associate with success in public speaking, Father Holaind was shrewd in detecting those gifts however latent in others, and had the faculty to bring them out in a manner most surprising to their unconscious possessor. He had written with his own hand, after much thought and research, a summary of parliamentary rules, the observance of which gave the young Spring Hill debaters a distinction of manner, a courtesy of rejoinder, a

sprightliness of repartee, an ease of motion, a gravity of action, an aplomb, in fine, which more than once elicited the most favorable comments and flattering commendations from eminent jurists, both of Mobile and New Orleans. attending at stated times, the oratorical contests of that youthful deliberative assembly. If there is a literary field in which he may be said to have stood unrivalled more than in any other, it is that of debate writing. His critical acumen enabled him to ferret out the wittiest view-point of the question under consideration in his preparation of those forensic displays, while his keen logic would sharpen the arguments of the respective adversaries, the "pros" and "cons" into deadly weapons. Besides, his miscellaneous readings of history past and contemporary made him familiar with all the momentous issues which had exercised men's brains and skill of speech in our legislative bodies both in this country and in Europe. And so the topic under discussion had, besides the merit of intense actuality, a thoroughness of treatment which left nothing more to be said when Father Holaind had done with it. There was a good old custom prevailing at Spring Hill and introduced by Father Holaind at the time of which we write, of inviting the Faculty to the meetings of the Senior Academy. We well remember how eagerly we all

seized the opportunity of being present at those literary jousts and tournaments which formed the chief subject of conversation, for many a day afterwards, among the students of the higher forms. Father Holaind himself would extend the invitation with the remark, "don't fail to come, we have a great thing on tonight."

Those 'great things' as he called them, that is, those important subjects, he had gathered together in a large record book which we recollect having seen on his table when he was professor of Philosophy. It is a cause of no small regret that such a catalogued source of information should have been lost.

But it was especially in his guidance of the young Thespians in the field of the drama that his versatile genius displayed itself in the most brilliant and startling manner. As Father Holaind was no orator, so neither was he an elocutionist in the most elementary sense of that expression. While we gladly confess that the lucidity of his exposition, the cogency of his reasoning, the choice of his diction, and the practical inferences which he drew, made of his occasional Sunday sermons in the College Chapel rare treats to his hearers of maturer minds, candor, however, compels us to say that the inelegance of his gestures, the monotony of his inflections, and the shrillness of his deprived his delivery of

much that elese would have proved a charm to eye and ear. Yet, strange to think and say, he could make elocutionists could mould tctors. He could chisel into something very like perfection "blocks and stones" which and very accomplished teachers of declamation had long since despaired of. We recall an instance when after the playit was, we believe Venice Preserved by Otway-the late Bishop Quinlan of Mobile, no mean connoisseur in matters histrionic, rose among the audience, and with faltering voice and streaming eyes declared aloud that he had never, even on the professional stage, witnessed more finished acting. Such results will appear the more wonderful when it is recorded that they were produced on a most primitive stage made of boards laid on wooden horses, without any scenic appliances, or fitness of decoration or even costumes, all of which, as is well known, create an atmosphere in which the most glaring blemishes are frequently lost sight of. The man must have been a phenomenal trainer indeed who could confidently rest the reputation of his performance on the sole merits of their acting. Such a man was Father Holaind.

But God had been truly lavish of His gifts in the case of that remarkable Jesuit. For besides being a refined scholar and literateur, a subtile dialectian, profound philosopher and theologian. Father Holaind was also a transcendent musician. We said transcendent. The word has slipped unguardedly from our pen, but we let it stay; for no other would adequately qualify the lofty position which Father Holaind occupied in the domain of that divine art. He seems to have been possessed from his very boyhood with a passionaate fondness for music. This may be judged from what he himself used to relate with evident relish, how all the moments he could snatch from his studies at school were spent in poring over whatever treatise on harmony came to his hand.

Whether he had ever had an instructor in music is a point respecting which we are not informed. We think that unlikely. He had entered the Society of Jesus at the early age of fifteen, and the study of music does not form part of the studies of a Jesuit.

Father Holaind had then, unaided and untaught, acquired in the science and art of music a proficiency which even the severest training under the ablest masters can seldom impart to the most The present distinstudious. guished disrector of music at Spring Hill, Professor Augustus Staub has often declared his amazement at the ease and rapidity with which Father Holaind would read the most intricate and involved orchestral though it were ordinary print.

Father Holaind was never a performer on any instrument. Hence when the youthful writer in the latest issue of the Georgetown College Journal spoke of the deceased Jesuit whom he enthusiastically lauds, as an accomplished pianist, he committed himself to a very inaccurate statement. What must be said of Father Holaind on that head is that he was at all times, especially on the organ, a most delightful accompanyist. An occasion has impressed itself on our mind when he evidenced in a marked manner his skill and powers in that line. It was in 1878. A funeral service was held at the Cathedral of Mobile in memory of the deceased Pope, Pius IX. At the request of Bishop Quinlan, the Spring Hill College Choir then superior to any in the South, went to help in the singing of the Requiem Mass. A harmonium, about which were grouped the students and several scholastics of the Faculty, was placed in the Sanctuary and at this Father Holaind presided. The instrument fairly moaned and sobbed under his magic touch as he accompanied the solemn "Dies Irae" wafted along the vault of the Cathedral by the melodious of Father Beaudequin's tones matchless basso cantante. we listened to those minor strains into which Father Holaind seemed to instil the very wailfulness of a saddened soul, we own to an emotion which even the splendid outburst of Bishop Quinlan's eloquence had failed to stir in our breast.

But it was as composer and leader that Father Holaind reaped the largest harvest of praise from the competent critics of New York, Washington, and Baltimosre when by order of his superiors he was transferred from Spring Hill College to other educational fields such as Georgetown and Woodstock. He was a warm personal friend of the late Theodore Thomas. This worldrenowned leader of the "baton" never failed to call on the Jesuit when both of them chanced to be in New York City. He would spend hours talking music with Father Holaind whom he declared "facile princeps" among all the lights he had known in the world of harmony. On meeting his friend on one occasion after witnessing the nerve and brio which Father Holaind had led the orchestra in the famous overture of "Semiramis," Theodore Thomas playfully remarked, "I tell you what, Father, it is a good thing for us that you are a Jesuit; for if you had adopted our profession, we should all have been forced into a back seat."

The veteran professor Schlesinger whose demise of an advanced age all Mobile lately mourned, held in highest regard Father Holaind's musical gifts. Himself a composer of wide repute he was never so confident

of the vogue which any of his works was likely to have as when it had met Father Holaind's approval and sanction.

It was a frequent saying of his that all the musical celebrities he had met, at home and abroad, were "sheer dwarfs when compared to that giant."

The orchestra of Spring Hill College has never lowered the standard of excellence which it had set up for itself already in the seventies the period, we believe, of its inception, and surely of its greatest triumph. Its present members under the faultless leadership of Professor Augustus Staub, and the effectual assistance of Professor Angelo Suffich, treat us, each month, to very delightful feasts of harmony; yet we may be pardoned for referring with pride to the days when its pianist was A. Staub above mentioned, its first violin Father Dominic Yenni, the renowned Grammarian, its flutist Professor Bloch, and its director Father Rene Holaind. The classic morceaux we heard then, are still offered us now, but we should not be surprised if to some reminiscent critic they might appear to lack the brilliancy of execution imparted to them by those masters of yore.

Father Holaind seldom spoke of himself and always in that nonchalant way which showed how little he cared about fame and reputation. When he was lecturer on Ethics at Woodstock, the present scribe, on entering his room one day, found him scanning hard a sheet of music yellow with age, which he held in his hand. His brows were knit and his eyes half closed, a habit he had when reading. Seemingly unconscious of our presence he went on reading.

Through fear of intrusion we were quietly backing towards the door, when, of a sudden, he flung the page frsom him, threw up his hands and broke forth into that peculiar laugh of his. Curious to ascertain the cause of this hilarity we ventured a mild: "What's "What's up?" he replied. up." Why "look here"—two words with which he invariably prefaced statements-"look his verbal here; if I had the time and the wish. I could startle some musical swell-heads I know by the publication of compositions the existence of which they totally ig-These compositions are from the greatest masters too. I was just reading one of them when you came in. I fished it out of that old trunk there. My, my," he gleefully added, "it is difficult I wonder if many musicians could catch the spirit in which that piece is written; if many of them could even decipher it." Father Holaind's knowledge of the literature of music, extensive here as elsewhere, had made him familiar with materials of the greatest value little known, if known at all, to his generation. The following incident goes to show in what esteem he was held in France for his musical attainments. long before he ever thought of coming to America. He was then a young scholastic. with his varied powers just ripening, when on being placed in charge of a grammar class in the Jesuit College of Mongre, near Lyons, it was discovered by his superiors that he was eminently fit, though a mere youth, to assume the direction of the College Orchestra. This orchestra was composed of the students and their musical instructors, but was supplemented, on festal occasions by celebrated instrumentalists from the city. One day, at a rehearsal. Mr. Holaind noticed that one of them was taking undue, though not discordant, liberties with his portion of the score. He mildly remonstrated with the offender, when, with a sneer, the latter replied: What do you know about it? Why a good deal I daresay ,rejoined Mr. Holaind, since I wrote that piece. you," gasped the culprit. shall see." That same day he took the composition to a retired Maestro in Lyons who was deemed an oracle by the musical circles of that city, with the remark: "There is a young Jesuit scholastic over yonder at Mongre who pretends he has written this, what do you say? Is not this in the thirteenth century style?" No, replied the oracle, after glancing at the page. My experience tells me it is not as you imagine. If he

says he has written this, why then we must believe him. It is a splendid piece of work, though; and that young fellow must be a genius. If he lives long enough, we shall, very likely, hear more of him." "On the morrow I woke to find myself famous," added Father Holaind, who used to tell that story about himself with the simplicity of a child, "and I was dubbed a Mozart by the musical fraternities of Lyons."

That same appellation was bestowed on him by another celebrated maestro, Calabresi, who for several seasons was leader of the orchestra at the French Opera House on Bourbon street. New Orleans. On leaving Father Holaind after a long interview, he remarked to a friend: "I have just been talking shop with that little Napoleon of a Jesuit. is a veritable Mozart, who taught me, who thought I knew it all, some few things about my own art." That name Napoleon on the lips of Calabresi was an allusion to the striking resemblance borne by Father Holaind to the familiar pictures of the great Emperor.

It is impossible to ascertain the number of musical compositions of which Father Holaind was the author. Born of chance occasions their memory vanished with the circumstances which had brought them to life. Some of them, however, have survived, notably his Requiem Mass never heard in public, his Mass of the

Sacred Heart with orchestra accompaniment. This Mass was hailed with admisration when heart for the first time at the dedication of the beautiful Jesuit Church of Grand Coteau, Louisiana.

His choruses for the play of Plautus, "The Two Captives," created boundless enthusiasm at the Chicago Fair in 1891, when interpreted by a trained boy choir under the direction of another distinguished musician, Father Young of Saint Francis Xavier's College, New York.

At a distance of more than a quarter of a century we seem to hear those delightful Litanies of the Blessed Virgin which were likewise from his pen. So brimful of melody were those invocations to Our Lady especially when sung by Father Holaind himself each Saturday afternoon in the Spring Hill College Chapel, that the boys never tired of humming or whistling them on the playground.

We lingered longer than we intended on the musical abilities of the deceased Jesuit led by the conviction that this feature of his many-sided genius should, no more than the others, he consigned to oblivion.

Although essentially academic, as the unforgettable Father Robert Fulton, S. J., qualified his bent of mind, and never an ardent polemist by nature and inclination, yet when he chose to enter the arena of controversy

and break a lance in the cause of religion and morality, Father Holaind proved himself a redoubtable opponent.

Some twenty years ago when the vital topic of education arose for debate, and many eloquent pens, throughout the country, were busy clearing the question whether the education of the child rested ultimately with the State or with the parents, Father Holaind alarmed at the dangerous assertions which were advanced in certain circles, felt it his duty, under advisement of his Superiors, to throw himself into the breach. Striking with keen logic at the very heart of the subject, he championed the rights of parental authority, and the justice of Catholic demands in a pamphlet which met every objection, answered every protest, and summed up all arguments in a manner which entitled its author to the foremost place among the contestants in that hot and momentous discussion.

This is the work by which he will perhaps be best remembered, although his refutation of Henry George's theory will ever be held by American philosophers as a valuable contribution to Ethical science.

The space so kindly placed at our disposal by the Editor of this Review, is as we perceive, wholly consumed, and we must, perforce, bring to a close this brief tribute of praise to the memory of a man than whom none holds a dearer place in the heart of old Spring Hill. Our aim was to bring before our readers in these few lines some little incidents in the life of Father Holaind with which we were personally acquainted. To his forthcoming biographer we leave the task of delving deep into that noble religious life all spent in the service of the Master from whom, we feel assured, it has received higher praise and reward than any which men could give it. The dear Lord who so loved humility and simplicity must have had a glad welcome for that son of Saint Ignatius who never hesitated to bend mighty forces of his gigantic intellect to the service of the young or the ignorant, as his labors in the class room and on the poorest of missions testify. In good sooth, the greatest charm of Father Holaind's company was desired from the simplicity and candor which shown forth not less conspicuously in his entire life than in this conversation. He never obtruded his opinions, and those who have seen him in a discussion must have marvelled at the composure with which he would meet the rather hot retort of an adversary. To the shallow minded he may have even appeared defeated, owing to the evenness of temper with which he would refute an objection, but it was simply because Father Holaind contented himself with possessing the substance, leaving to others the semblance of knowl-

edge. There was nothing pompous or sententious about him. and the faintest shadow of vanity never for a second flitted across his life's path. All was simplicity, openheartedness, generosity, forbearance, and uniform kindness. A truly lovable nature was this man's, which dispelled all feelings of timidity and gave him friends from all walks of life. Alwys ready to bestow the overflowing of his full mind upon anybody who would start a subject provided he was sincerely covetous of information, he would discuss questions of taste, of learning, of casuistry in a way which showed that to him this was no exertion, but a pleasure. In delineating the character of Father Holaind it would scarcely be possible to represent it in too favorable a light. With talents of a superior order, and acquirements of almost boundless extent, he united all those amiable and engaging qualities which form the chain of social intercourse. With

all his splendid qualifications, we cannot cease to repeat it, what modesty, what simplicity! His character moulded itself to every species of society. In the company of the learned exhaustless treasures flowed spontaneously from the richly fraught memory, while the cordiality of his conversation never gave the uneducated occasion to feel their inferiority. Yes; such a man was truly great, and had he lived in the world none could have questioned his supremacy, but formed his youth to heroic virtue, filled to the very last burning spirit of tolic zeal which seeks souls to teach and to save, Father Rene Holaind elected to lay all his gifts at the feet of his Master Jesus Christ, and live and die a Jesuit, knowing well that

God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own
gifts. Who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve
Him best.

REV. CONRAD M. WIDMAN

Rev. Conrad M. Widman, S. J., aged seventy-three years, for fifty-four years a member of the Jesuit Order, died early yesterday morning after a week's illness from pneumonia, at the Jesuits College in Baronne street, where he has been stationed for more than five years, as a professor and assistant pastor of the Jesuits' Church,

which adjoins the college.

Father Widman was born at Altshausen of Swabia, Wurtemberg, in 1833. When he was eighteen years old he entered the Jesuit Order at Munster, Westphalia. In 1854 he went to France, where he remained until 1859, at which time he came to this city, resting awhile before going to

Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala. During the Civil War he was stationed at Grand Coteau, La., at St. Charles College. He made his last studies in Rome in 1868 to 1869. On this trip he visited his old home. He was ordained priest by Bishop Martin of Nat chitoches in 1862. At various times Father Widman held important offices in the churches and colleges of the order in Mobile, Grand Coteau, New Orleans and Florida.

Father Widman was a fine linguist, having a knowledge of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian, Spanish and English. He was a profound student, devoting all his spare time to the community library, over which he had charge for many years. He was one of the best informed members of the order concerning its history, and more especially the houses comprising what is known as the New Orleans Mission.

The dead priest was a member of the Louisiana Historical Society, which considered him among its most valued members. He read several interesting and scholarly papers at its meetings.

Last summer Father Widman placed himself at the disposal of the health authorities, through his untiring zeal much good was accomplished among the Italians in the State, particularly at Patterson. He was at one time in charge of St. Anthony of Padua Church, pending the appointment of the Dominican Fathers to the church. For many years Father Widman was chaplain of the Holy Family Convent, conducted by the Sisters of the Holy Family for negro children, and it was while on his way to minister to them last week that he contracted a cold, which resulted in his death.

Father Widman celebrated his golden jubilee in New Orleans, February 20, 1901.

Father de la Moriniere, S. J., preached the sermon on that occasion.

Father Widman's remains were laid to rest in the beautiful little cemetery of Spring Hill College.

REV. MAURICE WOLFE, S. J.

On September 24, 1905, died at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., the Rev. Maurice Wolfe, S. J.

Father Wolfe was a native of Co. Kerry, Ireland, where he was born December 27, 1840. He en-

tered the Society of Jesus July 24, 1861.

After finishing his preliminary course of studies, he came to the United States in 1865; he was at once sent to Spring Hill College where he taught the fourth gram-

mar class for two years; afterwards the taught third grammar, Belles Letres, and mathematics till 1870. He was then sent to Europe to complete his studies and taught in various colleges of Ireland, England, France and Italy. He returned again to America in 1886, when he was made vice-president of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La.

He returned to Spring Hill College in 1891, where taught various classes up to 1898, when he was transferred to Selma, Ala.

After doing parish work for a few years in that city, he was ordered to Grand Coteau in 1904, where he remained till the time of his death.

R. I. P.

Mr. Edward Voorhies, N. S. J.,

Mr. Edward Voorhies died at the home of his parents, at Lafayette, La., on May 18, 1906.

Mr. E. Voorhies was born on August 19, 1883. After attending school in his native town and working for a few years in a bank, he resolved to complete his education, the more so as he had always felt that he was called to the priesthood. In 1903 he entered St. Joseph's College, Covington, La., where he spent one year. He came to Spring Hill College in September, 1904. Here he soon endeared himself to all, and by his application to study and his irreproachable conduct

the esteem of his teachers and the respect of his fellow students. In February, 1905, he bade farewell to all, and entered the Noviciate of the Society of Jesus, at Macon, Ga. Here, too, he edified all by his piety and charity, and gave bright promise of becoming a useful laborer in God's vineyard. But God was satisfied with his good will. After an illness of some months he peacefully breathed his last at the home of his parents whither he had returned a few days before.

He was buried in the Jesuits' Cemetery of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La.

R. I. P.

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MOBILE, ALA., JUNE, 1906.

EDITORIALS

Perhaps there is no other quality that helps to make the life at a college what it is than "college spirit." If it exists in a great degree everything that draws nourishment from it will flourish and prosper. But if it be at a low ebb the life at that college will pass miserably and the air will be full of discord and complaint. Students of such a college miss half the formation their character should get. For at least as much of this is obtained on the cam-

pus as in the class room. It is a preparation for public life. A close observer of public life will see that it is nothing more than a concentration and marshalling of forces towards one point. Now that is what is wanted at a college.

Where "college spirit" is most felt, is in the various organizations of that particular place. If it is of the right kind, whatever project is put on foot succeed no matter what will be the cost of time and labor. The nine and eleven will receive the ardent support of the students, and whatever is needed to make them successful will be freely given by the boys.

Where this deficiency is most lacking at Spring Hill is during the football season. The baseball season is not so bad, as far as practice goes, because we have our league. But even then the boys, who are not members of the team, as a rule, are only passive spectators.

Whenever the second team plays the first team it does so with the intention of giving the varsity practice. If it should make the varsity hustle or even beat them a few times it is so much to their credit. We all know that none of us like to lose, but still, when we are not expected to win that feeling ought to depart from us.

So let us, in the future, show a better spirit, and more organization in all our sports. Let us try to advance their interests as much as possible. If each one does his best, the combined effort of the whole will give the necessary impetus that is now lacking. Let it never be said that the spirit at Spring Hill is not what it should be.

For some time past we have noticed with no little regret the negligence shown at Spring Hill in allowing the indiscriminate wearing of monograms, numerals, etc.—to make the offense still more evident certain class colors have been flagrantly imitated by the members of other classes. In our opinion this should not be tolerated under any consideration. Against this evil we should like to see the various athletic managers unite in a crusade and place some sanction upon it.

As we all know at every University or College of any standing, a man who has not by his own personal merit on the gridiron, diamond or cinder path, won the coveted initial of his Alma Mater dare not, under any circumstance have the brazen (let us make use of the word) cheek to display on his unworthy breast, that undeserved insignia of merit. No code of this kind exists in Spring Hill, so the offender need have no fear of a just reprimand for the oft repeated offense. In fact we sincerely believe that the fault is committed through ignorance of custom and absence of standing So as to have some fixed code of wearing the initial of our devoted Alma Mater, we would like, only as a suggestion however, to offer the following rules governing the wearing of the Spring Hill "S." Of course we do not in any way desire to put a stop to the good old custom of "Sporting" our S. H. C. at all times and on all occasions. the 'S' however, there should be a distinction drawn, and so drawn that to be able to be the possessor of the initial, a man has to do something in the athletic field worthy of old Spring Hill. In following this suggestion we, as prophets of athletic futures see naught but keener interest in sports, greater rivalry among the athletes and finally far better teams upon the field in which Spring Hill puts her faith.

Below are suggestions for the wearing of the "S." The athlete should fulfill these conditions:

For Baseball, three 'Varsity games.

For Football, two 'Varsity games or the annual Fort Morgan game. If not the Fort Morgan game one judged by the Athletic Director or Committee equally as meritorious.

Basketball, two 'Varsity games. Track Team, five points in a field meet.

The different substitutes, who faithfully offered their services to their Alma Mater should be awarded an S. H. C. letter monogram.

We are confident that this will soon be taken in hand by all Athletic Authorities. Then as our teams line up on the field next winter, there will be something to gain, something to cherish, a gift from their Alma Mater, and something to recall the days of yore when they won the "S" of old Spring Hill.

We now return to the offenses of certain members of some classes imitating and wearing the colors adopted by other classes and always worn by them. We have not much to say on this subject, it speaks for itself. Of course we all are aware that imitation is the highest flattery. In the wearing of class colors however, we think that each one should be able to choose for himself, and not like the pet of the Infirmary imitate another in this respect. So severe have some schools been towards this evil, that boys have been known to almost waylay their fellow students and take off the imitated colors by violence. no means did we or shall we look with favor upon acts of this sort. however, nothing would please us better than to see each individual class possessing distinct colors of their own. In the beginning of each scholastic year let the members of all classes, intending to have separate colors come together, and select certain ones which they will faithfully adopt and maintain throughout the year By so doing we are confident that hereafter there will be no mix up of class colors and each one will be seen wearing the insignia of his class.

In passing we desire to say a few words on the familiar expression "College Spirit." To delineate the different meanings of these few words would take pages, but here we will dwell only on those interpretations under whose immediate conditions we fall. College Spirit does not consist in rambling about the campus, and in the words of our office boy "Bawling out" every-

thing and everybody connected with the college. In other words to be a continual "knocker;" nor does it consist again in strutting out before a mighty band of feminines extolling and the skies wondrous deeds performed for college laurels by your humble servant, A. Heatedozone: All this may sound very nice to him who swings the hammer and knocking 'all things to pieces, warms the sad, crumbled remains to red heat by his voluminous stream of "Hot-air."

Let us, however, linger a few moments on the idea always upheld by us as our translation of College Spirit. In the first place to have true college spirit, there must be mingled with all things the prime object of our stay at college—Study. To really show our grit, we must not only elevate her laurels on the fame of the ball field, but must pluck the fruits of our efforts, culled after hours of laborious toil in the class room. Then we stand forth before all as sons worthy of our Alma Mater. A foundation has now been laid for the building of an everlasting monument in other glories of college realms.

After the book, come the athletic duties of the true champion of college spirit. Putting his best foot forward for the good of his college, he should enter into every field of sport. If in the beginning of the game he is not a top-notcher, who can say he will not put the ball behind the goal before

the sounding of the last whistle. In the game, he must under all circumstances have the intrepid "Do-or-die" spirit, never-give-up even though the other side is singing their score to the tune of "23 to 0." Go in the game with the determination either to win, or make the other fellow wish he had. Now above all things give the grand-stand player a gentle pass along the "Skidoo" route to the bench, there let him rest until he can get into that tiny head of his the thought, that one man does not compose a game, even Solitaire needs a deck of cards.

A word to those who are not so fortunate as to make the 'Varsity team. For the sake of yourselves, if not for the team do not get down and perform the infantine act of sulking or hiding your sweet face on required occasions. On the other hand get out and cheer the team on to victory. Nothing encourages a player like a kind word from an outsider. Knockers help only to make of themselves, and in a most perfect sense the common old beast known to all mankind as the "Species Equus Asinus."

Therefore all joining hands let us unite to form one large rooting club to cheer our team to victory or console them in defeat. Those who cannot root, sing, those who cannot sing, whistle, but in any case let us have a crowd out in the future, and if necessary, we shall win the games from the lines. In these few mentioned facts are contained our ideas of true college spirit, and from now on let the old place resound with the airsplitting "Quack-QuackQuack" of a united rooting club.

D. T. H.

COLLEGE NOTES

Mardi Gras.

The Mardi Gras celebration in old Spring Hill this year was up to the high standard of the festivities in former years. The Minstrel Show given in the afternoon by the best Senegambian impersonators of the Senior Division, and under the able direction of Mr. D. J. Foulkes, the vard prefect, surpassed all former productions of its kind ever given in Spring Hill. Besides being on a much larger and more gorgeous scale than its predecessors this vear's minstrel also eclipsed the others in the caliber of its cast and the amount of wit and humor it doled out. Most of the puns were local, although several good ones on matters of world-wide interest were also sprung on the large audience which had assembled to witness the performance. The Senior Band, dubbed 'Coon Town Brass Band' made up to carry out the part of a swell set of dusky musicians, ably assisted the minstrels in handling their extensive program. The minstrel was opened by a grand parade of all those in the show. They filed through the doors of the exhibition hall and up the central isle to the stage. Shouts of laughter and shouts of applause greeted them as their

makeups ludicrous were cerned. At the stage they faced the audience and having made their best bow, proceeded behind the scenes to prepare the first act. The programmes for the occasion were printed on thin red cardboard and were in themselves a rare treat. The electrical effect, caused by the lately installed flashlight added greatly to the general beauty of the coon dances. with which the minstrel was interspersed. It would be impossible to pick out any who distinguished themselves so much more than the others as to deserve the entire praise. Great credit must be given to all the boys and especially to Mr. Foulkes, for their efforts towards making the minstrel the success which all acknowledged it to be.

Mr. Paul Adamson, as Chollie, the interlocutor, was one of the favorites with the audience. The part, to which Mr. Adamson is well adapted, was acted with the ease for which he has become known in his Spring Hill career.

Messrs. Kern and Tobins as endmen, deserve mention for the able manner in which they acted their parts. Their continued quarrels and would-be fights caused much merriment to all present.



JUNIOR BASEBALL LEAGUE



JUNIOR READING ROOM



Mr. O'Leary, one of the best negro impersonators in the college, started in a lecture on weather topics in the last act. This incident, which according to the programme was entitled 'Metereological observations by the Science Class was easily the hit of the evening and Mr. O'Leary is to be congratulated upon the able manner in which he acted his part.

In singing the boys were nothing shy and many old and new darkey songs were rendered in a most vivacious and captivating manner.

To sum up: the minstrel was in theatrical language 'a howling sucess' and won great praise from all.

The annual Shrovetide play under the auspices of the Senior Dramatic Club was the central attraction in the evening. It was a two act comedy entitled the 'Nervous Man' and the scenes were layed in New Orleans and Spring Hill. The plot of the play was as follows:

Mr. Aspen, a man who declares his nerves are wrecked and who is a resident of New Orleans has an idea that everybody in the world is conspiring against his comfort. He has a pet theory that the more dense the population in a city, the more numerous the criminals. New Orleans, therefore, he argues is packed with rogues. He mistakes his clerks, servants, etc., for villains and considers their every act an

effort to upset his calm and shatter his nerves. His sole friend, Mr. Vivian, forms the brilliant idea of buying the 'Deerwood Estate' situated at Spring Hill and coaxing Mr. Aspen into residing there to repair his suposedly shattered constitution.

Mr. McShane, a wild and woolly cowboy from Roaring Gulch who persists in being the friend of Mr. Aspen to the nervous man's continual discomfiture hears of the plan to move to Deerwood and seeing in it an effort to give him the slip sets out for the country residence, arriving there in the carriage which Mr. Aspen had chosen and paid for. McShane is supposed by the keeper at Deerwood to be Aspen and the troubles arising upon the rightful owner presenting himself and claiming the property form the staple of the play.

Mr. Benjamin Kern who took the part of McShane, 'the man of nerves' was according to the consensus of opinion the star of the evening. His running fire of witty remarks and the natural manner in which he impersonated the cowboy provoked round after round of laughter and applause.

Mr. Paul Adamson carried out very successfully the part of Mr. Aspen the Nervous Man. Mr. Adamson who has been prominently connected with every performance of the Senior Literary Society for the last four years, needs no mention from us here. His acting ever since his first ap-

pearance on the Spring Hill stage has been a source of admiratio to his numerous friends. Suffice it to say that in the part allotted to him in this comedy he was perfectedly at ease and acquitted himself in his old style.

Mr. John Tobin, as 'Mr. Vivian,' Aspen's personal friend; Mr. Joseph Hammel, as 'Dr. Bones,' and Mr. Troy Hails, as 'Capt. Burnish,' deserve special mention for the able manner in which they rendered their parts. Mr. Maurice Reilly, as 'Hector,' Mr. Aspen's negro servant is also to be praised for his fine acting. In fact all in the cast played their parts in true Irving style and made the play equal to any given in recent years on the Spring Hill stage.

The college orchestra covered itself with laurels in its rendition of the musical numbers, a violin solo by W. Dugan being especially pleasing and the cause of an encore.

Finally: the play at night was like the minstrel in the afternoon a grand success and the only possible improvement that could be suggested would have been a lengthening of the production, but as for their acting it was excellent with no thought noh wishes for betterment.

The "Passion Play" in Spring Hill.

It was our good fortune this year to view on the canvas, if not in reality the famous "Passion Play." This was made possible by the recent installment of the flashlight attachment, in the college hall. The pictures were all very clear and distinct and under the direction of Rev. Father Lawton and Mr. Foulkes were shown to good advantage in the hall. The scenes of the Passion from the last Supper to the Crucifixion were all vividly portrayed and as it was the first time the majority of the audience had ever witnessed their display it was doubly enjoyed. We are very grateful to Father Lawton and Mr. Foulkes for their thoughtfulness and kindness in arranging the entertainment.

The Burning of the Spring Hill Hotel.

About 2:30 A. M. on the morning of Tuesday, March 6th, the frame hotel on the hill caught fire and in a few moments was a seething mass of flames, beyond control. In less than an hour the building lay a smouldering heap of ruins and sixty people, guests of the hotel at the time, were forced to seek shelter as best they might in the neighboring houses. Not a few were taken in at the college. Fortunately, the fire although a severe financial set-back occasioned no loss of life nor in fact bodily injury of any kind and this despite the fact that it occurred in the wee hours of the morning when almost everybody is sleeping soundly. Several boys who were lodged in the infirmary at the time were awakened by what the scientists would call the undue refraction of light. They say that it was so bright they could easily tell the hour by the college clock, quite a little distance away from them. It is reported that the hotel will be replaced by one of brick; we trust this may prove true as the hotel was something of a cynosure to Spring Hill visitors and the place looks rather vacant and lonesome without it.

Mr. James R .Randall Lectures on Hamlet.

Saturday, April 7th, was a glad day in old Spring Hill. Mr. Randall, the alented poet and editor and needless to mention, the author of "My Maryland," dropped in for a short surprise visit. Besides giving us the pleasure of his presence Mr. Randall at the earnest request of Father Vice-President was kind enough to favor us with a lecture on Hamlet. Mr. Randall notwithstanding the fact that he was entirely unprepared to lecture, acquitted himself in a very enviable manner, and although as he himself confessed the lecture was more a friendly talk than of a classical research we enjoyed it the more from that very fact. What Mr. Randall did say concerning Hamlet was well put and he clearly proved to us a fact of which the majority at least were entirely ignorant, viz: that the ghost in Hamlet was not a saint from heaven but a spirit from the lower regions. By far the best part of Mr. Randall's lecture was his fatherly advice for which we are very grateful to him. Mr. Randall's remarks were frequently interrupted by bursts of laughter and applause and all who heard the lecture enjoyed it immensely. We are exceedingly sorry the Colonel could not remain longer, but an important business engagement compelled him to leave the evening of the lecture. However we hope to see him more frequently next year.

A "Half Hour with Xenophon."

The literary entertainment of First Grammar Class, Wednesday afternoon, May 2nd, proved an agreeable surprise. As the title shows the subject selected was a description of the famous author Xenophon and his works. excellent and able manner in which the '09 boys set forth the information on the subject proved a real searchlight of knowledge, the brilliancy of which doubtless made the old Greek blink his eyes. A declamation by Mr. Griswold Whipple, easily carried the honors of the day. Mr. Whipple's subject was "Music on the Rhappahanock" and we have never seen this young gentleman's elocutionary powers to fuller or better play than on this occasion. The musical numbers by the college orchestra were not a notch below the high standard of that organization. 'Lustpiel,' the opening overture being especially enjoyed.

The "Trolley Ride.

Well now who'd a thunk it! Who ever thought we would indulge in such a strenuous pastime as trolley riding, and on such an extensive scale! Yet, doubtless you start, this is what we did. No! this is not the story of a pleasure excursion clipped from one of our exchanges. This is the recording of an actual Spring Hill fact: more accurately speaking we should say feat. It is to Rev. Father Semmes, Prefect of Senior Study Hall, and Mr. Patout Burguires, that we are indebted for the rare and hertofore unheard of treat of the trolley ride. It was owing entirely to their combined untiring efforts that the excursion was made possible. We need hardly mention the gratitude of every man in the Senior Division to these common benefactors.

Thursday, May 3rd, was the happy day. The fun commenced about 12:30 P. M. immediately after dinner. The boys went direct from the refectory to the car. There was but one car; and Mocars are not famous for their capacity. By a slight enforcement of the squeezing process all were packed away, more or less comfortably. Whistler was the first objective point. After about an hour's ride we were informed of the fact that Whistler was reached by a full stop, denoting the terminus of the line. This was about all by which one could tell we had reached our destination, for barring a few cottages near the car track, and we certainly did bar them, there was nothing on either side but weeds.

We saw Whistler in about half an hour: that is those who wished to see it. Most of the boys came to the conclusion that the best part of Whistler could be seen from their seats in the car. Many of the boys were armed with kodaks and their share of interest in the Whistler tour was to get as many good views of its environs as possible. A couple of barefooted youngsters, who gaped in open mouthed admiration at the special, decorated with the college pennants, were selected as a pretty good picture upon which to waste a film. 'Pat' Burguieres essayed to get a time exposure of this interesting pair. He had no sooner levelled his camera than they took to their heels for a big tree nearby.

"No, I'll be darned" yelled the larger, as he cautiously stuck his head beyond the protection of the tree. "I've seen them things before. I'll be darned if we are going to let you shoot us."

No amount of persuasion could induce the youngsters to stand for a picture; not even a snapshot could be obtained. Every time the camera was brought into play the tree was too and as we were not in favor of using force, the idea of the photo was abandoned. At 2:03 we pulled out of Whistler bound for Monroe Park. We arrived at 3:30; the interval having

been punctuated with college yells, songs, etc., which caused the people to run to their doors and windows and look in wonder at the crowd that sent the rahs of old Spring Hill echoing over the country. At Monroe Park we had time for a little stroll through this resort which the majority utilized in taking on sandwiches and similar ammunition. All attended the Cotton States League game between Mobile and Vicksburg. We rooted with a will for Mobile and urged on by our incessant yells and cheers she pulled herself up on almost the bottom rung of the league ladder, which she had been descending rather precipitately since the opening of the season, and trounced Vicksburg. We boarded our car immediately after the game and commenced the return journey. If the ride was noisy, and it was, we

pause to hunt for a word to describe the return. With the purple and white flags streaming gaily in the breeze we rushed through Mobile's streets, while the people stood along the sidewalks enjoying the spectacle as much as those participating in it. At every place of interest we dislodged a college yell, and hurled it pell-mell upon the startled ears of the for-once-aroused Mobilians. Like all other good things the ride finally came to an end but as the Dutchman says 'too much is enough' and we did not regret turning in for supper and bed. We have seldom experienced anything which gave us more genuine pleasure than the trolley ride afforded us and with the entire Senior Division we sav:

'Hats off to Father Semmes and Pat Burguieres.'

JOTTINGS

Now that the end of the year is near at hand we exclaim with the captain of a victorious baseball team immediately after the game, 'well there's one more to the good.'

Boys stop and think now, wasn't that pennant race in the Ghee-Ghee Napoleon League interesting? The excitement was almost as great as that in the First League race, and the playing considering the imperfect condition of the game at the time

(most of the rules were invented to suit the occasion) was grand. No umpire or other official was required and disputes were generally left unsettled. The grounds were the northwest corner of the campus near the fence. We are unable to state who won the pennant, both sides claim it and we would be jeopardizing our head were we to name either a winner. The following rules and regulations were enforced during the series:

1st. Each team must come on the field fully armed with mosquito nets and hair restorer.

2nd. The pitcher cannot chew Hooler's gum when the batsman is in his box.

3rd. No flys can be caught with the aid of tanglefoot fly paper.

4th. No base-runner can steal a base when the catcher has his fingers crossed.

5th. The pitcher will, under no circumstances whatever, be allowed to frighten the batsman by making faces at him.

6th. All tin cans must be removed from the field before the commencement of play; some of the players may mistake them for growlers.

7th. The batsman is positively forbidden to go for highballs; this is a strictly temperance organization.

8th. Lighternots, stogies and soft coal cannot be smoked while the game is in progress.

Some enthusiast asked us to publish the names of the members composing the rival organizations but our sense of charity prevents us from doing so. We consider it a sufficient disgrace to each man to have played on either aggregation, without further mortifying him by putting his name in print.

Have you ever seen anything neater than those college pennants we have been sporting this year? If so, just call around at our office in Yenni Hall and we will give you first prize as a sightseer. Although not near as large as the old pennants they far surpass them in general cuteness and neatness of design. Another '06 triumph.

Another step in the right direction this past year was the taking up of the class cap idea. If there in one thing more than another that adds zest and interest to college life it is this class rivalry. Superior Commercial, which we consider the most up-to-date class in the college started things moving. A neat little black Henley, with an '07 in red figures perched on the front was their choice. The idea took real well and before long First Commercial made an installment. Then followed the Philosophers with natty little hats, white, with '06 in purple and gold, their class colors. The project was now in full swing and Rhetoric, Poetry, and others soon donned class bonnets. We will not take upon our feeble shoulders the task of describing the different choices of the various classes. Nor will we put some classes to shame by mentioning them.

Joe O'Leary's '07 cap took first prize on general principles. It was not only different from those of his classmates but a black, black sheep in the entire college. Coming down to it we doubt whether you could find its mate anywhere. Joe says that he got such an odd one in order that nobody would like it but himself. He was afraid, he said, if he got

a respectable looking cap, his little sister would be wearing it continually when he got home.

Speaking of the same gentleman. He wore his cap to Mobile one day and needless to mention attracted no little attention. From his small stature it was at first thought that he was one of the jockeys bound for New Orleans for the racing season. But when the '07 in golden figures was espied it was immediately concluded that he was the mascot of the Yale University basket-ball team then playing in town.

Will not some English scholar compose a funeral oration for the 'Phi Sigma Taus?' They started out to rather lively music but the pace was too strenuous and before many moons had shed their mellow radiance on their benighted heads, this grand, illustrious, ancient, honorable, and whatnot? order han sunk into the obscurity from which it arose. Well, in the motto of Virginia, 'Sic semper tyrannis,' for it certainly was one.

That Senior May Altar was a dream. The electrical set-off was worthy of Edison's arrangement and that electrical fountain—why it made you think of Paradise and little angels and the whole angelic family. Our one regret is that it did not remain longer, for we missed that altar when the month was passed.

We are not running the athletic department of this magazine but we cannot refrain from remarking on the renewed interest taken in baseball by the Senior Division this year. For the first time in five or six years the first and second leagues weathered all storms and finished their respective schedules. A third league, the first in several years, also did well. They went bankrupt near the close of the season and the president cancelled the remaining games.

Speaking of coziness, beauty, and everything that makes you feel at home have you ever seen anything to compare with that Senior Library? Only those who have spent some time in Spring Hill realize what a great improvement the present library is over the libraries of the past. It is not the old boys alone however who appreciate its comfort and beauty. Not a man in the division ever tires of sitting in those large and roomy cane chairs, (big enough for two, as some one observed) and reading the piles of magazines, novels and newspapers, etc., with which the library is stacked. The neatly arranged calendars, pictures, and mottos hung on all the walls, constitute one of the most pleasing qualities of the reading room, inasmuch as they obviate that sameness common to big libraries. publish an excellent picture of the library in this issue, but nothing short of the real article itself can give an idea of the beauty of this room.

In the Christmas issue of the Review we predicted that this Senior Band would keep up the brilliant record of last year's nutsicians. This, considering the reputation which the Diamond Jubilee Band had was rather big talk. The playing of the '06 band however justified our highest expectations and under Rev. Father Nowlan's leadership have developed into musicians whom we would not only fight against putting second to last year's musicians but to any college band in the South. More big talk! But then every word of it is true and we are willing to take consequences.

SAM'L L. KELLY, '09.

JUNIOR ACADEMY.

"The Prince and the Pauper."

On February 7th, the members of the Junior Academy presented "The Prince and the Pauper," a drama founded on Mark Twain's book of the same name and written expressly for young boys by Rev. Sinnott, S. J., of St. Louis University.

Mr. Kearns, the Director of the Academy, threw himself heart and soul into the task of preparing us and nine-tenths of the credit for the success of the play is due to his energy and devotion. The actors were good, all with-

out exception, and throughout the whole play not one case of stage-fright could be observed. From the king to the tiny pages everyone took his part with the ease which usually comes only after much experience before the footlights.

No better costumes could have been desired. The rags of the beggar as well as the silks of the prince counted equally and a great deal in the scoring of the 'hit.'

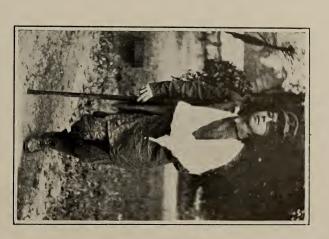
Mr. H. Garland was making every inch of him prove that he is capable of great things in the histrionic line. A. Touart, as the Pauper and Mr. G. Whipple as the Prince were the central figures of the play, and proved themselves more than equal to the difficult roles assigned them, and time and again brought down the house by the masterful way in which they interpreted their Mr. T. S. Walmsley as parts. Miles Hendon, was the typical honest soldier whose duty is his all. The part of the villains were taken by Mr. N. Vickers as John Canty the one-eyed scoundrel who kidnapped the prince incognito; Mr. J. T. Wagner his son and acomplice; and by Mr. J. E. Deegan as Mad Sam.

The plot of the play is as follows:

Edward, Prince of Wales, and Tom Canty, a London pauper, closely resemble each other. They meet under peculiar circumstances, and after Tom has, at the



J. J. Brown, as SYKES in "The Prince and the Pauper."



N. L. VICKERS, as JOHN CANTY, in "The Prince and the Pauper."



J. E. Deegan, as Mad Sam, in "Tho Prince and the Pauper."



Prince's request, narrated the joys of the urchins of Pudding Lane, Edward, being as weary of the formalities of the court life as Tom is eager to experience them, proposes that they exchange dress. They do so, and shortly after each seeks his new atmosphere. Then begin the adventures of the Prince and the discomfitures of the pauper, which form the staple of the play.

Cast of Characters.

King Henry VIII, H. W. Garland Edward, Prince of Wales, G. A. Whipple Earl of Hertford, S. B. Simon Lord St. John, N. L. Vickers Prince Godfrey, (Cousin to Edward)

G. A. Le Baron

Archbishop of Canterbury, J. L. Lavretta Earl of Berkley, (Napkin Bearer)

J. E. Deegan
J. E. Toomey
J. E. Toomey
C. N. Touart
C. L. Beaty

Humphrey Marlow, (Whipping Boy)
C. E. McMaster
Court Physician, J. L. Lavretta

Miles Hendon, (A Soldier)

T. S. Walmsley Tom Canty, (The Pauper) A. J. Touart John Canty, (His Father) N. J. Vickers Ralph Canty, (His Grandfather)

J. T. Wagner other)

Dan Canty, (Tom's Brother)
J. P. Nelson

Sykes, (Leader of Vagabonds)

Yokel, (A Vagabond)
Mad Sam,
Servant to Hendon,
Antony Gorse (Man at Arms)

J. J. Brown
A. P. Garland
J. E. Deegan
A. Bloch

J. J. Brown

Hugh Gallord, (Man at Arms)

A. P. Garland Boys, Vaga-

Courtiers, Royal Chapel Boys, Vagabonds, Rabble, etc.

"Lend Me a Dollar."

On the night of April 27th, the members of the Junior Academy again exhibited their acting powers in a farce entitled "Lend Me a Dollar." The play is an adaptation of John M. Morton's "Lend Me Five Shillings," in which Joe Jefferson often starred.

Mr. John Brown was the leading character. His wonderful self-possession and composure amidst the many misfortunes which fell to his lot were in great measure, responsible for the great success of the play.

Mr. T. S. Walsmley played the old man to perfection. Mr. T. J. Wagner as Lobby the colored waiter, created muuch merriment. Mr. N. Vickers in the character of Howlen Fitem was a veritable terror. All the minor characters deserve great credit for the acting of their parts. A song entitled "The Spring Hill Swells," which was sung during the course of the play by the actors made quite a hit.

The program for the evening was as follows:

Remembrance of Naples, Waltz—
Orchestra

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Mr. Vanderbilt Gotrox, A Wealthy
Banker, T. S. Walmsley
Mr. Howland Fitem, His Business
Partner, N. L. Vickers
Mr. Archibald Golightly, His Nephew,

J. J. Brown Mr. Thomas Spruce, A Friend of Golightly. C. E. McMaster

lightly, C. E. Mo Mr. Phobbs, One of the Swells,

S. B. Simon

Mr. Harvey, Hotel Manager,
J. P. Nelson
Lobby, A Colored Waiter, J. T. Wagner
"THE SPRING HILL SWELLS"
Scene—Hotel Bienville—Mobile
Madcap Princess, Valse.....Orchestra
The Academy tenders its

thanks to the Rev. Directors, and members of the College Orchestra and Bands and to Prof. A. J. Staub, Mus. Doc. and Prof. A. J. Suffich, Mus. B. for the choice musical program they prepared for these occasions.

ATHLETIC NOTES

Baseball.



The season of 1906 opened under the most favorable circumstances. The team remained intact and with the practice of the fall before, which continued almost without interruption up to Christmas the members were in fine condition. Then too, the

league was started much earlier than usual on account of the earliness of the season. This enabled the boys to get plenty of practice as most of them played the same position on the league as on the 'varsity.

Three managers were appointed as usual and the charge of the team was confided to their care. For a while things ran on smoothly but all of a sudden the wheel slipped a cog and a shake up of the whole team was the result. Rounds, who had been playing first-base, was transferred to the right garden, an hitherto unknown region for him. Skelly was changed from second to third; Burguieres from third to first, and Zieman from short to second. Danos, a new man was put at short. Adamson was transferred to left, Brent to centre, and Miller took the bench. The team finished out the season without further changes and the wisdom of the move is shown by the result of the games.

About the middle of the season for various reasons the manage-

ment was again changed, Adamson being entrusted with the sole charge. As "Pelly" is a thorough baseball player he has proved a good manager.

So much for the season's history. Let us now consider the team. The nine individually is composed of very good players as will be seen from the fielding and batting averages that follow. A team that bats .208 is doing all right.

Our pitching staff has only two

in that department but they are as good as you can find; and this has been proved a number of times to the regret of the opposing batsmen whose averages for the year are only .158. Touart pitched three of the eight games played losing one out of the number. The best part about "Peggy" is that he seems to improve the more he pitches. As he is coming back next year a good deal more is expected of him. Tobin's batting was the feature "Johnny" besides being an excellent twirler has also swatted the spheroid to the tune of .318. He has a streak of hard luck about him somewhere which turns up at inopportune moments. caused him to lose one of his games this year. He has plenty of speed which he mixes with his

Kern is still the old reliable behind the bat. This is his fourth year on the team but we regret

puzzling benders. This year To-

bin pitched one shut-out and a no-

hit game.

to say it is his last. Where we will be able to find another backstop to fill that place as well as he has done is hard to say. We're sorry to have you leave us and we are sure to miss you next year. Here's success to you "Bennie."

Burguieres in the beginning of the season played third but it was evident from the start that he was out of place. When the shake-up was made "Tub" was transferred to the first sack and from then on showed that he suited that place to perfection. By looking at his fielding average it will be seen that he fielded his position faultlessly.

In the early part of the season Skelly occupied the second station. He was transferred to third later on and played that position in professional style. "Red" is also one of our good stickers.

Zieman played short-stop in the first part of the season but was transferred to second later on. He is one of our steady players.

Danos is a new member of this year's team but one that was a great addition to it. We all know "Possum" could field his position but he gave us all a shock the way he hit the horse-hide. We are fortunate in possessing such a player and are only too glad he will be here for next year's team.

Adamson needs no mention from us as all are familiar with his playing. If "Pelly" could only hit the ball the way he fields he would make some hustle in fast company. We do not expect to have him with us again next year as he finishes his P. G. this year.

Brent in center has always fielded to the satisfaction of everyone. One thing we are pleased to note is that George is improving in his batting in a slow but sure way.

In the early part of the season Rounds played the first sack but, in the change, he was transferred to the right garden. As this was his first attempt in this line he was an unknown quality but he has fielded his position in a satisfactory manner. "Pete" is also a handy man with the bat rapping the ball for an average of .433.

Following the batting and fielding average of every one taking part in any of the college games this year.

TABLE HERE

BATTING.

Names.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	TB.	SB.	SH. A.
Rounds	.8	30	8	13	18	10	0 .433
Danos	. 5	20	2	7	9	1	0 .350
Tobin	.5	22	2	7	7	3	0 .318
Kern	.8	33	12	8	11	15	0 .242
Skelly	.8	29	5	7	9	8	1 .241
Zieman	.8	26	2	6	7	2	0 .230
Burguieres	.7	27	3	6	6	4	0 .222
H. Touart .	.3	12	1	2	2	3	0 .167
Brent	. 6	24	2	4	4	4	0 .166
Adamson .	.8	31	4	4	5	9	0 .129
Miller	.3	13	2	0	0	1	000, 0
Reynaud	.2	7	2	0	0	1	000.0

FIELDING.

Totals 8 274 45 64 78

61 1 .233

Name.	G.	. PC). <i>E</i>	۱. I	E. T	o. Av.
Burguieres, 1b	7	30	1	0	31	.1000
Brent, cf	6	1	0	0	1	.1000

Adamson, 1f8	7	0	0	7	.1000
Kern, c8	79	6	4	89	.955
Zieman, 2b8	12	61	5	33	.848
Rounds, rf8	5	0	1	6	.833
Touart, p 3	0	5	1	6	.833
Danos, ss 5	4	12	4	20	.800
Tobin, p 5	3	5	2	10	.800
Skelly, 3b8	10	1	46	30	.800
Miller, 1f3	4	0	1	5	.\$00
Reynaud, 1f2	0	0	1	1	.000
_					
Teams total 8	155	59	25	239	895

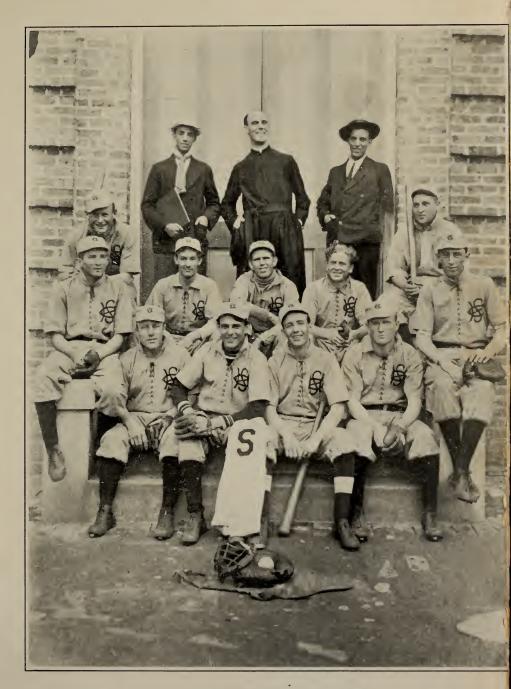
S. H. C. 8-Langanites 2.

The first game of the season was played on March 4, before a large crowd of interested spectators. Touart twirled the horsehide for the College, and his twirling could not be surpassed by any amateur. On the other hand the pitching of Parker was somewhat easy for the collge boys.

Mobile did not score in her half; but the College started off in great style. Rounds the first man up hit the first ball over for a two sacker. He went to third on Skelly's out but was thrown out at home on Kern's hit to first. Kern scored on two errors after stealing second. Burguieres, Adamson, and Zieman got on base but failed to score as Brent flew out to left.

Neither side scored in the second and third innings.

In the fourth Brent the first up flew out to left; Miller reached first on Ross's error, was advanced to second by Touart's hit. They both advanced a base on Joseph's wild throw of Rounds' hit. There was now three men on base when Skelly came to the



COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM



bat. "Red" took a pass forcing Miller home with a run. Kern then came to the bat and got a hit scoring two more. Another hit and a brace of errors gave the College four more. Brent ended the run-getting by striking out.

Neither side scored again until the seventh when Mobile made one. She also got one in the ninth.

Mobile, in her sixth inning, sent Fritz to the box in an endeavor to save the situation but it was too late. As he is an old South Atlantic twirler the college boys could not hit him safe in the innings he twirled. The score follows:

S. H. C. AB.	R. F	1. S	B.\$	SH	.PC).A.	Ĕ.
Rounds, 1b5	1	1	1	0	1	1	2
Skelly, 2b4	1	1	1	0	4	1	2
Kern, c4	2	1	1	0	10	0	0
Burguieres, 3b5	1	1	1	0	1	0	0
Adamson, cf4	1	1	1	0	2	0	0
Zieman, ss3	0	1	0	0	0	3	1
Brent, rf4	0	0	0	0	1	0	0
Miller, 1f4	1	0	1	0	2	0	0
Touart, p4	1	1	3	0	0	4	1
_	_				_		

						_				
Total	• •	• • •	37	8	7	9	0	27	9	•

Langanites. AB.	R.	H.\$	SB.\$	SH.	PO	.A.	E.
Parker, p 5	0	1	2	0	1	2	2
Langan, 3b4	0	0	0	0	2	2	2
E. Fridy, c 4	0	0	0	0	5	2	0
Joseph, ss4	0	0	0	0	2	0	1
Ross, rf3	0	0	0	0	3	0	0
Blalack, 1b3	1	1	1	0	6	0	3
Wallace, cf4	0	0	0	0	0	2	2
C. Fridy, 'f3	0	1	1	0	4	1	0
Nummy, 2b4	1	0	0	0	1	0	0

Total34 2 3 2 0 24 9 10

S. H. C. 2—Mobile 4.
On March 11th, the College

lost its first game of the season. This was due in great part to Tobin'e error of judgment in the second inning. As a result we had a ten inning game, finally losing. Then too, we made a number of errors which also helped to lose. Parker was the pitcher for the visitors. The score by innings follow:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10—R.H.E. S. H. C..0 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—2 7 7 Mobile ...1 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2—4 8 1

Summary—Earned runs: Mobile 2; S. H. C. 2; abse on balls, off Tobin 4; left on bases, Mobile 10; S. H. C. 3; two-base hits, Wallace, Rounds, Kern, Adamson, Zieman; struck out, by Parker 8; Tobin 8; Time of game 1 hour, 50 minutes; Umpire Shaw; Scorer Hammel.

Mobile 12-S. H. C. 6.

On March 18th the College was again defeated by a score of 12 to 6. As can be seen from the score it proved an easy victory for the visitors. Touart was not in his usual form, while Tracy, the opposing pitcher, twirled a masterly game. The score by innings follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R.H.E.
S. H. C....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 1 4— 6 7 6
Mobile 0 2 0 4 0 0 0 6 0—12 12 3
Summary: Earned runs, Mobile 6, S.
H. C. 1; first base on balls, off Gray 8,
Touart 0; left on base, Mobile 8, S. H.
C. 11; wild pitch, Gray 4, Touart 0;
two base hits, Rounds 2, Skelly; struck
out, by Gray 11, Touart 8; Umpire
Shaw; Scorer Hammel; time of game

S. H. C. 3-Mobile 0.

two hours.

The 25th of March witnessed the first shut-out of the season.

Tobin pitched for the Collge and was in grand form allowing only two hits for the visitors. Tuttle did the twirling for Mobile and held the college boys down to five hits. These were bunched, however, all the runs being made in the same inning. The score by innings follow:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R.H.E. S. H. C... . . 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 5 2 Mobile 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2 7

Summary: Earned runs, S. H. C. 1; first base on balls, off Tobin 4, off Tuttle 5; struck out, by Tobin 8, by Tuttle 6; left on base, S. H. C. 10, Mobile 5; wild pitch, Tobin, Tuttle 3; first base on errors, S. H. C. 2, Mobile 1; two base hits, Kelly; passed balls, Werneth; time of game 1 hour, 20 minutes; Umpire Shaw; Scorer Hammel.

S. H. C. 8-Bankers 11.

On April 1st the College again met defeat by a score of 8 to 11. This was not due to the day as we do not celebrate our anniversary on that day. It may have had some influence on the individual members as a number of errors were made by good players is shown by the furious game.

Both pitchers twirled a good game being about equal in the results. If anything Tobin had a shade the difference to his credit. The batting of Kern, Rounds and Danos were the features of the game. Turner for the visitors made the only home run of the season with a pretty line drive over left-field fence. The score by innings follows:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R.H.E. S. H. C. . . 2 3 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—— 8 10 8 Mobile 0 2 3 5 0 0 1 0 0—11 10 8 Summary: First base on balls, Tobin 3, Gray 6; struck out, by Tobin 9, Gray 10; home runs, Turner; time of game 1 hour, 30 minutes. Umpire Rooker; Scorer Hammel.

S. H. C. 3-Mobile 1.

This game was played on the 22nd of April and from the manner in which it was played it was easily seen that the team was one of first class order. The College boys played an almost errorless game backing up Tobin's masterly pitching in gilt-edge style. The lone error was made by Skelly, but did not cost anything. "Red" played the third sack like a veteran.

Mobile did not score in her half of the first. The College boys made one. Kern the first man up, getting a hit to right going as far as third on Langan's error. Skelly hit to Tuttle but was thrown out at first. Rounds then came to the bat and got a nice liner into center for a sack bringing Kern home.

Neither side scored in the second. In the third Mobile made one. Parker received a gift and stole second. Weinacker flied out to Danos. Lacy hit one to Tobin who threw it wild to first. Parker came in on this throw giving Mobile its only run.

The College scored again in the fifth. Rounds got a hit, stole second and came home on Burguieres' timely hit to left. Again in the seventh the College scored. Skelly hit to second and was thrown out at first. Rounds, the

next up, got a two-bagger. Burguieres then came up and hit safe scoring Rounds from second. Adamson flew out to second and Zieman fanned the atmosphere. Neither side did any more scoring.

As will be seen from the score of the game which follows, the features of the game were the nohit pitching of Tobin, the 1,000 per cent batting of Rounds, and also the good batting of Burguieres. The score follows:

S. H. C. AB. R	t. H	[. S	B.S	Н	.PO	.A.	Ĕ.
Kern, c4 1	1	0	0		12	1	0
Skelly, 3b3	0	1	0	0	3	3	1
Rounds, rf3	2	3	1	0	0	0	0
Burguieres, 1b4	0	2	0	Ò	8	1	0
Adamson, 1f4	0	0	0	0	1	0	(
Zieman, 2b3	0	0	0	0	1	3	0
Brent, cf 4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Danos, ss4	0	1	0	0	2	2	0
Tobin, p 3	0	0	1	0	0	1	0

Total	 	32	3	9	2	0	27	11	

Mobile.	AB.	R.]	Н. S	SB.	SH	.PC).A.	E.
Weinacher, 3b	3	0	0	1	0	0	4	0
Lacy, ss	4	0	0	0	0	2	5	1
Rapier, 2b	4	0	0	0	0	4	2	0
Blalack, 1b	3	0	0	1	0	8	1	2
Langan, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	0
Joseph, cf	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	0
Ross, 1f	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Parker, c	2	1	0	1	0	10	0	1
Tuttle, p	3	0	0	0	0	0	2	1

Total27 1 0 4 0 27 14 5

S. H. C. 7—Mobile 3.

The College won another game on the 29th of April by a score of 7 to 3. Touart pitched for the College in his usual form. Beardsley for the visitors was rather wild giving seven bases on balls. Tobin's batting was the feature

of the game together with his fine throw from center to first making a double play. The score by innings follow:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R.H.E. S. H. C... ..2 0 1 3 1 0 0 0 x—7 7 4 Mobile 2 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 3 7 4

Summary: First base on balls, off Touart 1, off Beardsley 7; struck out, by Touart 8, by Beardsley 5; two base hits, Langan, Kelly; left on bases, S. H. C. 9, Mobile 4; wild pitches, Beardsley 7; first base on errors, S. H. C. 2, Mobile 2; hit by pitcher, Adamson; double plays, Skelly to Zieman to Adamson; Tobin to Adamson; time of game 1 hour 40 minutes. Umpire Shultz; Scorer Soniat.

S. H. C. 8-Ft. Morgan 2.

On May 10th our last game was played; the style in which it was played equalled any professional team's work. The two lone errors made, were that of Kern throwing wild to third sack giving the Fort one of the runs, and the other being made by Tobin, partly on acount of a little stage fright. Tobin's pitching was of the Mathewson style, the soldiers being able only to hit safe four times. While on the other hand Okum for the Fort proved easy for the College lads, they succeeded in hitting eleven safe.

The other features of the game was the hitting of Tobin and Danos, each hitting three safers out of four times up. Rounds also used the the stick freely, landing two out of three times up. In general the whole team played first class ball.

The game by innings: Fort Morgan scored one in her first half. The first up hit to Zieman who fumbled, giving the runner first sack, and stealing second and third came home on Kern's wild * throw. The next three up struck out. The College scored five runs in her first half. Merrit the first up hit the horsehide for three sacks, Rounds received a walk; Burguieres safe hit scored both Kern and Rounds, Hauussan and Zieman getting on base brought in on Danos' hit. This gave the College five runs.

The College scored one more in her half of the second.

Neither team scored in the third. The College added one more in the fourth.

Again neither team scored until the eighth, when both teams added one run to their score; and ending the game. The score by innings:

S. H. C. AB. R. H. SB.SH.PO.A.E. 0 13 Skelly, 3b. 3 0 1 0 0 Rounds, rf.....3 1 0 2 2 0 0 Burguieres, 1b ..4 0 0 1 0 Adamson, 1f....4 1 0 0 0 0 Zieman, 2b.. ...4 1 0 0 0 Danos, ss..4 1 0 0 0 3 Brent, cf..4 1 1 0 0 Tobin, p.. 4 1 3 Total35 8 11 3 1 27 6 2

Ft. Morgan, AB. R. H. SB.SH.PO.A.E. Trollenger, cf...5 1 0 2 0 1 Smith, ss..5 0 1 () () 2 Klann, 1b......4 0 1 () 0.10 Wasson, c....3 1 0 () 0 () 3 Abel, 2b...4 0 () 1 - 3 0 3 Cain, 3b.... 4 0 1 ()

Grist, 1f	4	0	0	0	0	1	1	1
Sheridan, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
Okum, p								
			_	_	_		_	
Total	.37	2	4	2	0	24	12	12

S. H. C. 1-Bankers 5.

That tells the tale of the last game played on the tenth of June. After a long test the boys jumped into harness again, and although without any practice since the last college nine game, some time previous, they went feet first at the Mobile bunch and for awhile gave as good as they received. Douglas whom we affectionately termed the has-been did a stunt or two in that pitchers box for the visitors, and had us well kalsomined until he made a wild throw in the fourth inning, allowing Rounds to score our only run. "Mugsy Hooper, last year's 'Varsity headed off at least three Spring Hill runs by making star steps and catches in the vicinity of the third station for the Mobilians. He always was a hoodoo. The features of the game were the playing of second baseman Skelly, the baserunning of right fielder Rounds, both of the College and the playing of third baseman Hooper of Mobile. Until the third inning neither side scored. that session, however, the visitors got busy. Parker, the first man up, went out on an easy one, short Shultz smashed a hot grounder to third, who couldn't stop it. Douglas drove to left, along the foul line for two sacks, placing Shultz on third. Wat-

son stung a safty through second, tallying and las reaching the third station. Michael caught one squarely on the tip of his bat and burned it towards pitcher. It was second baseman's ball but Tobin made a stab at it and sent it wild, Douglas ambling home. When Tobin did get it he made a quick throw to first thinking to retire the runner, but the throw was wild, Watson crossing the rubber and Mimaking second base. chael Beardsley, next up, lined out a peach to deep left centre, which placed him on the keystone bag and drove Michael in. chopped three cakes out of the atmosphere and Ross was out on an pop up to pitcher.

The College's best chances came in the sixth inning when with two men on bases and no one out we were prevented from scoring. Rounds, first up hit safely through second, Burguieres got Adamson hit to short who retired Rounds at third. Danos fanned, and Brent was out on a fly to pitcher. Mobile's last tally came in the fourth inning. Hooper was given charity to first, went to second Burguieres passed ball and to third on Tobin's wild throw. He scored on Penny's out at first.

Both pitchers twirled fine ball, three hits being made off Tobin and two off Douglas.

Minor Notes.

The Senior League, the first

time in four years, has proved a success. There are several reasons accountable for this but the main ones only need be stated. In the first place it was run in the right way. Mr. Foulkes, our prefect, by the interest he took in it, and by backink up the managers in all the arrangements probably did more to make it a success than any one else. But this was not all. The boys, by entering in the right way into the spirit of the league helped to preserve the necessary harmony that was required for the league's success. As a result we have a prosperous season and the effects of the league have made themselves evident in the playing of the 'Varsity. The members of the winning team will receive pins as a mark of their superiority over the other side. This year a pin will be given to the man getting the highest batting average on the league. With this inducement before him the batter never gets the sulks as he will only be depriving himself of a chance for the pin. At the present writing the race is very close both for the winning of the league and the pin.

Stock in tennis went soaring way above par this season. A new court was introduced in the yard and a regular association was formed. Mr. Hails was made president and a fixed schedule put in operation. Every recreation a number of agile youths could be seen directing the ball and en-

deavoring to perform some scientific stunts. As a result a number of fine players have been produced that can give a good account of themselves anywhere.

Handball is on the wane this year. In former times we have been proud of our players but can not say the same this year. There is no reason why we could not have good players, if the boys would only keep at the game. Probably the early starting of the league may have had something to do with the lack of interest in this invigorating game.

Besides the new pool table in the billiard room, a new set of cushions have been put on one of the billiard tables so that we now have a fairly good place to pass the lagging hour. All that is needed to make it an excellent billiard room is some new cushions on the other table. Before the beginning of next year the necessary improvements will no doubt be made. Among the members of this association can be found several fine players who can handle the cue.

Especial mention must be made of our new library, and too much stress cannot be laid on its improvement. Besides the new cases and modern novels that were added in the early part of the session, we have now some of the finest and easiest rocking-chairs that can be had in the country. In fact they are so much appreciated that

they are at a premium. The old saying "first come, first served," can be applied here. If you are not on hand when the reading room is opened, you cannot enjoy a comfortable hour, as these chairs are occupied at once. A number of fine pictures and other decorations have been added.

JUNIOR ATHLETICS.

Field Day.

The annual field sports were held on St. Joseph's Day, the patronal feast of the College. The weather was anything but promising on the morning of that great day for a steady rain was falling when we arose. By ten o'clock however the rain had stopped and what promised to be a misfortune proved a great blessing. The track was benefitted by the rain and was in fine condition for the races.

The struggle for the medal was exciting. Harold Dempsey won it with a score of 16 points. Next came Francis Voorhies with 10 points, Sanchez with 7, Tom Shepard with 6, Dupas with 3, and Mistric and Galliand with 1 each.

The officers of the day were T. S. Walmsley, Clerk of the Course; N. Vickers, Starter; F. Baker, D. Neely, and J. Nelson, Judges; S. Simon, Time-keeper; M. Neely and A. Peon, Marshals.

The winners of the events in the three divisions were as follows:

First Division—100 yd. dash:

H. Dempsey, Sanchez, Galliand. Putting the Shot: Voorhies, Dempsey, Sanchez. Vaulting: Dempsey, McMaster, Shepard. 440 yd. Handicap: Shepard, Dupas, Mistric. Throwing the Hammer: Voorhies, Dempsey, Shepard.

Second Division—100 yd. Dash: Beary, Clark, Espriella. Putting the Shot: A. Touart, Hollander, Brown. High Jump: Schimpf, O. Patout, Holland. 330 yd. Handicap: Hollander, Clark, A. Touart, Throwing Baseball: A. Touart, Murray, Chappuis.

Third Division—50 yd. Dash: Daly, Douglas, Bird. Throwing Baseball: Douglas, P. Patout, Bonvillain. Running Broad Jump: Douglas, Leche, L. Nelson. 220 yd. Handicap: Bonvillain, Leche, Lane. Standing Broad Jump: Douglas, Finch, Eichold.

The most interesting of all the events were the Relay races. The winning teams of the three divisions are:

First Division—Dempsey (Captain.)

Second Division—O. Patout (Captain.)

Third Division—Douglas (Captain.)

The Tug-of-War was easily won by Galliand's side.

The Gymnasium.

The Gymnasium has never known rest since its doors were first thrown open last fall. The Juniors certainly know how to appreciate a good thing when it comes their way. This interest and appreciation has shown a marked increase since Professor Miller has been coming out to give instructions in gym work and all field sports. We expect to see a first-class gymnasium team and many good track teams next year. As this was our first year at this work we could not be expected to do so well. But next year we will behold the fruit of this year's labor.

THE LEAGUES.

First League. No doubt the interest of the Division was centered in the baseball leagues. In the First League the issue of the contest was scarcely ever in doubt though the Blues were badly frightened at times by the quality of ball played by their opponents, the Reds. The story of the struggle is brief. In the very beginning the Blues took the lead and kept it. When, however, Juanes, their best pitcher sprained his wrist, things looked pretty bad for them, and while this accident depressed the Blues a great deal, it sent the spirits of the Reds soaring. But it was of no use the Reds were hoodooed. Then some changes were made and the Reds again took heart, but lack of teamwork proved their undoing and the Blues now wear the pins.

Second League. The second League finished their series of 38 games on the very same day that the First League ended, the Peli-

cans winning by a margin of seven games. The Pelicans, like the Blues, got a good lead in the beginning and had everything their way until the changes were made. Several players went up to the big league and several big league players came down to the second, and, when the swapping was over, the Dixies seemed to have the best of the deals. Then it was a repetition of the old story-the Pelicans were sore and the Dixies were in great glee. Consequently the latter gradually climbed up until the Pelicans began to play ball instead of acting like children. They won steadily until they had the pins assured.

Third League. The Browns and the Myrtles played good ball for about thirty games, but the former refused to play when the score of the games was a tie. Thereby they forfeited the pins. Some say theirs was a case of cold feet. and others say they suffered from enlargement of the head; but the whole side (especially the captain) is not to blame. We all know the quitters and in electing captains and choosing sides next year they should be given a water bucket to take care of instead of playing ball. The Myrtles nevertheless will wear the pins.

Fourth League. The Fourth Leaguers are still contesting it and, at present, it is difficult to say which side will come off victorious.

The First Nine.

Played three and won three is the record of the First Nine for the season of 1906. The lineup of the team is as follows: Vickers, Escalante, pitchers; J. Nelson, manager and catcher; Walmslev, captain and 1st base; Juanes, 2nd base; Brown, 3rd base; D. Neely, shortstop; Deegan, left field; Dempsey, center field; Galliand, right field; Wagner, utility.

The first game was with a nameless team from the city. We had a walkover as Nic Vickers was in fine form and could not be touched. Score: 16 to 3.

The second game was with the same team. Though we did not score many runs yet the game was ours from the start. The visitors got seven hits off Escalante. Score: 7 to 4.

Again the same team came out but greatly strengthened, Vickers, however, was invincible though a trifle wild. The visitors could find him for four hits only, while we got ten, two of which were doubles and two, triples. Score: 11 to 5.

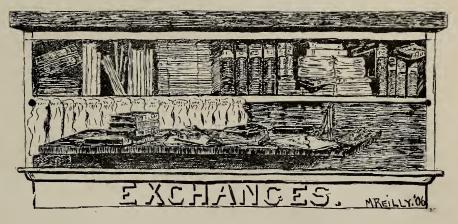
Many games with outsiders could have been secured but the boys preferred the league games.

Juggling Exhibition.

On Saturday, June 2nd, Professor Miller gave a little exhibition in juggling and gym work. He was assisted by four of his pupils from the city. It was a revelation to most of us to see boys of our own age doing stunts which were

worthy of professionals. No doubt, the exhibition will stir up all the boys to do likewise.

The Juniors take this occasion to thank Professor Miller for the good work he has done for them and for the two exhibitions he gave. They hope, too, that they will have the benefit of his instructions during the whole of next year.



We have received many exchanges since our last issue and the task of reviewing them all which stares us in the face has made us despair. We have read them with great pleasure and, no doubt, too, with great profit to ourselves and we pronounce them very good. There are some points in a few of them which struck us very forcibly.

The ex-man of the Fleur de Lis has pointed out the secret of all good composition when he says that he who would master the art of writing good English must first master the connective words and phrases of the language. This is a good hint for all those who aim at being able to write a composition that will stand criticism. For

the acquisition of it we recommend the constant reading of Macauley and Newman.

The great world is just beginning to recognize the industrial greatness of the South, and the world of art is beginning to acknowledge her literary worth. Any sign of this we gladly hail That is why we read "The Literature of the South in the April number of the Mountainer with such delight. It is a good article though the writer tried to handle too much in such a short space. We regret that he did not give us more of Father Ryan and George Miles. They day will come, we trust, when "Their Story Runneth Thus" and "Christine" will be as well known as "Enoch Arden" and "Marmion."

We select "Mr. Lashley's Tragic End" in the January number of "The Holy Cross Purple" as the best story we have read in any college paper during the year.

A new exchange "The Xaverian has been received. It comes from far off India, and is published by the students of St. Francis Xavier, Calcutta. The Xaverian is a neatly gotten up college paper and contains much interesting matter.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: The Georgetown College Journal, The Fordham Monthly, The Clongownian, The Mungret Annual, The Mangalore Magazine, St. Mary's Chimes, Pascua, Florida, Monroe College Journal, The High School World, Our Alma Mater, Leaflets from Loretto, The Xaverian, The Agnetian Monthly, The Redwood, The Dial, The S. V. Student, St. Teresa's Quarterly. The Beaumont Review. The Blue and Gold, University of Arizona Monthly, St. Ignatius Collegian, Marquette College Journal, St. Mary's Sentinel, The Jefferson Record, Purple and White, The Argonaut, The Mercerian.









